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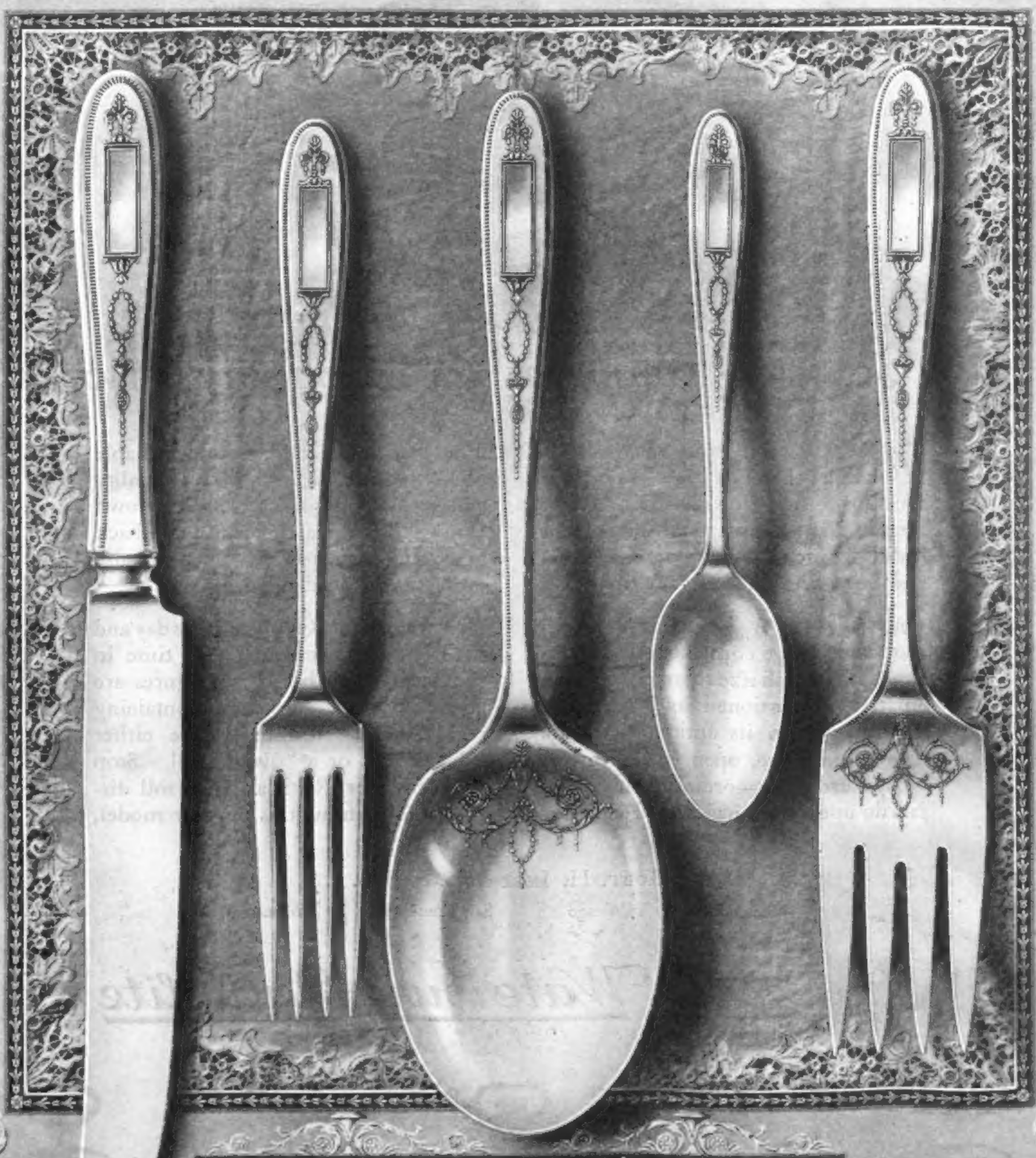

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The Salvaging of Civilization

By H. G. WELLS

NOTE: This series of articles was originally prepared as lectures to be first delivered in the United States of America and Canada. The writer was unaccustomed to lecturing, and he regarded his American audiences with considerable dread. Accordingly he wrote and rewrote these addresses with exceptional care. It was to have been his first lecturing tour to the States; hitherto he had refused steadily to cross the Atlantic for this purpose; and it was only his conviction that he had something of very considerable moment to say to his friends in America that induced him to face what were for him considerable risks and fatigues. Unhappily, he was unable even to start. A severe attack of congestion of the lungs, about three weeks before the date of his sailing, made the expedition impossible, and it is now very improbable that he will ever talk face to face with an American audience. This illness was a very acute disappointment for him. These lectures he had planned upon very broad lines, and they give very clearly and explicitly his idea of what has to be done if our present civilization is to reconstruct itself and go on and escape from the destructive and degenerative phase into which it seems to have blundered. It is, the reader will see, a broadly complete project of world-wide political and educational propaganda and reconstruction. These lectures are now printed here, with very slight modifications, in the form and phrasing in which he would have liked to have given them to his American hearers. He has, in fact, resorted to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST as his lecture theater.

IN THIS opening article I want to tell you of the idea that now shapes and dominates my public life—the idea of a world politically united—of a world securely and permanently at peace. And I want to say what I have to say, so far as regards the main argument of it, as accurately and plainly as possible, without any flourishes.

When I first planned this article I chose as the title The Utopia of a World State. Well, there is something a little too flimsy and unpracticable about that word "Utopia." To most people "Utopia" conveys the idea of a high-toned political and ethical dream—agreeable and edifying, no doubt, but of no practical value whatever. What I have to say is not a bit dreamlike; it is about real dangers and urgent necessities. It is a project and not a Utopia. It may be a vast and impossible project. But if it fails our civilization fails. And so I have called this article, not the Utopia but The Project of a World State.

Mr. H. G. Wells

I will confess that I have written this article several times. There are some things that it is almost impossible to tell without seeming to scream and exaggerate, and yet these things may be in reality the soberest matter of fact.

I want to say that this civilization in which we are living is tumbling down and, I think, tumbling down very fast; that I think rapid, enormous efforts will be needed to save it; and that I see no such efforts being made at the present time. I do not know if these words convey any concrete ideas to your minds at all. I know that you represent orderly and comfortable homes; that you walk through safe and well-lit streets; that behind you are towns of flourishing shops and businesses, banks and securities, orderly industries, a steady food supply.

But in the past year I have been going about Europe. I have had glimpses of a new phase of this civilization of ours—a new phase that would have looked like a fantastic dream if one had told about it ten years ago. I have seen a great city that had two million inhabitants, dying, and dying with incredible rapidity. In 1914 I was in the city of St. Petersburg, and it seemed as safe and orderly a great city as yours. I went thither in comfortable and punctual trains. I stayed in a hotel as well equipped and managed as any American hotel. I went to dine with and visit households of cultivated people. I walked along streets of brilliantly lit and well-furnished shops. It was, in fact, much the same sort of life that you are living here to-day—a part of our (then) world-wide modern civilization.

I revisited these things last summer. I found such a spectacle of decay that I find it almost impossible to convey it to an audience that has never seen the like. Streets with great holes where the drains had fallen in; stretches of roadway from which the wood paving had been torn for firewood; lamp-posts that had been knocked over, lying as they were left without an attempt to set them up again; shops and markets deserted and decayed and ruinous—not closed shops, but abandoned shops, as abandoned-looking as an old boot or an old can by the wayside; the railways falling out of use; a population of half a million where formerly there had been two million; a strangely homeless city, a city of discomforts and anxieties, a city of want and ill-health and death.

Such was Petersburg in 1920. Such, indeed, was all Russia.

I know there are people who have a quick and glib explanation of this vast and awe-inspiring spectacle of a great empire in collapse. They say it is Bolshevism that has caused all this destruction. But I hope to show in this article, among other more important things, that Bolshevism is merely a part of this immense collapse—that the overthrow of a huge civilized organization needs some more comprehensive explanation than that a little man named Lenine was able to get from Geneva to Russia at a particular crisis in Russian history. And particularly it is to be noted that this immense destruction of civilized life has not been confined to Russia. Austria and Hungary present spectacles hardly less desolating than Russia. There is a conspicuous ebb in civilization in Eastern Germany. And even when you come to France and Italy and Ireland there are cities, townships, whole wide regions where you can say, "This has gone back since 1914, and it is still going back in material prosperity, in health, in social order."

In England and Scotland, in Holland and Denmark and Sweden even, it is hard to determine whether things are stagnant or moving forward or moving back—they are certainly not going ahead as they were before 1913–1914. The feeling in England is rather like the feeling of a man who is not quite sure whether he has caught a slight chill or whether he is in the opening stage of a serious illness.

Now what I want to do in this article is to theorize about this shadow—this chill and arrest—that seems to have come upon the flourishing and expanding civilization in which all of us were born and reared. I want to put a particular view of what is happening before you, and what it is that we are up against. I want to put before you for your judgment the view that this overstrain and breaking down and stoppage of the great uprush of civilization that has gone on for the past three centuries is due to the same forces, and is the logical outcome of the same forces, that led to that uprush, to that tremendous expansion of human knowledge and power and life; and that that breaking up is an inevitable thing unless we meet it by a very great effort of a particular kind.

Now the gist of my case is this: That the civilization of the past three centuries has produced a great store of scientific knowledge, and that this scientific knowledge has altered the material scale of human affairs and enormously enlarged the physical range of human activities, but that there has been no adequate adjustment of men's political ideas to the new conditions.

This adjustment is a subtle and a difficult task. It is also a greatly neglected task. And upon the possibility of our making this adjustment depends the issue whether the ebb of civilizing energy, the actual smashing and breaking down of modern civilization, which has already gone very far indeed in Russia and which is going on in most of Eastern and Central Europe, extends to the whole civilized world.

Now let me make a very rough and small-scale analysis of what is happening to the world to-day. And let us disregard many very important issues and concentrate upon the chief, most typical issue—the revolution in the facilities of locomotion and communication that has occurred to the world, and the consequences of that revolution. For the international problem to-day is essentially dependent upon the question of transport and communication—all others are subordinate to that. I shall particularly call your attention to certain wide differences between the American case and the Old World case in this matter.

It is not understood clearly enough at the present time how different is the American international problem from the European international problem, and how inevitable it is that America and Europe should approach international problems from a different angle and in a different spirit. Both lines of thought and experience do, I believe, lead at last to the world state, but they get there, I submit, by a different route and in a different manner.

The Age of Rapid Transport

THE idea that the Government of the United States can take its place side by side with the governments of the Old World on terms of equality with those governments in order to organize the peace of the world is, I believe, a mistaken and unworkable idea. I shall argue that the Government of the United States and the community of the United States are things different politically and mentally from those of the states of the Old World, and that the rôle they are destined to play in the development of a world state of mankind is essentially a distinctive one. And I shall try to show cause for regarding the very noble and splendid project of a world-wide League of Nations that has held the attention of the world for the past three years as one that is at once a little too much for complete American participation, and not sufficient for the urgent needs of Europe. It is not really so practicable and reasonable a proposition as it looked at first.

The idea of a world state, though it looks a far greater and more difficult project, is, in the long run, a sounder and more hopeful proposition.

Now let me make myself as clear as I can be about the central idea upon which the whole of the arguments in this article rest. It is this—forgive me for a repetition—that there has been a complete alteration in the range and power of human activities in the last hundred years. Men can react upon men with a rapidity and at a distance that was inconceivable a hundred years ago. This is particularly the case with locomotion and methods of communication generally. I will not remind you in any detail of facts with which you are familiar; how in the time of Napoleon the most rapid travel possible of the great conqueror himself did not average all over as much as four and a half miles an hour. A hundred and seven miles a day for thirteen days—the pace of his rush from Vilna to Paris after the Moscow disaster—was regarded as a marvel of speed. In those days, too, it was a marvel that by means of semaphores it was possible to transmit a short message from London to Portsmouth in the course of an hour or so.

Since then we have seen a development of telegraphy that has at last made news almost simultaneous about the world, and a steady increase in the rate of travel until, as we worked it out in the Civil Air Transport Committee in London, it is possible, if not at present practicable, to fly from London to Australia, halfway round the earth, in about eight days. I say possible, but not practicable, because at present properly surveyed routes, landing grounds, and adequate supplies of petrol and spare parts do not exist. Given those things, that journey could be done in the time I have given now. This tremendous change in the range of human activities involves changes in the conditions of our political life that we are only beginning to work out to their proper consequences to-day.

It is a curious thing that America, which owes most to this acceleration in locomotion, has felt it least. The United States has taken the railway, the river steamboat, the telegraph, and so on, as though they were a natural part of their growth. They were not. These things happened to come along just in time to save American unity. The United States of to-day was made first by the river steamboat, and then by the railway. Without these things the present United States—this vast continental nation—would have been altogether impossible. The westward flow of population would have been far more sluggish. It might never have crossed the great central plains. It took, you will remember, nearly two hundred years for effective settlement to reach from the coast to the Missouri, much less than halfway across the continent. The first state established beyond the river was the steamboat state of Missouri in 1821. But the rest of the distance to the Pacific was done in a few decades.

If we had the resources of the cinema here it would be interesting to show a map of North America year by year from 1600 onward, with little dots to represent hundreds of people, each dot a hundred, and stars to represent cities of a hundred thousand people.

The Settlement of America

FOR two hundred years you would see that stippling creeping slowly along the coastal districts and navigable water, spreading still more gradually into Indiana, Kentucky, and so forth. Then somwhere about 1810 would come a change. Things would get more lively along the river courses. The dots would be multiplying and spreading. That would be the steamboat. The pioneer dots would be spreading soon from a number of jumping-off places along the great rivers over Kansas and Nebraska.

Then from about 1830 onward would come the black lines of the railways, and after that the little black dots would not simply creep but run. They would appear now so rapidly it would be almost as though they were being put on by some sort of spraying machine. And suddenly here and there there would appear the first stars to indicate the first great cities of a hundred thousand people. First one or two, and then a multitude of cities—each like a knot in the growing net of the railways.

This is a familiar story to you. I recall it to you now to enforce this point: That the growth of the United States is a process that

(Continued on Page 94)

"Warren, You'll Have to Fire That Cook"

THE GIRL NEXT DOOR

BEING THE CRABBED CHRONICLE OF A MISANTHROPE

By Lee Wilson Dodd

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

OF ALL the women in the world," says the Chinese poet, "the most beautiful are the women of the land of Ch'u. And in all the land of Ch'u there are none like the women of my own village. And in my village there are none that can be compared with the girl next door."

But in my village, alas, the girl next door is of mongrel descent—short-legged, swarthy-faced, with pert manners, a loud whining voice, and an expression at once—if that be possible—smug and vicious and vacant. In my village there are few beings I more gladly avoid than the girl next door.

"An' he says to me, he says ——"

I object to a civilization that flowers in such monstrosities as the girl next door.

How much pleasanter to have been born centuries ago in the land of Ch'u! Or better still in Athens, just in time, say, to have attended in one's young manhood the Iphigenia in Tauris of Euripides!

"An' he says to me, he says ——"

I protest against the girl next door, against all that has made her possible!

I am a highbrow; I am an æsthete; I am an aristocrat; and I am unashamed.

But my single small room—bedroom and sitting room in one—is humbler than that. It neither flatters my prejudices nor encourages my pretensions. It is just a single small room.

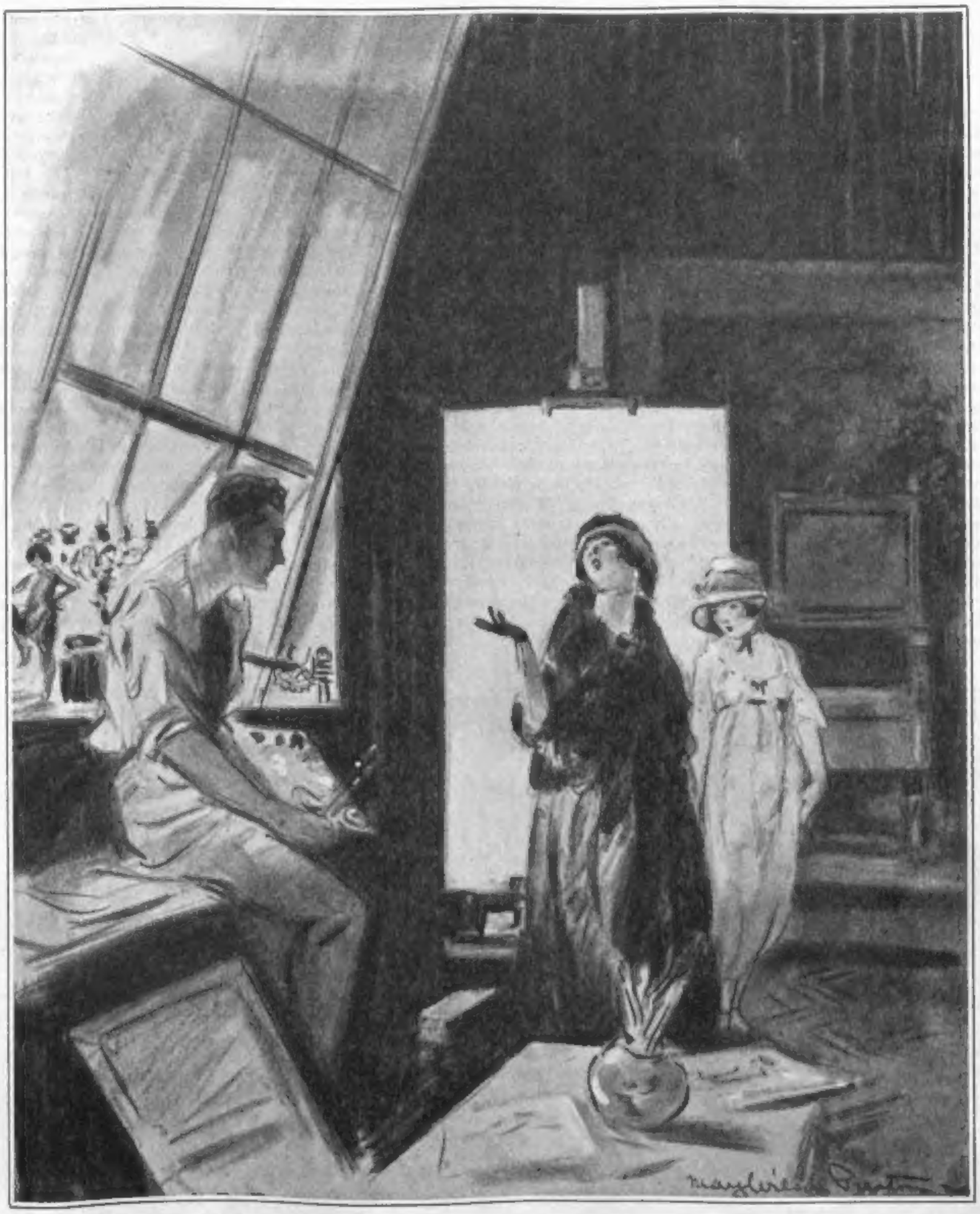
"An' he says to me, he says, 'Why do yeh chew gum?' he says. The ol' stiff!"

"The noive of him!"

"Say, believe me—you said it!"

All this wafted from a side yard to my open window; purposely, for the reference is to me, and it is desired it should reach me.

I sit writing at my open window and I look down upon—oh, how I look down upon!—the girl next door and a gen'leman friend of the girl next door.



As She Retired With Her Mother Laurestine Vouchsafed Him One Final, Pathetically Appealing Lift From Her Night-Blue Eyes

II

IF THAT ignorant and unseemly couple, the girl next door and her gen'leman friend, were an isolated phenomenon I should feel more hopeful about human progress and the perfectibility of the ape. But wherever I turn in my village they and their kind surround me. I admit, you see, that I am an intellectual snob, a quite insufferable person, convinced of my superiority to most of my present neighbors. There are just three persons in the village who are my superiors, and not more than five or six others who are my equals. True, it is not a large village; it numbers, I believe, some two thousand—hypothetical—souls. Its name is Oakdale Terrace; and it is one of a chain of cheap suburban land developments strung along some arid heights above an unwholesome marsh, not twenty minutes by train from the financial capital of the world, New York.

And please to consider the name of this village—Oakdale Terrace! Can a dale be a terrace—or a terrace a dale? But whether one or the other, why should the name of a noble forest tree, nonexistent in the vicinity, be attached to it? If the name of a place must be descriptive of its situation—I do not say it must—then Swamp Ledge would not be inappropriate for this—as advertised—"garden city." I admit that a swamp cannot be a ledge; but a rock ledge may shoulder out from a swamp and offer a possible retreat. And such a retreat, in our poverty, of purse or of aspiration, is ours.

On filled-in ground between the ledge and the swamp runs the railroad, whose overcrowded commutation-ticket trains bear at least half of us each morning, save Sunday, to our labors in New York, returning us each evening more or less in time for dinner at seven. Some of us even dine so tardily as eight, not for fashion but from necessity. A little beyond our shabby station spur tracks of this prosperous—but I am told it is merely busy, not prosperous—and therefore dirty railroad lead to a somewhat wider space of filled land, whereon smoke and clamor three small factories—local enterprises of no very high commercial standing. The product of the largest of these bears the trade name of Nuxone. It combines, I am assured, all the advantages of a cooling and palatable summer beverage with valuable tonic, blood-purifying and nutritive elements. It contains—and this I think is certain—no habit-forming drugs. It is charged heavily with carbonic-acid gas. And it retails—ask any drug store not too distant from the source of supply—at a nickel a drink; yes, even now, with Europe in flames and our profiteers raging. The girl next door, whose father labors in that vineyard, prefers it to ice-cream soda—any day.

Our three local magnates are majority stockholders in Nuxone. They are also the principal owners and directors of our building-loan association. They are also —— But what are they not?

Of the two smaller factories, one produces a much-patented but little-distributed form of piston ring, and the other a garden insecticide which has in addition, at no increased cost per gallon, all the properties—including, as I can daily testify, the pervasive reek—of a "general commercial fertilizer."

III

WHEN I spoke of the three persons in Oakdale Terrace who are my superiors I was not referring to our three local magnates. No. I had then in mind three quite different beings—a spinster, a housewife and a boy of eighteen.

They just happen to live under one roof, the housewife's; but they are not related. The housewife—possessing a husband who long since reached the limits of his energy and ambition, and two young children who have not even begun to suspect there are limits to anything—does all her own work, and lets out three rooms besides; she also furnishes board if requested—and she is always requested—to their fortunate inmates. I have one of these rooms, the spinster has another, and the boy of eighteen has the smallest and third. Thus, you observe, all that is really superior in Oakdale Terrace has, by some pull of occult forces, drawn together and made common cause against a common foe—the girl next door, to wit, and all she typifies and suggests.

The housewife's name is Mrs. Kingery. The spinster's name is Miss Miniter. Bela Hrdlika is the astonishing name of the boy of eighteen. My own name—if it be my own—is Axson Ellwood. Even our names, you will note, are intensely individual, have a distinguishing flavor. They are not rubber-stamp names.

Mrs. Kingery's position I have made clear. Miss Miniter corrects proof and reads manuscripts for Garnett & Co.

the New York publishers, an ancient and conservative firm. Bela Hrdlika assists in some minor capacity the almost human machinery that mixes and bottles up Nuxone.

As for the writer of these lines, he is a man of mystery, both to himself—for to ourselves we are always mysterious—and to his fellow villagers. There are a number of local theories cunningly devised to account for him—not all of them complimentary. It is said that if all were known—and so on. But all that is known in Oakdale Terrace can be put in a sentence: He arrived there one summer afternoon of the year 1918, descending at a deserted station from a little-used train; walked thence up the blistering slope of Maple Shade Avenue to Fairview Boulevard, our principal artery of commerce; entered Mitchell's drug store and requested the proprietor to be so kind as to tell him where a clean, cheap room could be obtained; walked at once, after due direction, to the modest home of Mrs. Kingery, and has remained in that desirable haven ever since. The writer of these lines is—so much, at least, I dare reveal—a man of forty, allowing for a possible year or so either side of the round number. He wears neat but ready-made clothes and, though he has been reported by the girl next door to be "allus writin' som'pn," he seems to have no visible means of support. He pays his room rent and board bills, however, promptly, and invariably in cash. Not an ill-looking man, his neighbors admit, but rather surly; likes to keep pretty much to himself. Unquestionably, if all were known ——

IV

SOMETIMES in the evening, as ten o'clock approaches, I decide that Miss Miniter's eyes need a rest, so I step across the hall and knock at her door. She always asks me to come in, and I always find her stretched out on a morris chair, its back well lowered, reading interminable manuscripts through great round spectacles with black tortoise-shell rims. Beside her on the low taboret that supports her reading lamp are a bowl of matches, an after-dinner coffee cup used for an ash tray, and a box containing the remnants of her last hundred cigarettes. And on these occasions her unslippered, black-silk-stockinged feet are invariably pillowed on a haphazard pile of nondescript sofa cushions. Miss Miniter is not an orderly person, and she admits that for her the flesh and the devil have been reduced to two worldly passions: Other than silk stockings she will not wear, and other than the finest and mildest imported Turkish she will not smoke. By indulging herself passionately in these respects she has managed, she tells me, to quiet and dismiss all her other vicious propensities.

I like Miss Miniter. She is only a little past thirty, I should say; well, possibly thirty-five.

Not a pretty woman at all; in fact, I fear that her nose is rather too high and thin and sweepingly arched not to run some danger, in her later years, of resembling a beak. But if so it will never resemble a ferocious, vulturine beak; and no one, when she consents to remove those impossible spectacles, has a pair of more-eager-to-be-amused, perhaps-ever-so-slightly-satirical eyes. I have never quite made out their color to my satisfaction. If I call them hazel you will think them green or a muddy brown. If I call them green freckled with gold you will think me mad. Well, why not, after all? I prefer to run the latter chance; devotion to truth constrains me. Pending further examination I hazard the statement that they are green freckled with gold.

Miss Miniter has no hesitation in admitting me to her room for a ten-o'clock chat. She seems never to have had even a bowing acquaintance with the Grundy family; certainly I have never heard her mention them. And she never talks about being emancipated either; she moves in another world from all that, the world of her own serene tolerance and implicit self-respect. When I enter, if the hall is drafty, as it usually is, she asks me to shut the door. I shut the door. Then she holds out the box containing the remnant of her last hundred. I light such a cigarette as I am seldom privileged these days to enjoy, sink into an ancient upholstered armchair that has relinquished all its pretensions to anything but solid comfort, and stretch my feet out before me with a contented sigh. The contentment of my sigh always lights an answering smile of good fellowship in the eyes of Miss Miniter; she removes her grotesque spectacles and lets the interminable manuscript or long yellow sheets of galley proof slip from her hands.

"Well, man of mystery," she queries, "what are the latest bulletins from the girl next door?"

This has become a sort of game between us, far more amusing than cribbage or bezique. I invent grotesque horrors which I allege to have been perpetrated by the girl next door, with the assistance of her gen'leman friend. Sometimes I do not have to invent them. Miss Miniter knows instinctively when I am lying and when I am not, and like a true appreciator of the arts much prefers a good plausible lie to a stodgy, implausible fact—any day. This is because she is at bottom, as I am, a merciless lover of truth; for there is but one way of expressing adequately the inner truth of persons or things or institutions, to wit, by symbols. It is only the gorgeous liars who bring us face to face with reality. Well, I am not so gorgeous a liar as that; I wish I might claim the deathless distinction! But on occasion I develop a considerable flair and can improvise free fantasias not wholly unworthy of my betters. So, at least, Miss Miniter is pleased to assure me.

"Did you know," I ask, "that the girl next door is gradually and very subtly luring on her gen'leman friend to the commission of a terrible crime?"

"Is she, indeed!" exclaims Miss Miniter, one sparkle of immediate interest, and entirely prepared to enter into that blessed state first described by Coleridge, the "sort of temporary half-faith" which enables us to see a forest even when we know we are not looking at its trees.

As the cover of Miss Monroe's brave little magazine, Poetry, informs us each month, through the voice of Whitman: "To have great poets there must be great audiences too." Miss Miniter's greatness as an audience is unsurpassed; she gives far more than she receives; and if I do not rise to the heights of poetry in her presence I hereby solemnly affirm that the fault is not hers. Whose the fault may be, remains a little dry bone to pick between me and a too indifferent cosmos.

"Is she, indeed!" exclaims Miss Miniter.

"Such is my haunting fear," I respond. "It seems that her gen'leman friend is at present employed as a messenger by Simons, Simons & Epstein, a successful bond and brokerage firm on Broad Street. It is his daily, in fact his hourly, duty to tote thousands of dollars' worth of bonds from the offices of his firm to the offices of other equally successful firms in the financial district. He carries these bonds in a small suitcase, and he is permitted to carry also an automatic pistol in his right hip pocket. Should he be attacked en route by desperadoes, it is his further duty to flourish—even, if necessary, to discharge—the said pistol; in short, he is intrusted—though why he should be, Simons, Simons & Epstein will one day wonder as much as I do—with a considerable responsibility for the safe conduct through crowded streets of very large sums in negotiable securities, hopefully so called. This responsibility, so far as I can discover, sits upon him lightly enough; he is rather proud of it, however, and likes to enlarge upon it and sketch lurid scenarios of the constant danger he runs; this enables him, he fondly imagines, to pose as a hero in the hyena eyes of the girl next door. Poor infatuated youth! His hour has struck, though he heard not the bell!"

"You are misquoting Meredith," warns Miss Miniter with disapproval.

"For the pleasure of having my audacity detected. But I proceed. Through my open window, past midnight, I have lately caught sundry scraps of conversation that strike me as significant and sinister. Perhaps a week ago, for example, I was lying on my penitential sofa near the window; a clock, I recall, had just struck one."

"Why were you not sound asleep in bed, man of mystery? You ought to have been."

"True. But you can't expect a man of mystery to have even the remnants of a good conscience. Such a being, Miss Miniter—as you must know, having survived the consumption of more novels monthly for years than any one other heroine recorded in history ——"

"I'm not recorded in ——"

"You will be. But you put me off. My point is, the small hours of the morning are the classic hours for remorse, an emotion entirely *en règle* for mysterious strangers. You must grant me the ordinary privileges of my rôle. Thank you." For Miss Miniter had gleamed assent. "There, then, was I, hard by the open window, and harried by whatever private devils you choose to suspect. And presently I heard stealthy footsteps padding along the heat-softened asphalt of the side yard. They ceased, almost immediately below me. Then voices—undertoned, underbred voices—to this effect:

"'Gee, that was a swell ride all right!'

"'Some party, huh?'

"'Quit, can't yeh? Be good.'

"'That las' shimmy, eh, Sade!'

"'Kelker jazz!' You discern the

Anton Hrdlika Had the Chaos of Genius, Only: Not its Divine Order and Poise

influence of the war? 'Say, Bert, I wisht we could go there often—you an' me—huh?'

"'No chance, girly. Roadhouses ncthin'! They're highway robbers.'

"'Well, they suit me.'

"'Me too. But I'm not a gold mine. Not yet.'

"'Yer woikin' fer one! Ain't that the truth?'

"'Sure. At fifteen per. Know what this blow-out cost me—car an' all—huh? Two weeks cold.'

"'I'll say yer no piker, Bert.'

"'Thanks for the ad!'

"'Aw, quit!'

"'I sure am nutty about you, kid.'

"'Say, Bert?'

"'Huh?'

"'It'd be nice if we c'd have a car every night.'

"'Aw, turn over! Yer talkin' in yer sleep, girly.'

"'Well, I ain't never goin' to marry nobody that can't keep a car. That's flat.'

"'Stop yer kiddin'!'

"'I ain't kiddin'—I'm tellin' yeh.'

"'See yeh t'morr' night, huh?'

"'Mebbe. If Carl don't bring his new breezer round. I kind-a think he will, at that. Nix! I gotta go in. On yer way now!'

"'Carl! If he's got a car he must of stole it!'

"'Well, I should worry. That's his funeral then; it ain't mine. I guess what I don't know won't hurt me, will it? Carl's clever all right. I guess a clever guy can allus find more'n one way of pickin' up a little extra change—if he reely loves a girl. S'long, Bert.'

"'By.'"

"You have a remarkable memory," smiles Miss Miniter.

"Yet the half has not been told! Ah, please don't worry. I'm quite aware your training as a professional reader of embryo best sellers makes it unnecessary for me to go on. You've already foreseen the looming catastrophe. Almost any morning now we shall share the horror of it with Mr. Kingery as a front-page sensation. But just how many thousand dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds do you suppose he'll make off with? Bert, I mean; and he's no piker, remember! I'll take either side of fifty thousand and bet you a chocolate nut sundae at Mitchell's on the reported amount. Are you on?"

"No," says Miss Miniter gravely. "I shall ask Mrs. Kingery to move you to another room to-morrow, even if I have to change rooms with you myself. You're degenerating, man of mystery. Your character is disintegrating under contact with the manners and customs of the girl next door. A chocolate nut sundae at World-War prices! What speculative madness! Now if you had been more restrained—if you had offered to bet me a Nuxone ——"

"An' He Says to Me, He Says ——"

V

THE boy, Bela Hrdlika, is an astonishing boy; quite as astonishing as his name; he is also a disturbing boy. He is tall, of slight, wiry build, and his whole being is compacted of nervous intensities. A black boy too; black haired, black eyebrowed, black eyelashed; but with eyes of blue witch fire—wonderful! Not a Slavic type, I should say; though the attempt to pin definite physical characteristics to our mongrel European races is always a little absurd. I have studied photographs both of his father and of his mother; it is his mother, chiefly, he resembles, and I believe she has more than a dash of Irish blood in her. His father was a Bohemian, in both senses of the word—born, that is, in Prague; educated—*on se sent de son éducation*—in the Latin Quarter; and finally buried at the expense of the state of New Jersey.

At least three out of every five man children born in Prague can play on the violin like fallen angels; one out of every five like Satan himself. Bela's father seems to have belonged to this latter gifted minority. He also painted anæmic nymphs and shadowy satyrs and symbolic serpents, disposing them in nightmarish landscapes largely made up of dark cold pools, baleful crags and writhen lightning-blasted pines. He also drank absinth, while he could more easily and cheaply obtain it, and took to cocaine as a protest only when the distillation of absinth was threatened with suppression. On absinth he had merely neglected his mistress and her one child and had failed to support them; on cocaine he took to beating them as well. This he did, with more or less regularity, for five years.

Then his mistress, who had once upon a time run away from a, to her, unsympathetic husband to join her destiny with this fascinating Czech, decided—having an ever young and ardent heart—to run away a second time from a no longer agreeable situation. And she did this so successfully, seven or eight months ago, that Bela has not the slightest idea where to search for her; though he tells Mrs. Kingery that, being passionately fond of his mother, he means to begin a world-wide search just as soon as he has been able to save up one hundred dollars. As he has managed to lay aside eighty four or five dollars during the past six months, he now looks forward to beginning this world-wide search by Christmas. And, after all, he is quite alone in the world and can do as he likes. Yes; the fascinating Czech, too, has vanished. Shortly after Bela's mother had left him he absorbed an overdose of cocaine and died most unpleasantly, leaving Bela the refuse of his wardrobe, and just one article of value—his violin. Fortunately for Miss Miniter and Mrs. Kingery and me, however, Bela cannot play the violin. He has seemingly, in defiance of race or heredity, no ear for music whatever. Yet he will not sell the violin. And there's a reason for that too; or an absurd unreason.

He will not sell the violin—it is not, as it should be for purposes of romance, a rare old Stradivarius; I don't know what it is; but it looks a fine instrument, and Bela says he has been offered a thousand for it—because he has convinced himself that it belongs really, beyond possibility of alienation, to an evil power, a discarnate and malevolent spirit; perhaps the spirit of the man who made it, or of its first jealous owner. His father had obtained it from the widow of a *chef d'orchestre* in Trouville; she hated to part with it, but her poor Camille, having enjoyed his treasure a scant two months—he had picked it up, she said, at Budapest, from the blind daughter of a suicide—her poor Camille, in short, had gone stark, staring mad. And Bela well knows that very shortly after the elder Hrdlika had come into possession of this violin he contracted the cocaine habit, and a bad case of *nostalgie de la boue*, and pretty rapidly brought his family down with him into the mire. Moreover, Bela assures Miss Miniter—on the authority of his mother, who surely ought to have known—that no one can play on this sinister fiddle without at once feeling all his most secret and terrible impulses stir in their dark undercaves and stretch themselves, as it were, for action; and he insists, of his own knowledge, that no one can so much as hear it played without—well, says Bela, without longing suddenly to strangle his sweetheart, or set fire to a poor man's cottage, or torture the pure heart of a child.

He is quite definite about all this. He states these things as simple facts for acceptance—so, and so, and so. The violin is haunted, accursed; and he is its unhappy guardian—for life. He feels, you see, that so long as he cannot play on it it cannot harm him; and he will not risk its harming others less fortunate. The money it represents would be more than welcome, of course; for Bela longs to supereducate himself and soar beyond the very ken of Oakdale Terrace and Nuxone; but to sell such a violin, he asserts, would be a dastardly crime.

"Why not destroy it, then?" Miss Miniter once suggested.

"Yes," Bela answered her, "why not? If it were smashed to splinters, *hein?* Burned to ashes? But I can't do it—can't make myself do it! I've tried, more than once; I have indeed! But when it comes to the very moment, I—oh, why not admit it!—I'm too horribly afraid!"

"Of what, Bela?"

"Of—him."

"Your father?"

"No. The other one—the first."

"I see. You think he'd contrive to be revenged somehow?"

"Wouldn't he!"

"Well—assuming that he exists!"

"Do I exist!" exclaimed Bela impatiently. "Do you!"

"Perhaps," smiled Miss Miniter. "Who knows?"

Bela's blue eyes flamed and narrowed; his black brows drew together.

"I tell you he is in this room with us now."

"What! You see him?"

"No. But I am growing angry with you! That's his doing, Miss Miniter; he works in that way—always."

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The Big Four of the Peace Conference—Lloyd George

By Robert Lansing
Former Secretary of State

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

IN MR. LLOYD GEORGE, who in my judgment was third in prominence and influence among the Big Four, one finds a very different type of man from either of the two who have been considered. While M. Clemenceau and Mr. Wilson entered upon the negotiations with general objects to be attained, the one national and material, the other international and ideal, Mr. Lloyd George, if he had a prepared program, which I assume he did from my acquaintance with his learned and able advisers, did not follow it persistently. His course was erratic and he so often shifted his ground that one felt that he had abandoned his plan or at least that he did not care to follow it rigidly, preferring to depend on his own sagacity to take advantage of a situation. As questions arose, particularly those affected by changing political and military conditions, he decided the British attitude with characteristic quickness of judgment and with a positiveness which impressed one with the alertness rather than the depth of his mind, and with the confidence which he felt in his own ability to grasp a subject and decide it in the most expedient way, even though he had not given it the study and thought which other men felt to be necessary for a wise decision.

The Premier's Skill as a Debater

READY as Mr. Lloyd George was to declare a position on any subject, he seemed to be equally ready to change that position on obtaining further information or on the advice of his expert counselors. He did this with an avowal that he had not previously been in possession of the facts or else with an explanation intended to show that his new attitude was not contradictory of the former one. His explanations were always clever and well presented, but they were not always convincing. The British Premier thus put aside that which had gone before and proceeded to handle the question under discussion as if nothing had occurred to change the course of the debate. Inconsistency never seemed to disturb him or to cause him to hesitate. If he took the trouble to explain a change of attitude, it was out of no sense of obligation to justify himself, but rather in deference to the opinion of others and to prevent complaint. It apparently was a trivial matter to him to change his mind once or twice on a proposed settlement.

While Mr. Lloyd George was vague as to general principles, which accounted largely for the fluid state of his judgments, he had made certain promises during the parliamentary elections of December, 1918, which he considered binding upon him in the negotiations at Paris. Of these Germany's payment of the costs of the war and the public trial of the Kaiser by an international tribunal of justice attracted the most attention. He was very insistent that the treaty should make these promises good, although he must have known that the first was impossible and the second unwise as well as in defiance of all legal precepts. In addition to his political commitments he was determined to obtain the cession of the principal German colonies in Africa and the German islands in the Pacific south of the equator, control of Mesopotamia, a protectorate over Egypt, a practical protectorate over Persia in the event that Persian affairs came before the conference, the destruction of the German naval power and the elimination of the German merchant marine as a rival of Great Britain in the carrying trade of the world. To these well-defined national policies, which were essentially selfish and material, the British Prime Minister clung tenaciously and was able to obtain nearly all of them by skillful maneuvering. His idea seemed to be that if these objects were attained the decisions as to other matters were of relatively little importance, unless British interests were directly affected, and that to study them thoroughly was a needless expenditure of time and energy. It was very evident to anyone who was familiar with the subjects that he counted on his innate shrewdness, on his skill as a ready debater, and on the promptings of his experts to handle the questions satisfactorily when they were presented to the Council of Four or Council of Ten.

Mr. Lloyd George had a pleasing personality and a hearty manner of address, which won him friends even among those who were disposed to charge him with vacillation. Of him it may be said that he possessed personal magnetism. He was short in stature and rather thickset. His complexion, which was ruddy and almost as clear as a child's, was set off by an abundance of silvery-white hair brushed back from his broad forehead and by a short white mustache which curved over his lips. His eyes were keen and twinkling, and when he smiled the wrinkles at the corners were very marked. He would enter the council chamber at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, generally late, with a quick step, which on account of its length made it a bit swaggering, and greet his colleagues with a genial smile and a bluff heartiness which were attractive.

On taking his seat in the great brocaded armchair between Mr. Balfour and me he would usually lean back and ask his secretary in an audible undertone if there were any notes on the agenda. If any were handed to him he would put on his eyeglasses, examine the papers in a hasty offhand way, ask a few questions of the secretary leaning over the back of his chair, and then putting the papers down on the table in front of him lean back with his weight on his right arm and wait composedly the opening of the session. His manner conveyed the impression of a man who was satisfied that he had obtained all the information that he needed to deal with the several subjects to be discussed by the council. One could not but admire the complacency which he showed as to his own ability. In the conferences of the council Mr. Lloyd George disclosed that his training was that of a parliamentarian rather than that of a diplomat. He did not speak in the calm, deliberate and precise manner in which President Wilson spoke, nor in the analytical and closely reasoned style of Signor Orlando when arguing a point. The British statesman was very much of a rough-and-tumble debater, quick to seize upon the weak points of an opponent and to attack them vigorously, sometimes with sarcasm and ridicule and often with flat denials of fact. His logic, if one could so call it, was that of an opportunist, and not at all sound or convincing. He was better in attack than in defense, as the latter required detailed knowledge of every phase of the question, while in attacking he could choose his own ground. He did not hesitate to interrupt a speaker with a hasty question or comment, and sometimes, if he seemed to be getting the worse of an argument, he assumed a scoffing and even a blustering manner which did not harmonize with the sedateness of the Council of Ten, though it did seem to fit into the portrait of the famous Welsh politician.

A Dauntless and Aggressive Leader

THOUGH he was thus prone to interfere with others during a debate Mr. Lloyd George showed displeasure or annoyance if he was interrupted when speaking or if his statements were challenged. He had held his place in the British House of Commons by constant forensic battles. He had used all the arts of a popular political leader to maintain his position, and he had succeeded more by reason of his dynamic personality and by fearlessly defying his enemies than by the superiority of his learning or the strength of his position. All people admire fearlessness and instinctively follow a leader who takes the offensive instead of standing on the defensive. They seem to care far more for this trait than they do for depth of knowledge or soundness of logic. His appreciation of this quality of human nature and his constant exploitation of it in his political career made Lloyd George the Prime Minister of Great Britain. Nothing daunted him. No antagonist was too strongly intrenched to discourage him. His quick wit, his ready tongue and his self-confidence made him what he was, a great parliamentary leader. In some ways his attainments as a politician were not dissimilar to those of M. Clemenceau, though the latter appeared to be more constant and—to use a vulgar term—less shifty than his British colleague.

In the councils at Paris these qualities of mind were by no means so effective as in the House of Commons or on the political platform. M. Clemenceau sagaciously cast them aside, but Mr. Lloyd George could not. They were his heavy artillery. He would have been lost without them. In the negotiations conducted by the heads of states and foreign ministers of the five Great Powers accurate knowledge counted and intellectual ability claimed first place. Without Mr. Balfour's aid and without the constant advice of his subordinates Mr. Lloyd George would, I fear, have been decidedly outclassed. As it was, his truculence of manner when hard pressed in debate, his attempts to ignore substantial arguments which he was not prepared to answer, and his frequent efforts to enhance the importance of a fact by emphatic declaration were methods that certainly did not carry conviction.

Yet nobody could come into intimate association with Mr. Lloyd George without falling under the spell of his personal charm. One might dislike his methods as those of a politician; one might even feel a measure of contemptuous surprise that he dared to discuss a question of territory without knowing exactly where the territory was; and there might be a feeling of irritation that he changed his mind whenever it seemed to him expedient; but with it all one liked the man; it was simply impossible not to like him. His cheeriness, his vivacity, his never-failing good nature and his delightful humor were assets which counted greatly in his favor.

There was one deplorable phase of the proceedings at Paris for which, I think, Mr. Lloyd George was chiefly though by no means entirely responsible. That was the secrecy which prevailed as to the work of the Council of Ten and later as to the Council of Four. Of course a certain measure of secrecy as to individual opinions was necessary while questions were undecided, otherwise there would have been no frankness in the discussions; but to keep decisions hidden even from the delegates of countries whose national rights and interests were affected, until the German treaty was in final form and printed, was certainly contrary to the spirit of open diplomacy and of common justice. Yet this is what actually happened by order of the heads of states.

The Pulse of Britain

THE creation of the Council of Four was probably due to this desire to shut more tightly the door upon the deliberations of the statesmen who had the last word as to the terms of peace. Not that it was the sole reason but that it was the principal one seems to be the fact. That the idea of splitting the Council of Ten into two bodies originated with Mr. Lloyd George I believe but do not positively know. The attempt to make President Wilson responsible for it and to assign as a reason certain attempted actions by the Council of Ten during his brief visit to the United States in February is absurd, as no action was attempted contrary to his wishes while he was absent. As I have said, my belief is that Mr. Lloyd George was the originator of the plan and probably the author of the announced reason, which was that two councils could cover more ground than a single council, a reason which, though to an extent true, was not the real one.

The British Premier throughout his sojourn in France was in daily touch with the state of affairs in Parliament as well as in Great Britain at large. Never for a moment did he take his hand from the political pulse at home. Though he had been victorious in the December elections his position was none the less precarious, dependent as it was on a coalition of parties, which is always more or less unstable. Constantly facing the possibility of a crisis in his government, Mr. Lloyd George's attitude on various questions arising in the negotiations was undoubtedly affected if not determined by British popular sentiment as it was disclosed from day to day and by the advices which he received from his political lieutenants in London.

While there is a natural disposition to criticize him for his attempts to follow the fluctuations of public opinion rather than to follow a rigid policy, it should be remembered that the tenure of office of a British cabinet is dependent on the will of the House of Commons and that unless a majority supports the government they are forced to resign. M. Clemenceau and Signor Orlando, though less openly responsive to public opinion than their British colleague and more successful than he in disguising their motives, were nevertheless constrained to consider the wishes of their respective Chambers of Deputies. President Wilson alone was untrammeled by domestic considerations of that nature. He alone was free to act without fear of being deprived of his authority. Unless the three European statesmen watched vigilantly the trend of political opinion in their respective countries, and trimmed their sails to meet the shifting winds of that opinion, which in the months following the armistice were tempestuous and uncertain, any one of them was liable to be deprived of his premiership and to be recalled from Paris. This actually happened later when the Italian Ministry was defeated and Signor Orlando was superseded in the peace conference by Signor Tittoni.

Not only did this watchfulness of public thought at home affect the points of view of the European leaders on many of the pending questions but it induced a desire for secrecy as to the progress of the negotiations. If the proceedings were not published there would not be a constant heckling of the negotiators by their political enemies. At least so they reasoned, although they ran the risk of acting contrary to an intelligent public opinion and of deferring popular judgment until it was too late to reverse their action.

It is evident that so far as the Europeans were concerned there was a reason for their favoring secret negotiations; but when they went to the extent of depriving the delegates from the small countries, who were vitally interested in the terms of peace, of all knowledge of the proceedings of the councils they aroused bitter dissatisfaction among those who felt that their national interests and in some cases their sovereign rights were at stake.

The Doctrine of Equality Ignored

VARIOUS delegations were accorded hearings before one or the other of the councils and permitted to plead their cases, but in the deliberations at which the settlements were decided they were not given an opportunity to participate. If the interests of one of the countries unrepresented on the councils were in conflict with the interests or the policies of one of the five Powers, what chance had the small nation to obtain full justice? Then, too, the representatives of Serbia, Rumania, Greece and others of the lesser states which had been active belligerents in the war received practically the same treatment as the unofficial delegations of Armenians, Syrians and Zionists who appeared before the Council of Ten. Though the former represented independent states and had seats in the conference their national rights were determined without their assent by the principal delegates of the Great Powers, who assumed supreme authority and whose determinations were kept secret so far as was possible until the treaty was finally drafted.

There is no doubt that the method adopted was essential to the practical control of the proceedings by the Great Powers, and that it also expedited the negotiations, but in my opinion the sacrifice of the principle of the equality of nations and of the fundamental right of every independent state, the little as well as the large, the weak as well as the powerful, to have a voice in the determination of its own destiny, was too great a price to pay for the advantages gained. The basic principle recognized in international intercourse prior to the war was that before the law all independent nations are equal. That principle has been seriously impaired if not entirely discredited by the proceedings at Paris, and this revival of the old doctrine that even in times of peace the strong shall rule has been so woven into the structure of the League of Nations that it will be a difficult task to resurrect the doctrine of equality and restore it to its place as the first maxim of international law, the fundamental principle of international relations. The hope for such restoration lies in giving first place to legal justice, applied through the medium of international courts, independent of any political or diplomatic international body which may be formed.

It cannot be doubted that President Wilson in agreeing to, if he did not advocate, the primacy of the Great Powers at Paris lost an advantage which he could easily have held had he opposed it. Supported as he was by most if not all of the smaller states represented in the conference, at least at the first, since they looked upon him as their firm friend, he could have maintained his superior position if he had held strictly to the rule of equality and insisted that, if the terms of peace were to be definitive, they should be considered and drafted by general commissions whose reports should be discussed and passed upon in full sessions of the conference. Even when that normal and

(Concluded on Page 56)

SQUEEZE IN AND FREEZE OUT

"I Didn't Mean No Harm, Mr. Madison. Dis Gen'leman Tole Me to Drop By After de Peerade an' C'lect My Other Hundred"

By Harris Dickson

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

For in this Sardine Box they call
The World,
Where rammed so tight we're packed
and curled
That not an inch of Destined Path
we view
Till Luck, the Master, hath his Scroll
unfurled

THE Reverend Baltimore Criddle, temporarily and precariously sojourning at Vicksburg, Mississippi, was brother-in-faith to Omar of Naishapur. Both of them believed in luck. For years the ponderous and persuasive negro had bobbled like a burnt cork upon the waves of expediency, paddling with his unctuous tongue and steering by every wind that blew. Furthermore, like Omar, Criddle believed in taking the cash, though the rumble of the drum at times became essential in his business. From Babylon or Bozey's they watched for their approaching stars and felt their hunch that luck was coming.

Yet neither of them knew the whence, the why or the wherefore of that coming.

New York City being remote from Criddle's jurisdiction, it was impossible for him to guess that two idle clubmen were then lounging at their window laying plans to finance him out of a most particular fix at Vicksburg. Neither did the double-chinned New Yorker, Mr. J. Ben Grimshaw, and young Conny Vantine suspect themselves of being packed side by side with Criddle and Custard in the selfsame can of sardines.

"Ready, Con?" inquired Grimshaw of the bulging white vest as he seated himself at the front window.

"Sure. It's four o'clock." The rosy-cheeked Vantine held his watch and called "Time! Begin!"

They leaned out together, searching amongst the crowds for black or yellow faces.

"There goes one, for me; see that charcoal duchess—going up?"

Grimshaw pointed to a bumpily upholstered negro woman who promenaded northward, and scored "One" on his tablet.

"Three down for me!" Vantine claimed two yellow men, and a black, going south.

Every afternoon found this same pair at the same window playing "nigger-up-or-nigger-down" at a dollar a point, which afforded Grimshaw an opportunity to work his real scheme of pumping Vantine. After a month of insidious persistence he knew that Conny was placing a deal in cypress timber with the Reliance Lumber Company, but had not yet learned the exact location of the property. Though Conny was frank enough, with mottling color like a girl's, he did not confide all his business to the genial Mr. Grimshaw.

"One more, down!" Vantine scored his fourth as the hallboy entered with a telegram.

Although Grimshaw rose and passed behind him, he failed to catch what was in it; so while Vantine wrote his reply Grimshaw also scribbled something and put in a call for the messenger. Then, when the telegraph boy was hurrying out, Grimshaw intercepted him with the careless question "Got my message, son?" and took them both. His own he did not read, but that from Vantine was addressed to J. H. Madison, attorney at law, Vicksburg, Mississippi, saying that he would arrive on the following Monday morning to inspect the Beauregard cypress brake.

"All right, son," said Grimshaw, flipping a quarter to the boy. "Rush it."

His legs moved slowly and his mind worked rapidly as he sauntered back to where Vantine sat drumming on the window sill and called his opponent's attention, "Two more, up."

"Makes nine for you," said Conny, glancing at his tab. "Nine up against four down."

"Yes." Grimshaw nodded. "Colored travel has an upward tendency—like the lumber market."

"Oh! You think lumber's going up?"

"Can't keep it down."

Then Grimshaw dropped such cogent hints on world consumption and supply as surprised the younger man.

"I didn't know you were interested in lumber," he remarked.

"Not much. Only to dabble in the financial end of it for some twenty-five years. Now I'm going south in a few days to glance over a brake for a lawyer named Madison at Vicksburg."

"Henry Madison?" Vantine blurted out before he thought, and with a sickish feeling. "Then you know the Beauregard brake?"

"Good property. Had my eye on it for years. The Swedish-American—biggest gun in the market—wants it."

This threw Conny into a panic. He was young, inexperienced, and desired no competition from the Swedish-American.

Two days later they called a taxi to catch the New Orleans Limited, as partners in an option that they hoped to secure from Lawyer Madison. Mr. J. Ben Grimshaw had won his game of Squeeze In, and now played to win the Freeze Out—if the rake-off looked good.

As they stepped from their cab at the Pennsylvania Station Vantine started to pay, but Grimshaw stopped him.

"No, Conny. Just between friends—if the taxi number is odd you pay; even, I pay."

The red rear light showed a terminal of seven. Vantine paid.

A spark along a wire, a line upon a yellow paper, and lo! Mr. J. Ben Grimshaw became entangled with the Reverend Baltimore Criddle in the complicated affairs of his Coffin Club. For when Harry Madison, at Vicksburg, received Vantine's telegram, he sent his office boy to summon Virgil Custard.

"Dat mus' be concernin' of some pussonal taxes," Parson Custard remarked to a group of partisans. "My property's a heap o' trouble. So long, gents."

He flounced away and wafted himself southward, the sunshine glittering from his big round specs and scintillating from the sheen of his jauntily twirling cane. The laity looked on and marveled at Virgil's mushroom greatness and at the novelties in the color scramble of his attire. For with the blossoming of the Coffin Club, Parson Custard had bloomed out and become a personage.

And yet, one pair of watchful eyes looked on undazzled. Across the street stood a wooden shanty, appropriately painted black, and bearing huge white letters which announced:

TRUE HOPE LODGE OF RACE PRIDE, OF FRIENDSHIP HELP AND BURIAL

REVEREND BALTIMORE CRIDDLE,
Supreme Grand Organizer.

Deep within its sepulchral semidarkness a V-shaped field of white disclosed the triangular acreage of Criddle's shirt front, and twin white dots above it revealed the glowering of his eyes. Notwithstanding the solidity of Criddle's present seat he was getting uneasy at these conferences between Virgil and a group of unpaid malcontents who clamored for their insurance money and plotted to acclaim the Custard in his stead.

"Huh!" he grunted. "When dese little slim-jimmies do git de big head dey's de wust kind."

Unlike all other gazers upon this blithesome vision, Criddle did not judge Virgil solely by the striped gladness of his pants, nor by his dinky straw hat, banded with hilarious hues of blues and carmines. Criddle penetrated deeper, and knew that all was not going well; for he could read the Custard mind by the way in which Virgil manipulated his feet. It wasn't the pants and it wasn't the hatband; but the apogee and the perigee of Custard's moods showed eloquently in the gesturings of Custard's patent leathers.

"Huh!" Criddle sized him up. "Dat little nigger craves to go after sump'n; but he don't know 'zackly whar it's at."

This mensured the Custard. Virgil's notions were all unséttled, and his feet moved jerkily as he started for Lawyer Madison's office. With every step that carried him farther from the center of negro population his cane twirled less jauntily, until at the lawyer's door he tucked it beneath his arm as a cowed pup tucks his tail.

"Hello, Virgil!" Madison glanced up from his desk and smiled. "How's the cat hoppin'?"

"Hoppin' back'ards, Mister Harry," Virgil answered like a whipped man. "Criddle's seekin' to freeze me out o' de Coffin Club."

The keenest amusement that Harry Madison extracted from his hard-working life was to shove aside a mass of stupid papers, while this ex-office boy diverted him with the family jars of their burial society. Then Madison would hatch a scheme to balk the shifty and resourceful Criddle.

"So Criddle's trying to freeze you out? Sit down, Virgil, and tell me about it."

Parson Custard deposited his rainbow hat on the floor and his striped pants on the very edge of a chair.

"Mister Harry," he complained, "Criddle oughtn't to did me dis way, atter I led all dem jiners to whar he sets in his rockin'-chair an' milks 'em. Now he's corntrivin' to choke me off from de cow, complete."

"Never mind. We'll be there at chokin' time."

"Yas, suh; but Criddle's up against it his own self, wid a bunch o' death claims what he can't pay."

"Oh! Your members have been dying?"

"'Bleeged to die, Mister Harry. Y'onderstan', at de fust-off startin' Criddle didn't 'gree to pay no 'surance, but jes to give ev'y financial member a fust-class buryin'. Huh! You knows how niggers is—won't b'leeve de Angel Gabriel onless he shows 'em. So Criddle was boun' to prove dat he could run a livewire coffin club by comin'

'cross wid a classy funeral, jes for a sample. Co'se a funeral don't 'mount to shucks widout some kind o' reemains, an' us never had none. Dat's when Criddle kep' a prophesyin' 'Virgil, de Lawd will pervide,' an' likewise kep' jinin' up all de sick folks. Sick niggers does fine, Mister Harry, when yo' bizness 'quires to have marchin' an' peerades to injuce new members. But atter Criddle sot up his 'Dowment Rank an' 'greed to pay five hundred simoleons per each, cash at de graveside, dat's when dem sick folks come in powerful onhandy."

"Inadequate rates," the lawyer nodded. "You had to suspend payment."

"It sho gimme a backset." Virgil licked his reminiscent lips. "Befo' dat I could ramble 'long an' holler 'Criddle pays at de graveside.' 'Here's yo' dead nigger—here's yo' money!' an' rake in de spondulicks wid bofe hands. But Sis Ruggles done squashed all dat by raisin' sech a rookus to git paid for her husban'."

"Is she the woman who's making this trouble?"

"Trouble? Mister Harry, ef dat nigger ooman could enjoy a marchin' peerade ev'y day of her life, wid hot catfish an' cole watermelon, she wouldn't make nothin' out of it 'cept trouble. Now she say dat on dis comin' third Sunday o' de munt, when Elder Kates preaches Jodie Ruggles' funeral, she 'nounces dat Criddle's goin' to pay her off from de pulpit. Sis Ruggles done 'ranged all dis her own self, an' Criddle ain't said nothin' 'cause he's skeered."

"Oho! You're going to hold an impressive ceremony?"

"Not me." Virgil squirmed. "I aims to leave town."

"Good! Leave town! That's exactly why I sent for you." Madison rose and stretched his legs, like a dray-horse fretting to be free. "You've gone stale, and so have I. We need a week in the woods to clear away our cobwebs."

"Camp hunt?" Virgil brightened up.

"Yes. Mr. Beauregard wants me to go with two New York gentlemen and show them his cypress brake. You can help around camp, and pump those city men full of Coffin Club stories."

"When is dis comin' off?" Virgil asked.

"Monday, the thirteenth. We leave Vicksburg on the northbound Valley train at 2:45."

"Dat'll jes suit me." The harried parson grabbed his chance. "Den I won't be here on dat follow'n' Sunday."

"Bully!" The lawyer laughed. "Leave Criddle to stew in his own grease. Why doesn't he have a parade to the church?"

"Dat's it! Dat's it!" Virgil sprang to his feet, scorching with a red-hot scheme. "I'll put dat peerade bug in Sis Ruggles' ear—march all dem niggers to church. An' den, when Criddle can't pay off, he'll hafter tote his copperosity out o' dis town, an' I'll git 'lected grand organizer. Dat's it! Dat's it! Lemme set dese niggers to makin' sech a fuss dat Criddle's 'bleeged to give 'em a peerade. Lemme spread de news! Lemme spread de news!"

Well had the news spreader done his guileful work, but no worriment showed upon the complacent features of the Reverend Baltimore Criddle as he strolled like a leisurely colossus towards his sanctum. Long black coat tails swung rhythmically about his piano legs, and the sidewalk shuddered as he set down each massive shoe. Skimpy negroes gazed in awe upon the swelling white rotundity of his vest with its liberal revelations of plaited shirt front and diamond cluster pin. His thick black neck bulged out in flabby jowls, sweating the tar oil of prosperity, and his bull-voiced benedictions fell upon the populace as he passed. For the words of Criddle's mouth were smoother than butter, and the shine of Criddle's tall silk hat was a very lantern unto the feet of them who stumbled.

Spreading himself like a green bay tree the Reverend Criddle moved on and entered the hallowed precincts of his Coffin Club. There sat the high-yaller Perkins, drumming on his golden-oak desk, for Perkins was a treasurer without a treasury. Parson Custard, as grand custodian, was looking after his stage props, rearranging the sheaves of silver-headed spears and sorting out the white cotton gloves for duly elected pallbearers. With his dusting brush he gave a few swipes to the casket when Criddle's portentous shadow blotted all sunlight from the doorway. It pestered Virgil to mark the Criddle serenity. After three days of committees' running to him and planning this parade, Criddle ought to be getting stampeded. Virgil himself would have been scared sick if he hadn't been sure of escaping with Mr. Madison. Now he glanced up as Criddle squeezed through the doorway, halting in the process of skinning a banana and stoking it endwise.

"Mister Treasurer," he inquired, "is any members drapped in and paid dues?"

"Nary cent," Perkins reported. "But Sis Ruggles is been here to see you, an' say she's comin' back."

With big white eyes like a young owl, Virgil stared out of the gloom and scrutinized the Criddle countenance as Perkins repeated "Sis Ruggles is comin' back."

Even this reiterated warning showed no effect on Criddle.

"Perkins," he announced, "'tain't no use in holdin' out ag'inst dese members. I got to stir 'em up wid dat peerade for Jodie Ruggles."

The treasurer staggered upward from his desk, and Virgil's eyes popped wider as Criddle gulped down his final chunk of banana and continued, "Dis time I aims to ride a white hoss, an' wear my sash, an' lead ev'ybody. De ban' will play jazz music, an' my hoss will have his tail tied up wid blue ribbins, an' ——"

"Look here, Criddle," Perkins objected desperately, "you's fixin' to git yo'self in trouble, an' you won't git tied up wid nary blue ribbin."

"Trouble? How come?" Criddle gave himself a twitch.

"'Cause ef you fools dat bunch o' niggers to de church an' don't pay Sis Ruggles, den you better keep a-ridin' yo' white hoss to de graveyard."

"Don't worry yo'self 'bout no graveyard," Criddle answered loftily. "Virgil kin e'lect plenty dues; an' I'm goin' out myself to gather de grapes of Ephraim."

Criddle revolved towards the doorway, but failed to depart, for a black, gaunt, rawbony woman had taken possession of the exit.

"Talk to her nice, Criddle," Perkins whispered.

Sis Ruggles entered with a rush, grappling her umbrella like a bludgeon, and with two fighting feathers that stuck upright from her hat. Off came Criddle's stovepipe as he reached out and caught the lady's arm.

"'Low me to 'sist you, Mrs. Ruggles. I was gittin' skeered you mought not drap in befo' I had went to de bank to 'posit dis money. I gits a pain in my back from all de time totin' so much money. Makes my pockets hang down, an', furthermo', I cornsiders it dangersome. Banks is de bes', Mrs. Ruggles; banks is a heap better; an', sides dat ——"

With Criddle's flying start he kept his lead until the woman's fierceness began to relax.

"Dat's all right, Rever'n'," she said. "I jes aimed to make certain, 'cause my son Jodie Juny is fixin' to marry Delia, an' I got to pay seventy-five dollars out o' dis money to de 'stallment man."

"Dar's a mother in Izrul! Dar's a mother!"

"Den I'll have fo' hund'ed an' twenty-five mo' dollars comin' ——"

"It's comin', Sis Ruggles; it's on de way," maneuvering her towards the street door, and giving an imperceptible shove.

"Jodie Juny 'zires a easy-chair—wid springs"

"Puffeckly nacheral, Mrs. Ruggles. De good book say 'Dere was men in dem days.'"

"An' Delia craves a thick lookin'-glass, wid a strikin' clock, an' one o' dem funnygraffs to play music, an' ——"

"Wimmins will be wimmins. Sorry you got to rush off."

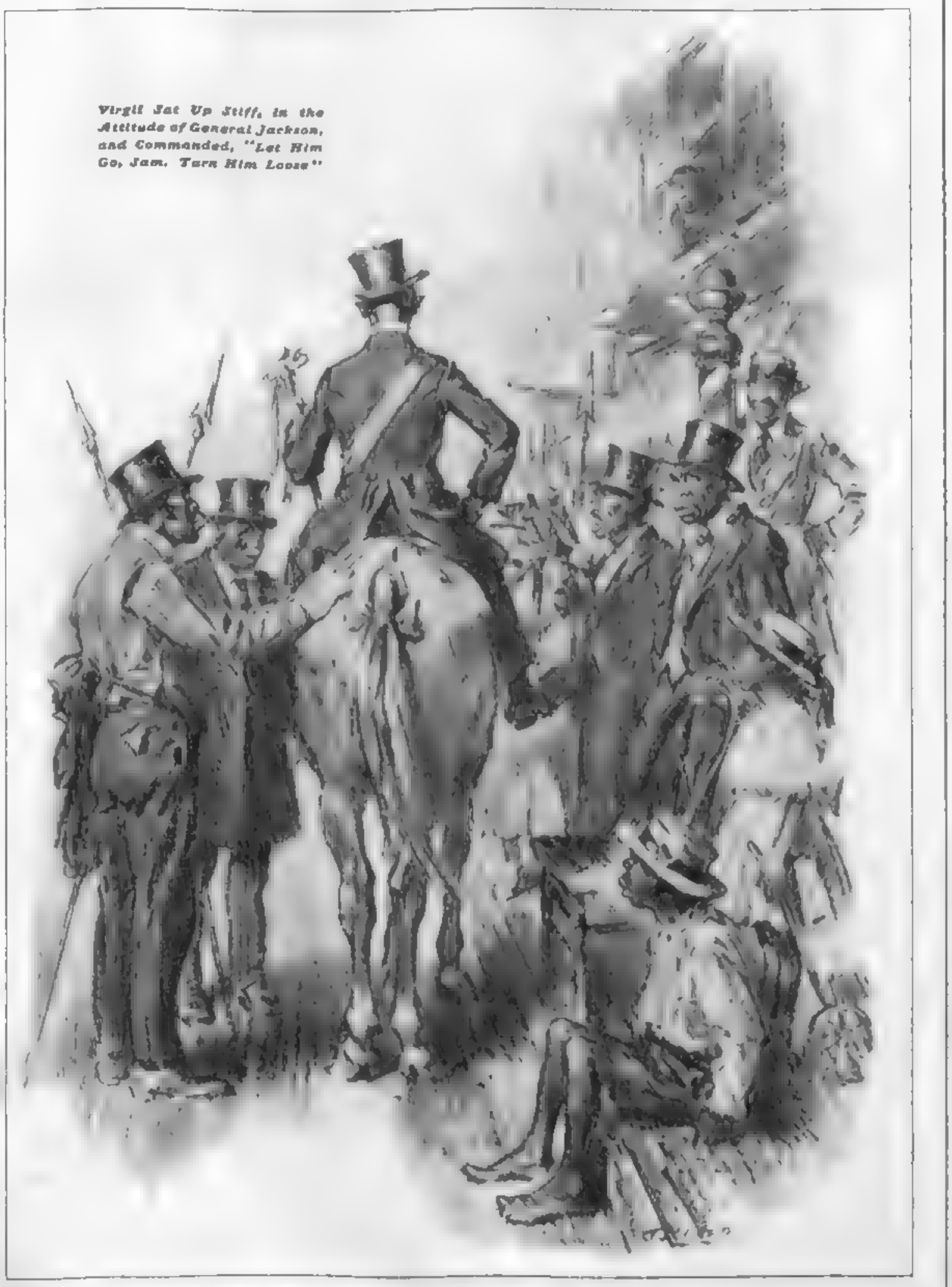
Then the Reverend Baltimore Criddle collapsed in his big-armed rocking-chair and wiped the sweat from his brow.

"Huh!" he muttered. "Reckon I got to 'rive out o' dis town by de nighest short cut."

By ten o'clock on Monday morning, when Grimshaw and Vantine reached

(Continued on Page 74)

Virgil Sat Up Stiff, in the Attitude of General Jackson, and Commanded, "Let Him Go, Jam. Turn Him Loose"



A DANGEROUS GAME

By George Weston

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

HER friends and family always said of Marion, "Yes, but she is such a good girl!" If, however, they had known some of her secret thoughts, they would have revised their opinions in a hurry; and after that when anyone said "How quiet Marion is!" her friends and family would have thought to themselves: "Yes, quiet enough. She used to fool us once, but now we often wish she'd make more noise. It's the quiet ones you have to watch."

You mustn't blame Marion altogether, though. For one thing, she was quiet because her mother talked so much; and for another thing, Nature was partly responsible. When Marion was very young she was one of those old-fashioned little things who hear all and say nothing and fetch grandma's rubbers without being told.

"Isn't she quiet!" visitors often said; to which her mother would proudly reply, "Yes, but she's such a good girl!" Whereupon they would all regard the child beamingly, and it was probably then that Marion conceived the ambition of being such a good girl that people would look at her beamingly as long as she lived and say "Now let me see if I can't find a nickel somewhere—for such a good girl!"

At school, too, the teachers loved her, partly because she was so good and partly because her father was Prof. Rufus R. Wilmer, the famous Egyptologist, who could read hieroglyphics as fast as the ordinary man can read the sporting news and knew the Pharaoh family almost better than he knew his own. Marion used to help the teachers correct examination papers, and then when she got home she would help her mother lay the table, and after dinner she would help with the dishes too. Now wasn't that being a good girl?

In her second year at high school something happened which will show you again which way the twig was being bent. The class went up to study the botanical gardens; and in the corner of a greenhouse Bert Muller, the class secretary, took hold of Marion's hand as though he wished to guide her somewhere. It gave her quite a thrill as long as it lasted, which wasn't long, because as soon as she saw that Bert hadn't really any place to go she pushed him away, and he fell with the back of his head against a very fine specimen of Aralia Spinosa, which is sometimes known as Hercules'-club or devil's-walking-stick.

The incident fastened upon her, and whenever any of the young gentlemen of the class had two tickets for a Saturday matinée, or anything of that sort, they never seemed to think of inviting Marion, probably believing that she had a mind above such things, as became a daughter of the famous Professor Wilmer, who could read hieroglyphics so fast and was on such intimate terms with the Pharaoh family.

And when the class prophecy was read you probably won't be surprised to learn that Marion was depicted as an old maid, "living with a parrot in a lonely flat, drinking young Formosa and talking to the cat."

"How wonderful of your daughter!" cried a gushing old friend of the family. "Think of it! Graduating at the head of her class!"

"Yes!" beamed Mrs. Wilmer. "And such a good girl, Mrs. Hahn!"

Marion, who was standing by, looked rather bored.

It was the same when two young students came to live in the next apartment to the Wilmers. One had a car, but the next day it was also seen that he had a girl, and that ended him with Marion, for whatever faults she may have had she was never a beau snatcher. The second young man smiled at her in a shy sort of way. His name, somebody told her next day, was Allan Whitney, and he was a theological student who was working his way through the seminary.

"I Guess Their Dresses are Pretty Short to Begin With—and Then They Sit Like This"

"M-m-m," thought Marion, "I might have known it! Still ——"

But that was about as far as the young student ever got—a shy smile, which was generally obliquely received, and occasionally a "Pleasant weather we are having, Miss Wilmer."

"I guess he's just practicing—pretending I'm a congregation," thought Marion one day, and then with a slight but unmistakable curl of her lip she added, "Maybe he's heard what a good girl I am."

It was the same when she went to college. Whether her history had preceded her, or whether it was the way she did her hair, or whatever it was, the other girls simply seemed to take it for granted that Marion didn't care for romance. So perhaps for this reason they confided in her and showed her packages of letters and bunches of roses and writing-paper boxes that were simply stuffed with snapshots.

Marion looked—a secret yearning in her heart—and felt like a young lost soul looking through Saint Peter's gate at scenes in which she could never hope to share.

It was immediately after one of these sessions—hearing about another girl's beau—that the new minister called, an earnest young man. Mrs. Wilmer entertained him in the front room and sent Marion to the kitchen to make the tea

Now the Wilmers' apartment was a sort of a whispering gallery, and as Marion started to come out of the kitchen with the tea she heard her mother and the minister talking in the front room.

"Oh, yes, Marion's very intelligent," her mother was saying. "And such a good girl!"

For the first time in her life Marion put her protest into thought.

"Good Lord!" she thought. "Am I so different from other girls? I wonder what it is that's the matter with me—that I always have to be so terribly good!"

Somewhere, from way down deep in her innermost consciousness, the thought arose, "Marion, aren't you ashamed of yourself—you, who have always been such a good girl? Good! Good!" she almost choked. "I don't want to be good! I want ——"

Even to herself she couldn't finish the thought, partly because the minister was waiting for his tea, but if she had given coherent expression to incoherent longings, she would have added: "I want pictures, too, that I can show to other girls, and the postman bringing me a letter every morning that I can read and put away with a lot of others, tied up into bricks with orange-colored ribbons—something to read when I get old and have to wear glasses and nobody loves me any more.

"And I want to go to theaters, as other girls do, and wear picture hats like theirs, and dance, and come home in a taxi with someone who is simply crazy about me and sends me roses every night when he can't come himself. And I want nice clothes—velvets and silks and Angoras, and lots of pretty things that nobody ever sees, and shoes to match my dresses, and stockings to match my shoes.

"And I want to go to roof gardens and midnight follies and eat sandwiches that cost a dollar each, just to see what they taste like, and bring home the little wooden hammer and hang it on my bureau as other girls do, even if it's only for once. And I want ——"

But that will give you a clear enough idea, and even while these longings filled her heart, her mother's lifelong pride in her goodness lay like a lion in her path. Whereupon she gave birth to a wish that our great grandparents probably wished before us and our great grandchildren will probably wish when we are dead and gone.

"If I could only have my own way once in a while," she thought, "and do the things I'd like to do! Oh, if I ever get a chance!"

She got it sooner than she expected. The next day a letter arrived for Mrs. Wilmer inviting her to spend a few weeks in Florida with a married sister.

"Of course I'd like to go," breathlessly exclaimed Mrs. Wilmer when the professor came home, "but I hardly see how I can leave you and Marion here alone."

"I think I'd go if I were you," said the professor in his absent-minded way. "Of course we shall miss you, but Marion and I will get along somehow—and a month soon goes."

"A month!" thought Marion, and a queer little thrill ran over her.

She saw her mother off a few days later, and although they both cried when they kissed each other good-by—as mothers and daughters have cried and kissed and parted since first this world began—and although Marion cried again at night before she could go to sleep, she awoke the next morning with that light-footed feeling of freedom which seldom comes to anyone but children, and hardly ever to them except on the first Monday morning of the summer vacation when they wake up and realize that they haven't got to go to school till after Labor Day.

"A month!" thought Marion. "A whole month to do as I please and go where I please, and nobody to keep reminding everybody what a good girl I am!"

And a few minutes later, as she began to brush her hair, she looked at her eager little face in the mirror and

breathlessly told herself: "I'll show them now what sort of girl I am! But what shall I do first?"

II

VAGUELY, and somewhat alarmingly, too, it began to rise in Marion's mind that in order to live down her past reputation she would have to do something striking, something that would make a splash and cause her friends to say: "Well, all these years she must have been laughing at us! We always thought she was such a nice, quiet girl; but what do you suppose she did the other night?" . . .

And that was Marion's present problem—to fill the blank which is represented by those three dots.

"Of course it mustn't be anything really wicked," she told herself—"I mean nothing really worse than the things that other girls do; but it's got to be something awfully sporty and daring."

Her first definite thought, painfully evolved, was to call on a number of girls she knew and in the middle of the conversation to light a cigarette with perfect nonchalance and start blowing rings.

"But I think I've read somewhere," she mused, "that the first few times that anybody smokes it makes them sick, and that would spoil it all. And besides, to go right up to the cigar counter and ask for cigarettes ——"

However, she didn't absolutely abandon the thought, but filed it away for future reference.

"I wonder if I couldn't do the same as Miriam Trimmer," was her next reflection, "and start being terribly slangy and even swear a little, too, now and then—as Miriam does."

For quite ten minutes she tried to invent a Trimmerism, such as "You tell 'em, Old Pill Box, you've got the right dope," but nothing materialized. Then came something harder. "Damn it!" she fearfully whispered. And after making sure that lightning wasn't going to strike her, she even more fearfully told herself: "I could never do that! Suppose it got to be a habit and I couldn't stop myself. No, that won't do."

A picture in the society news of the morning paper caught her eye. It was one of those pictures taken at Chevy Rock or Piping Springs, where a group of débutantes are apparently always sitting in a row with their knees crossed, watching the horses, and you read them from left to right.

"There!" said Marion in growing excitement. "Now these are nice girls, or their pictures wouldn't be in the paper. So what's to stop me from sitting as they do? I'm sure that's sporty enough for anybody. I wonder how I'd look!"

She went to her mother's bedroom, where a mirror was set in the closet door.

"Now," said Marion, placing a chair in front of the glass and consulting the picture again, "I guess their dresses are pretty short to begin with—and then they sit like this."

After a short but critical survey Marion suddenly arose and, looking more vaguely alarmed than before, gave expression to a rather droll thought.

"Oh, dear!" she said. "I didn't know it was going to be so hard—not to be good!"

But still she wrestled with her problem, even as at school she had struggled with the mysteries of algebra and geometry

"I know!" she suddenly remarked. "There's been a lot in the papers lately about the new poets, and I heard dad carrying on about them the other night. Suppose I get a copy of Loved and Lost and learn some of the funniest ones and recite them round as if I just happened to remember them!"

It was still half an hour before her father was expected home. So Marion ran over to the College Book Shop and bought a copy of Loved and Lost. Going back upstairs on the elevator she met Allan Whitney, and he gave her his usual shy smile. He, too, had a book under his arm, and Marion read the title—Introduction to the Philosophy of Religion.

"I ought to have let him see the title of my book," she thought later, "because he might just as well know it as anybody else—that I'm not a little goody-goody any more than other girls are."

It wasn't long, though, before she found that Loved and Lost was more than she had bargained for.

I do not care how many men were mine,
What passionate oaths they whispered in my ears

That was how the first one started, and now perhaps you can understand why Marion hurriedly looked for a place to hide the book when the doorbell rang and slipped it behind the cushion of one of the chairs. She went to the door then and found two strange young ladies standing there, and before they spoke Marion knew that she was gazing upon two young ladies whose names were probably in the society news at least once a week, and had even possibly had their pictures taken at Chevy Rock or Piping Springs, watching the horses, and reading from left to right.

"Is Professor Wilmer in?" asked one, who was about Marion's size and age.

"No; but I expect him any minute."

"Rather annoying; I wanted to see him particularly."

"If you care to come in and wait a few minutes ——"

The young ladies consulted each other with their eyebrows, and although Marion didn't know it, her own eyebrows unconsciously followed theirs, so intent was she upon the matter in hand.

"Very well," said the first; "just a few minutes, if you're sure ——"

The Spotlight Shone Upon Her, the Orchestra Played for Her, as She Slowly Advanced Across the Floor

As they followed her down the hall Marion thought to herself: "I'll bet nobody goes round saying what good girls these two are! I wonder if the tall one's coat is sable."

The visitors sat down, both gracefully at ease, and crossed their knees in true Chevy Rock style.

"I guess you have to be born to it—to do it that way," thought Marion wistfully as she went back to her room, and was just about to try it again when Professor Wilmer came in in his usual absent-minded manner.

"Two young ladies from Fifth Avenue waiting to see you," whispered Marion.

"To see me? Funny!"

And down the hall he went, curious, perhaps, to see what sort of human hieroglyphics were waiting there to be deciphered.

"Professor Wilmer?" Marion heard one of the visitors say. "I'm Nancy de Peyster. I have a letter here from my uncle, Cornelius de Peyster, of the board of governors ——"

"Oh, yes!" Marion heard her father say.

"I happened to tell him the other day that I was going to a fancy-dress ball next week and meant to wear something Egyptian, and he said that years ago you had made a study of Egyptian costumes—had colored plates, he believed, and all that sort of thing—and that if it wouldn't be too much trouble, you might be able to show me something particularly gorgeous that I shouldn't be able to get in any other way."

"Well, now, let me see," said the professor, and from the sounds Marion could tell that he was getting out some of his bound portfolios. "I thought so," he said at last. "Here we are! Costumes! Of course they would have to be modernized to some extent. The—er—climate and the—er—customs were very different from our own. Otherwise ——"

Whereupon Marion, still listening, heard whispers of pure delight.

"Oh, isn't this gorgeous? And this one! The best ever! Oh, Nan, look at this!"

There was silence then for a few moments, and Marion could almost hear them consulting each other with their eyebrows.

"Could I have this plate for a few days?" asked Miss de Peyster—"long enough for the dressmaker to get the design?"

"I think so," said the professor, "but I should very much like to see it when it's done. Anything Egyptian, you know ——"

"I understand. Then suppose I tell the dressmaker to send the costume up here when it's finished, and then you can look it over and send it back to me"

They started out, but just before the door closed behind them Marion heard the tall one say to her friend:

"Well, Nan, one thing sure, you're going to be the belle of the ball if you go like that."

"Yes, Nan, and another thing sure," whispered Marion to the closed door, "I'm going to try that costume on before it goes away from here."

She started for the front room to have a look at the portfolio, but at the threshold she paused. Her father was frowning at Loved and Lost, which he had just picked up from the chair where one of his visitors had been seated.

"Bah!" said he, turning to the first poem. "Rubbish!" he hurriedly added, and, blinking his eyes at Marion, he sternly added: "I must confess that at first I was favorably impressed with those young ladies, but after seeing this evidence of the state of their minds which they inadvertently left behind them ——"

Words failing him, he drew a deep sigh; and, although he didn't know it, Marion drew a deeper one than his.

"Oh, dear," she thought again, "I had no idea it was

(Continued on Page 85)

A LUCK LEPER'S TALE

By GARET GARRETT

ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. ALLEN

A Luck Leper is One Who Has Mortally Offended a Jade Named Chance

FORMERLY in Cabassud's restaurant, across the street from the Stock Exchange, near the door, was a public stock ticker. That is, Cabassud paid the rental on it, and it was for the use of his patrons; but in effect it was the private possession of four luck lepers—Herzog, Jones, Trueworthy and Podnus, who seldom ate, never spent, and quarreled all day long.

They had three things in common, namely—cynical hope, love of ill omens and a feeling of resentment when a Cabassud customer pushed his way in to look at the tape. The customer might be a member of the Stock Exchange, a banker or a very eminent person. It made no difference. The four of them scowled and gave room grudgingly.

Why did Cabassud stand it? Why didn't he sweep them out?

That is what you think, because, of course, you don't know what a luck leper is. He is one who has mortally offended a jade named Chance. This may happen to anyone, at any time, unawares. You never know until afterward—until some time afterward. All at once everything you touch begins to go wrong. At first you do not know that anything is strangely the matter. In fact, you think nothing of it for a while. In speculation everyone must expect to be wrong part of the time. So you go on making your calculations as before, and take the disappointments in a spirit of resignation.

As the losses continue by an unbroken series you say grimly, "Well, I appear to be in for a run of bad luck."

Still you do not know that anything has happened. Doesn't everybody have runs of good and bad? There is nothing to do but to play them out. Gradually the truth forces itself upon your mind. There is no turn. Luck has jilted you for good. Yet you will not believe it. One disbelieves many things the mind knows. You go on and on until the disaster is complete. Only hope is left.

No victim of this mysterious malady is ever quite without hope. That makes it all the worse. The misfortunes of others comfort him. Chance, he thinks, may yet relent. It would be so little for her to do in just one case. She chastises others and then forgives them. Why shouldn't she be generous? It would cost her nothing.

Meanwhile others have long known what the luck leper makes believe to doubt. They regard him with superstition and secret terror, and into their contacts with him they put a good deal of rough kindliness, each according to his way and mood. If the luck leper is clean and does not beg openly he will not be swept out. Cabassud's patrons did not mind; and Cabassud, although he never dealt in stocks or any mercurial thing, was not without a touch of superstition. It is better to have the good will than the evil eye of those who bear the voodoo mark. Besides, these four were personalities and in some small sense were an asset to the place.

Often a Wall Street man brought his visitor to Cabassud's purposely to say:

"See that heavy man at the ticker?"—referring to Herzog. "The squashy one with the protruding eyes, thin mustache, coat all buttoned up? You wouldn't think he was once a member of the New York Stock Exchange and the Chicago Board of Trade? He was, though—a big speculator before he lost his luck. A million bushels of wheat or ten thousand shares of stock—just like that! He's through."

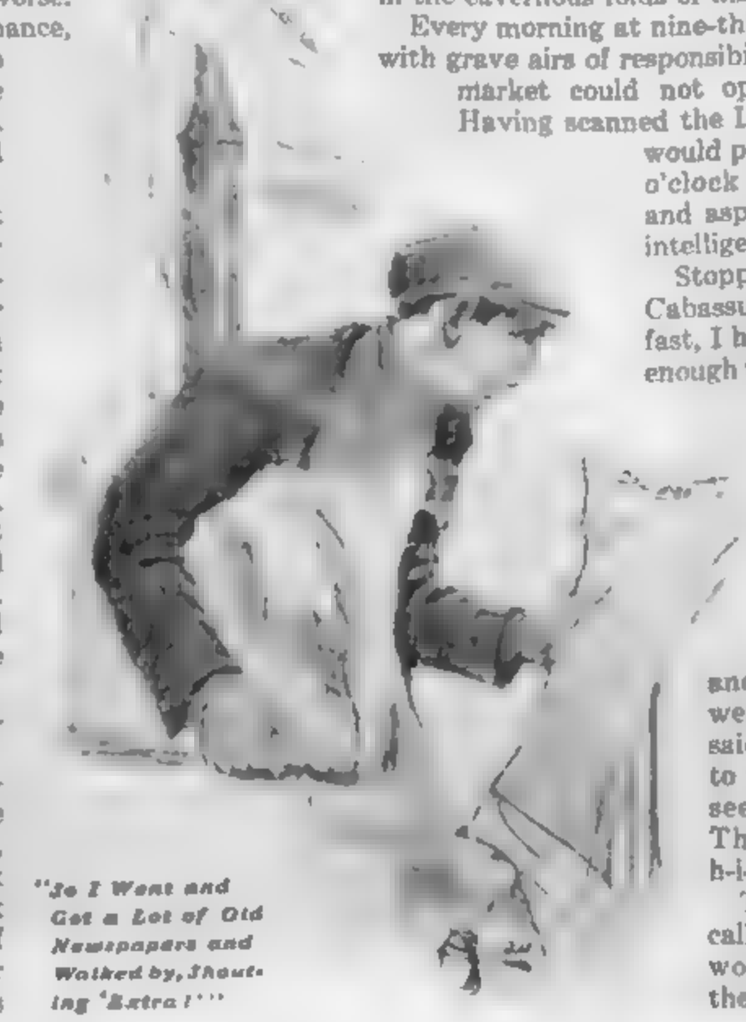
Or, referring to Jones:

"That little dog-faced man next to him—that's Tailor Jones. You may have heard of him. No, that must have been before your time. He wrecked a bank with his promotion schemes. Eventually in other hands his schemes worked out, but he never got on his feet again. Lives on what he can pick up."

Or:

"That other one, facing this way—the thin, pale one with the small red nose, now speaking to Herzog—his name's Trueworthy. He ran a corner in Reading Railroad stock many years ago. For one day he was the biggest man in Wall Street. Now he goes errands for a quarter. Creepy, isn't it?"

And as for Podnus—well, when it came to that hard old cherub the Wall Street man always stopped and the visitor asked questions. Podnus was huge and very ancient. Although enormously swathed in garments, one over another, he presented a naked, almost an indecent aspect. This may have been owing to the way his neck rose suddenly out of his clothing, and to the color of it, which was a dull baby red. He was that one color to the top of his head, and was probably the same all over. He had no hair at all, not even eyebrows. His little eyes, blue and wise, blinked continually. His words were few and incandescent. Yet he was not in the least repellent. Nobody knew his history. He had been like this for a Wall Street generation. Unlike the other three, Podnus was independent. On breaking his lance with luck, however it happened, he knew enough to stop and hoard the salvage. What money was left at that time he secreted about his person; and after all these years there was some on the premises still, fastened with safety pins in the cavernous folds of his garments.



"So I Went and Got a Lot of Old Newspapers and Walked by, Shouting 'Extra!'"

Every morning at nine-thirty they appeared, with grave airs of responsibility, as if the stock market could not open without them. Having scanned the London prices, they would pass the time till ten o'clock scolding, arguing and aspersing each other's intelligence.

Stopping one morning at Cabassud's for a late breakfast, I happened to sit near enough to the ticker to hear them. Herzog said all the big people were selling out. Jones said it was most considerate of the big people to call Herzog up and tell him what they were doing. Herzog said they didn't have to tell him. He could see it on the tape. They couldn't fool h-i-m.

Trueworthy ironically wondered if that would account for the fact of Herzog's opulence and for his always being right on the stock market.

They were all picking on Herzog. Podnus muttered a word or two I couldn't hear. It must have been something mephitic, for the other three made horrible noises in chorus, and the head waiter came over, saying "Sh-sh-h, gentlemen!"

For a minute they were quiet. Then one of them mentioned a failure that was announced the day before. At once, in a very amiable spirit, they began to expatiate upon recent casualties in the high realms of finance. They were at ease with the subject of misfortune, and handled it wisely, like fallen angels sitting in judgment upon sin.

There was an interruption, with the sound of a new voice. I turned to look and saw Moreau, one of the richest speculators in Wall Street—a tall, unconsciously aggressive figure for whom people instinctively made way. He was younger than any one of the luck lepers, though his hair was half white. His expression was masked and impersonal. He seemed to see without looking. Evidently he had stopped in Cabassud's for cigars. He held one unlighted in his left hand as with his right he reached over Herzog and lifted a yard or two of the tape for inspection.

"Hello, Nick," he said, speaking to Trueworthy over his shoulder.

"Morning, Mr. Moreau," said Trueworthy with familiar respect.

"How goes it?" asked Moreau, dropping the tape.

"So-so," said Trueworthy cheerfully.

They walked to the door and out together.

The three who remained shuffled their feet and gazed at the tape in silence. They were pretending not to be impressed; also considering how they should take it out of Trueworthy when he returned. They resented his distinction in having that kind of acquaintance. Particularly they resented Moreau, not as a person but as a symbol of disgusting success. He was a darling of Chance. By daring speculation he had acquired an enormous fortune. As he grew rich he became cautious, and now he no longer took great risks. Although Wall Street still called him a speculator, he had long since forsaken that hazardous part to employ his wealth in permanent things. He had become a capitalist.

Almost at once Trueworthy returned and resumed his place at the ticker. Herzog and Jones began obliquely to torment him by talking Moreau down.

"I knew him when he was nobody," said Herzog—"when he was just a parlay gambler."

"He's somebody now, though," said Jones. "He—is—s-o-m-e-b-o-d-y!"

"And now he thinks he always was somebody," said Herzog. "That's the way. A man has a streak of crazy luck, then plays it safe and goes round the rest of his life getting admiration for his brains. They don't know how they do it."

They kept it up until Trueworthy bit.

"'Twasn't luck," he said. "You two know so much that you don't know. If ever ——"

But he couldn't go on. They b-o-o-o-ed and ha-ha-ed, Podnus joining in. When they subsided he began again:

"If ever a man got his by brains ——"

They jeered him down a second time. He tried again, with the same result. He got very angry and reviled them. They laughed at him. He named them names in the loose and ultimate way of speaking. They laughed all the more. I felt sorry for him. The more he raged the worse he was strung. If he left them without a strong excuse they would gloat unbearably. I caught his eye, beckoned him over and asked him to have a cup of coffee. He sat down.

"You don't believe in luck?" I said.

"Yes, I believe in luck," he answered, giving me a cloudy look. Our contacts, though casual, had always been most friendly. I liked him. But his feelings were sore and I had to proceed cautiously. If I had said "But I heard you say in Moreau's case it wasn't luck," he would

have closed up tight. It was better to let him cool a bit, and then take him at right angles. So I waited a while and said, "A man like Moreau must have been lucky."

"A man must have luck," said Trueworthy. "He needs it to cross the street. What I'm saying is, Moreau made his with brains."

"Luck without brains is a pillar of sand. That's what you mean," I said.

"That's not what I mean about Moreau," he said. "I watched him. I saw him do it, and there wasn't any luck about it either."

"He was a fast worker while he was making it," I said, not asking him what he had seen and pretending to have missed the cue.

"Don't I know that?" he said. "Wasn't I in the same office with him for three years? After the close of the market he'd sit on the edge of the desk, out of breath and mussed up from trading all day, and talk to us. He's the kind that's always willing to hand it to the other fellow. He'd say, 'Well,' he'd say, 'they twisted my tail to-day.' When he had twisted theirs he never said much about it. I used to do things for him. Once there was a dividend meeting. Nobody knew what the directors were going to do. It meant five points up or down in the price of the stock. He discovered that by standing in a certain spot on the floor of the Stock Exchange he could see a signal from a window of the building where the directors met. He put me in that window, and when the dividend was announced I gave the right signal. We beat the news agencies a minute—a whole minute. You can do a lot in a minute. He could. He twisted their tails good that time. I got fifty dollars for mine—but that wasn't what I was thinking of."

"No?"

"No. Do you remember the Union Steel panic?"

I remembered it.

"Do you know what Moreau did then?"

I said I vaguely recalled that Moreau was thought at the time to have made a good deal of money by selling Union Steel shares for a fall.

"You don't know," said Trueworthy. "I do. He founded his fortune on that one operation."

"How?"

Then he told me. He cast the tale in the language of the market place. It loses much by translation and paraphrase, but only a financial person would understand it otherwise.

Union Steel was the name of a corporation that was brought to Wall Street in a band wagon in 189— by a crowd of Western barbarians who lived for the joy of combat, treated money like pig lead and knew no gods at all. They got their securities listed on the Stock Exchange and started a wild boom in Union Steel Common. People at that time were steel mad, as they have sometimes been oil mad or gold mad, or as once they were tulip mad in Holland.

These were new doings for Wall Street. The Westerners were hard and reckless gamblers, with a technic of their own, and for a while they carried off anything they wanted with impunity. The Eastern speculator was afraid of them. They had no sense of values, no respect for limits and no stopping places.

Moreau was then an obscure beginner, lurking in the tall grass. He had a seat on the Stock Exchange and was what is named a floor trader. That is one who gleans behind the reapers, taking advantage of a quick rise to sell or of a sudden reaction to buy, always for a small, instant profit. He must be keen, agile and not greedy. The reapers do not mind what he takes, because for one reason it is not much, and for another he serves momentarily to steady the market. As the pendulum swings too far in either direction he acts in a contrary manner. When the outside buying is too headlong he sells; and then when there is a rush to sell he buys, always working against the stream.

Moreau, the keenest and most agile of these, was secretly ambitious and daring. He watched the growth of the Union Steel boom with deep and brooding interest. Then one day he began to test it for hollow sounds. Presently he was doing nothing else. Day after day he stood there in the Union Steel crowd, selling the stock and buying it back, selling and buying it back again, very cautiously at first, but more and more the higher it went. After a while the Westerners took notice. He irritated them by his persistence. His tactics worried them. When he found them not looking or for a moment off guard he would raid the market, selling the stock off two or three points suddenly. They undertook to teach him better. Several times they said they had him in a corner and whooped up the price. He was too fast for them. He was never where they thought he was. When they believed he was heavily committed as a seller and made a squeeze to catch him he was out and safe, laughing at them. He fooled them completely, and hurt their pride.

All this was mere skirmishing. Moreau was playing for a certain position at the culmination. Some day the boom would end. Every boom does. He would know when its demise was imminent. He would know by signs, by intuition and by his feeling of the market, and then he would sell the stock heavily for a fall and stand fast.

You may think this was gambling. It wasn't. To bet on chance is gambling. That requires nerve mainly. To bet on values is speculation. That takes both nerve and knowledge. Moreau was a speculator in the true sense. He sat up nights going over the Union Steel corporation's accounts. He knew the value of the stock, or rather the absence of value in it. He knew perhaps better than anyone else outside the board of directors how fictitious the dividends were. They could not be continued forever.

His time came. On a certain day the directors would meet to act on the dividend. They had all been speculating heavily in the stock. Moreau believed they had secretly sold out. If that were true they would either cut the dividend or pass it, and the public would find itself holding the bag, as one says in Wall Street.

"He Sent a Servant Out to Run Me Off the Block"

He wasn't sure of this. You can never be sure of anything in the stock market until afterward—not always then. These Westerners were full of weird deceptions. If they hadn't sold out they would continue the dividend, though it was not being earned. They might even increase it. In fact, there were rumors that the dividend was going to be increased.

Uncertainty is the forbidding veil Opportunity wears for self-protection. She will be embraced on faith or not at all. Only the courageous dare.

Moreau resolved to act. Union Steel Common stood at 160. For three days preceding the dividend meeting he sold it steadily. He had very little capital, but being so swift and canny, acting for himself alone at the very center of the market instead of relying upon brokers to execute his orders, he could make what he had go far. He sold an enormous amount. If the price went up five points it would be a disaster; if it went up ten points before he could uncommit himself he would be ruined, and the Westerners would have liked to ruin him. But if the boom collapsed, as he expected, he would gain a fortune.

At the close of the stock market on the day preceding the dividend meeting his position was dramatic. He had signed with fate. To-morrow he would know. Before the close of the next day's Stock Exchange session he would be either far beyond the horizon on his way to wealth and power, or shipwrecked—one or the other.

From this point the story will go as Trueworthy told it, partly as an eyewitness and partly with the all-seeing of a dramatist. I was surprised, for I had never heard him talk like this before.

"He came up from the floor that afternoon," said Trueworthy, "with a rosy light on his face. A man was telling a story to three others, and he stopped to hear, but forgot to listen. I knew how he felt. The day I cornered Reading, people thought I was a human icicle. They don't know. You act mechanically. You do things unconsciously and remember them years afterward. Your insides twitter. You've forgotten something, and you can't think what it is. It may be who you are. Suddenly you wonder who you are, and don't care a damn, and want something there isn't to eat. That's how Moreau felt. Nobody else noticed it.

"A boy came and said a lady wanted him on the telephone. 'Who is it?' he asked, but I could see he knew at once without asking. Before going to the telephone he walked over to the big calendar under the clock, like a man who is feeling his way in the dark, and stood and looked at it a long time.

"I was where I could hear him when he picked up the telephone. 'Yes, mother,' he said. Then he listened, resting his forehead on his other hand. 'All right,' he said, and put the telephone down gently. The light had gone out of his face. He went and stood in the window, looking out. The man who was telling stories finished another one, and there was a big laugh. The office was full of commotion, people rushing to and fro and calling to each other, as an office is for an hour after the close. Still Moreau stood in the window, wondering how to save his castles. When he woke up with an idea he turned to the switchboard operator, named three brokers and asked her to get them over at once. They came, and he shut himself up with them in his private room. The conference lasted two hours. When it broke up he walked off rapidly alone, as if he were afraid to look back.

"A strange thing had happened—not strange exactly. It happened every year. But that it should have to happen at this time! I've got it a bit twisted, but you'll see in a minute. His family was religious—orthodox, I think you say. I'm weak on such things. You know what I mean."

"Yes," I said. "Go on."

"Moreau is not orthodox, which I suppose was a grief to his mother. When he came to Wall Street she claimed one day of the year—a certain day of worship—and made him promise to keep it with her in the old-fashioned way of the faith, entirely away from business and all worldly things. He promised to do it as long as she lived. Always on the eve of that day she called him up to remind him of it, and he dropped anything he was doing, no matter how important, to keep his promise.

(Continued on Page 62)

They Were at Ease With the Subject of Misfortune, and Handled It Wisely, Like Fallen Angels Sitting in Judgment Upon Sin

INSIDE THE RAINBOW

By AN OLD SPORT

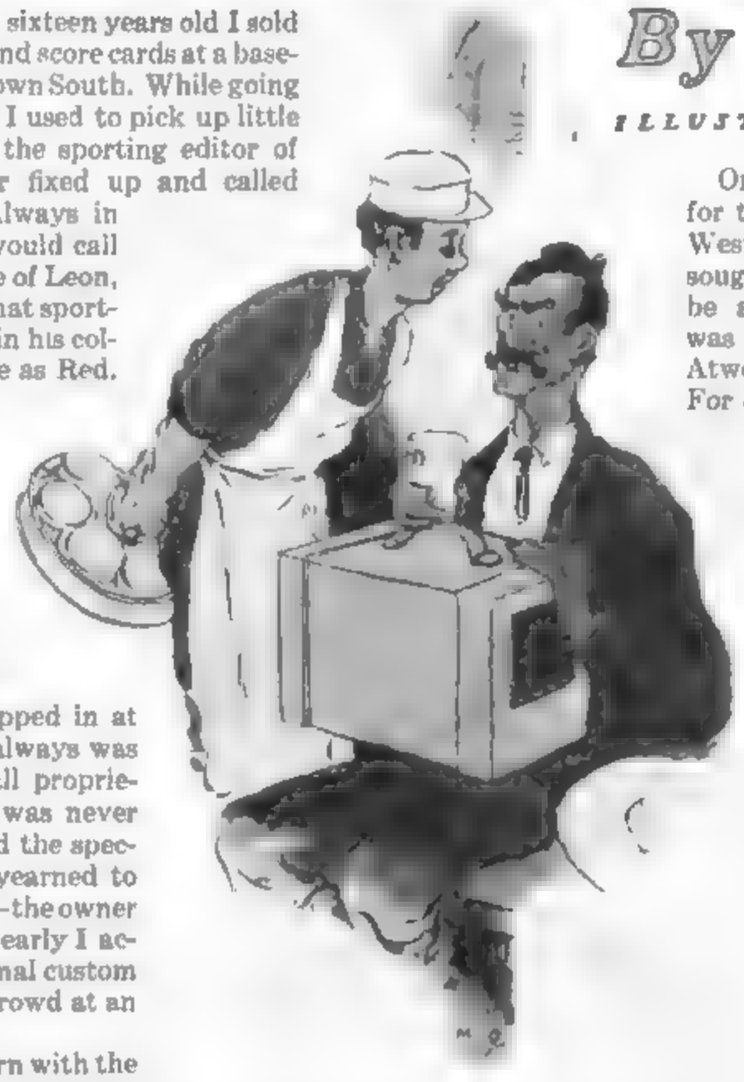
ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

WHEN I was sixteen years old I sold lemonade and score cards at a baseball park down South. While going through the stands I used to pick up little news items which the sporting editor of our morning paper fixed up and called Diamond Dust. Always in fear that someone would call me by my real name of Leon, I was endeared to that sporting writer, because in his column he spoke of me as Red. It sounded mighty sporty.

Though I loved sports, as most boys do, and fairly reveled in being known as a sort of authority at Ben Atwood's pool and billiard parlor, where I dropped in at night, my interest always was what you might call proprietary. To me there was never any glamour around the spectator out front. I yearned to be the force behind—the owner or promoter. Very early I acquired the professional custom of referring to the crowd at an event as "they."

I reckon I was born with the instincts of P. T. Barnum. But there was a slip somewhere in endowing me with the ability. For instance, I was going through some old papers the other night to check up on the big sporting events that I had promoted prior to receiving a little financial help the boys were getting up for me. I found that in my time I had taken in at the gate a little more than $2,000,000. I then tried to see how much I had made. The figures, even if inaccurate, were surprising. From them I am convinced that in my whole career—twenty-five years of it—I have not made anything like 10 per cent profit on the receipts.

With others I have given the old rainbow a hard chase, but the nearest I ever got to the pot of gold was to break off the handle—and I'm not so sure of that.



This Man, It Developed, Had an Idea of Raising Jack Rabbits for Coursing

A Venture in Long-Distance Baseball

I HAVE taken a crack at everything in the line of sports—prize fighting, baseball, wrestling, airplane exhibitions, automobile racing and professional football. On the streets of New York, Boston or Philadelphia I would be pointed out as a pretty well-informed sporting promoter. My one asset is that I always have been on the level.

Having been born with the Barnum instinct for printer's ink, I saw possibilities in that Diamond Dust column, even at the age when I couldn't make my red hair stay parted.

A ball team, as you know, plays half its games at home and half on the road. We had no ticker service in those days, and there was much concern among the fans as to what the team was doing on the road. On these off days I used to hang around the newspaper office getting what telegraphic details I could from the sporting editor. At the pool room the sports would gather around to know what I had learned, giving me a very satisfactory feeling of importance.

One summer our team had a fighting chance for the pennant, and when it went on its first Western trip every scrap of news was eagerly sought. To my way of thinking, there ought to be a way of satisfying that craving. What was the use of being a celebrity around Ben Atwood's without getting something out of it? For counsel I went to the expert telegraph operator who took the Associated Press report off the wire in a little nook of the newspaper office near the sporting desk. He, too, was a baseball fan.

In years gone by my confidant had been employed as a telegraph caller of horse races at one of the betting pool rooms. He had a knack of listening to the click of the instrument and calling off the progress of the race so dramatically as to make one almost see the horses and the dust. He was known to racing people as the Admiral. I never knew why and never thought to ask. My scheme, he said, was a good one. The Admiral volunteered, for a split of the profits, to give his services. I then went to see Ben Atwood. He also agreed to the scheme, and offered as his share, also for a split, a vacant room over the pool room, and agreed to equip it with seats.

My plan was to take the report of the game over a leased wire in Ben Atwood's room and have the Admiral call out the plays. Being a telegraph operator, the Admiral knew all about how to get the wire installed and things like that. The service would cost us ten dollars for each game. After taking that out, the three partners would split the profits three ways.

Aside from being the original promoter, my hold on the enterprise was publicity. I saw that we got a good notice in the Diamond Dust column every day. We called our show the Baseball Matinée.

This first effort of mine at sporting promotion was a humdinger. The ball club was on the road three weeks, and the matinée was packed each afternoon. My share for the first week was thirty dollars. Believe me, that was considerable change in those days. We charged fifteen cents admission.

It looked as if we had started a good thing that would last. But something always bobs up to crab a new idea. The afternoon paper in our town, which had not amounted to much in a sporting way, began posting bulletins of the game in front of its building and a little later got out a sporting extra. That put the matinée on the bum. But I was nearly $200 to the good and I carefully saved it.

While going through the grand stand with my lemonade one day I was told that there was a man from Texas in an upper seat who had brought with him a jack rabbit in a box. This was worth investigating for the Diamond Dust column. I found him all right.

This man, it developed, had an idea of raising jack rabbits for coursing. He explained that it was a great sport out West; that if the fellows in our section ever got onto it they'd like it a lot better than chasing foxes. His idea in bringing one of his rabbits to the park was to see the sporting editor and get a notice in the paper.

The Jack-Rabbit Idea

A CROWD gathered and an argument came up as to how fast a jack rabbit could really run. The Texas man insisted that no dog in our town could even come close to a big jack out in the open. In a park it might be different.

We had a mongrel dog around the park named Dusty, well known to the fans on account of his retrieving of foul balls. I had a notion that Dusty could catch that jack rabbit or make him know he had been in a race. I was about to bet on it when the Texan warned me to be careful.

The Barnum spirit bubbled up in me as I talked to this man, and rapidly I thought up a notion far in advance of that of the jack-rabbit man.

"If you want to get something in the paper," I suggested to him, "why not turn that rabbit loose between the games"—there

(Continued on Page 101)

After That Purses Grew Rapidly—Too Rapidly. Prize Fighters Were in Clover, and Have Been Ever Since

COLUMBINE TIME

By WILL IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

V

INTO the family suite of two small rooms at the Marlborough entered Mrs. Bates. Her expression as she bent her gaze upon the back of her daughter Nellie, deliciously, colorfully outlined against the black walnut of the Marlborough's star effect in bureaus, was bright and yet soft. It displayed affection illuminated with both hope and triumph. Nellie started slightly and turned, revealing what she was doing. She had been arranging in the water pitcher a bouquet of pink and blue field daisies.

"Oh, mother—you frightened me for a moment," she said.

Mrs. Bates tripped over to her—though mature in figure she was astonishingly light of step—and dropped a kiss on her daughter's cheek.

"And what has my Nellie been doing this afternoon?" she asked. "Did you take your walk?"

"Yes, mother," replied Nellie with all the demureness in the world. "I walked a little way up the hill."

"And nobody annoyed you—just as Mr. Sabin said?"

"No, mother."

Nellie at this point seemed to note something imperfect with the arrangement of the daisies. She took a step to the bureau and plunged her pink fingers among the blossoms, before she went on.

"That young man whom we met when we were in the stage—the one who gave us the columbines—passed and asked me if there was anything he could do to show me the town."

The face of Mrs. Bates, turned upon the picture by the bureau, played in three winks of an eyelash a whole drama. From surprise her expression shaded to suspicion, from suspicion to anger; then, as if by control of will and reason, it ironed out to its usual good humor, tinged perhaps by a shade of prim disapproval.

"But, Nellie," she said, "you've never been introduced to him."

"I thought of that, mother," said Nellie in her own primmest tone, "but after all I felt that I'd really been introduced by you. He only talked to me a little. Then I gathered these flowers and came home."

"A young lady can't be too reserved," said Mrs. Bates.

"So they told me at the seminary," replied Nellie. "How did you like the mines?"

But Mrs. Bates eluded this transparent attempt to change the subject.

"What sort of young man is he?" she asked, speaking with apparent indifference as she drew off her gloves.

"Oh, he seems very well educated," replied Nellie. "Of course I didn't have any conversation with him to speak of."

"What does he do?"

Mrs. Bates had now stepped up to the mirror and with apparent absorption was patting a loose friz into place.

"What did he say? Oh, yes—he says he grubstakes!"

"H'm," said Mrs. Bates; but so lightly that it might have been taken for an incipient cough. Then she herself changed the subject.

"Well, it's a pity you missed it; but Mr. Sabin says he'll take us out again to-morrow or day after. Mining's improved a lot since the days I knew it. They wanted to take me down the shaft and I was dying to go, but you look such a frump in the things they put on you. Mr. Sabin treated me like a prince. He has a fine nature. He's the youngest man of his age I ever knew."

She paused as though for a response, but none came. She had by now unhooked her basque, which after the fashion of the times confined her figure like a vise.

"Whew! That's a relief!" she sighed.

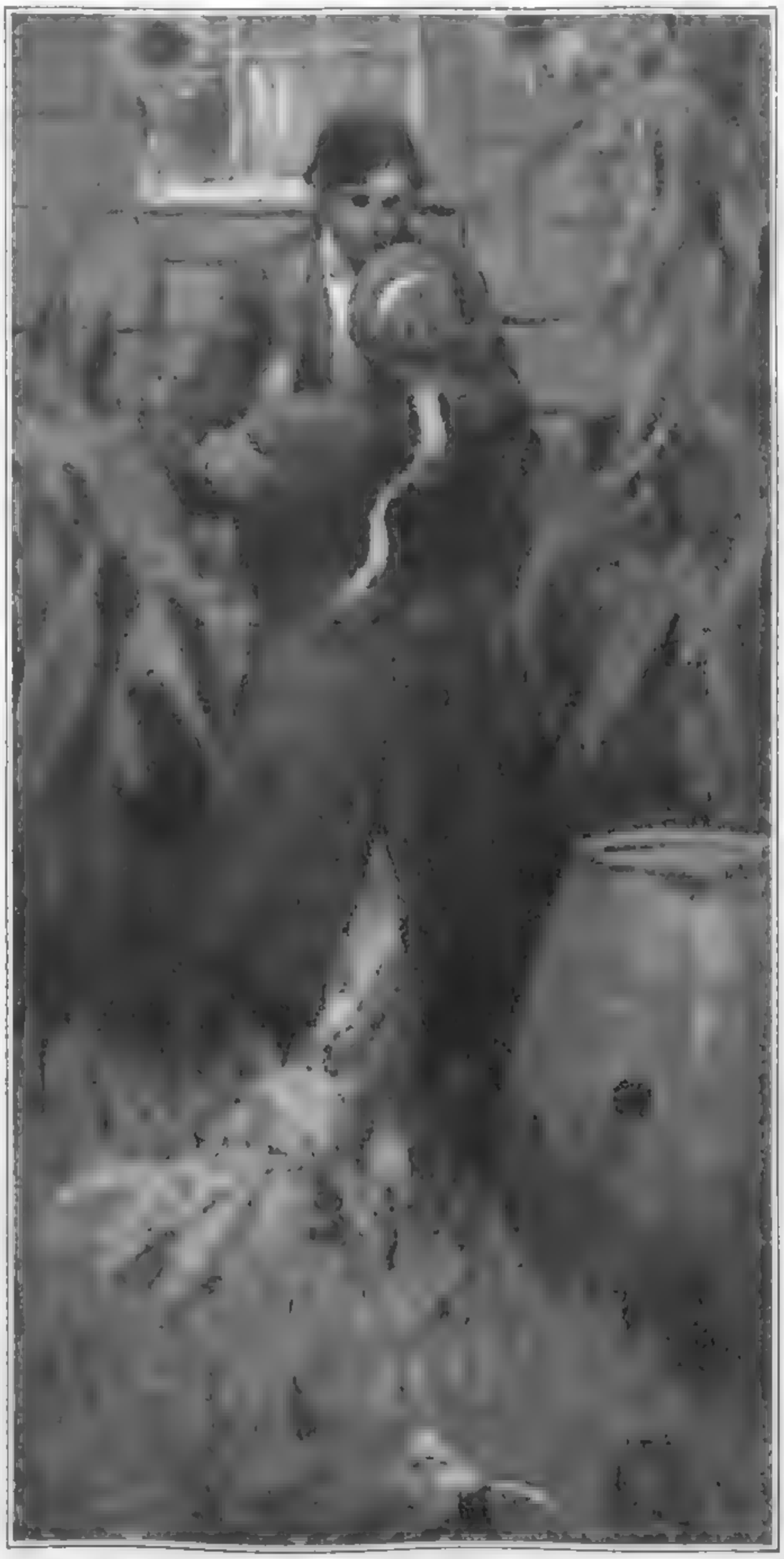
She glanced then at the alarm clock on the mantel, and her expression grew practical, executive.

"We're going to have supper to-morrow at the new Maison Riche Restaurant with Mr. Sabin," she said, "and I for one hope they don't give us canned stuff. My mouth tastes of solder already! To-night, thank goodness, we can catch a little sleep. I think we'd better go as we are—you might put on a fresh jabot, though. Oh," she added, "how did your ball gown come out of the trunk? I didn't have time to look it over this morning. If it's wrinkled I don't know how I'll ever get it pressed up here."

"It's only a little wrinkled, mother," responded Nellie.

She crossed to the tiny closet, unhung and brought forth a huge foam of white and pink.

"Lay it out on the table," said Mrs. Bates.



Without Effort of His Will—for Will Had Nothing to Do With It—His Arm Went Round Her

The pink and white settled down on the Turkey red of the tablecloth. Mrs. Bates inspected the steels of the tight bodice, the lace about the corsage, with a critical eye; but she spoke of other things.

"Did that young man ask to call?" she inquired.

Nellie's face, turned on the downcast face of her mother, was flicked by a sudden expression of annoyance. She made a quick impatient outward gesture. Then she let out a little "Oh!" and stood looking blankly down on a calamity.

In their absorption with their unexpressed thoughts both ladies failed to notice that a bottle of ink stood on the Turkey-red tablecloth. In the sweep of her sudden gesture Nellie had struck it. The bottle bounced on the pink foam of the skirt; the cork flew out; what had been unbroken pink silk was now an irregular pattern of pink and black

Mrs. Bates sprang to action; seizing a towel from the rack she began to sop up the ink. This was a futile measure, as she realized after an instant. Her fingers dripping with black, she stood facing her daughter.

"Well, of all the awkwardness!" she blazed; and then, in her most pathetic tone, "Oh, however did you come to do it?"

"Oh, mother, I'm so sorry!" said Nellie, on the verge of tears.

"Well, sorry don't help now!" said Mrs. Bates. "Let's see what's happened."

Bodice and skirt had completely escaped. The great gathered pile of pink silk which tossed over the bustle had sustained all the damage; it was a ruin, past all hope of cleaning.

"Seven yards of silk, double width," mused Mrs. Bates. "Let's see if there's any machine sewing. No, only gathered. I could do it all with a needle."

"Oh, mother, I'll do it!" volunteered Nellie. "My pretty dress!"

The tears started in her eyes, suggesting that Nellie was still in that stage of womanhood when a girl is capable of relapsing and playing with dolls.

"Silk here will be ten dollars a yard at the least," Mrs. Bates said, as though thinking aloud. "But they must have those standard shades."

She paused, lightly tapping a white front tooth with a spotted finger. Then, unaccountable, she turned, went into her own room. Nellie, dumbly fingering the wreckage of what had been her ball gown, wondered vaguely why her mother turned the key in the lock.

Mrs. Bates, alone, had drawn a buckskin bag from under her skirt, had shaken its golden contents out on her bureau, was counting them.

VI

THE ladies of the Bates family supped alone that evening. It was lodge night for John W. Sabin, and in his capacity of Grand Masterful Ruler he could not shirk this masculine duty, even for the soft indulgences of budding love. Tommy, having with difficulty restrained his eagerness, carefully managed things so as to enter after the ladies were seated. Vaguely he hoped for the unattainable—a place with them at that special table of John W. Sabin. However, as he passed them, making a prearranged detour, Mrs. Bates merely nodded stiffly, and Nellie the divine gave him only her most conventional seminary bow. He seated himself in his own place, as predetermined by the head waitress at dinner time. Then he had sat blessedly, blissfully alone. To-night he found at his table a traveling salesman for paints, varnishes, wall paper and window glass, who presented his card at once, and wanted to talk about the business opportunities of the camp. Tommy answered him politely but in monosyllables, his eyes roving toward the table at his right. The salesman caught one of these glances, followed it.

"She's certainly a beaut!" he said.

Whereupon Tommy fell into a grouchy silence, refusing answer to all questions, so that the salesman, with a grunt, settled down to perusal of the Evening Clarion. Unembarrassed now by that clacking in his ears, Tommy could give his attention to the conversation at the next table, could eavesdrop as he had done at luncheon. But they were speaking in low tones. Small wonder; the advent of these two exemplars of Eastern fashion had been in that camp—very short on the kind of women one is supposed to acknowledge openly, still more short on beauty and fashion—a suppressed but exciting sensation. Not a motion they made but drew the searching furtive scrutiny of two score masculine eyes. And it was not until the biscuit shooter was approaching with the dried-apple pie that Tommy got anything meant distinctly for him. He had just dared one of his veiled glances; and the girl, who had been avoiding his direct looks while conveying somehow that she was conscious of them, now looked him a moment in the eye.

And he heard her say, "While you're out, mother, I'll just read in the ladies' parlor. Somehow, I hate our room. That gray wall paper depresses me."

When, half an hour later, Mrs. Bates left the hotel she wore an inconspicuous raincoat. Though twilight still danced with rosy feet among the peaks, the after-supper life of the camp had begun. Before the Black Diamond Vaudeville Theater a band was emitting, with long mournful wails of the saxophone, Silver Threads Among the Gold. The last note faded into a silence, broken a moment later by the band of the Little Casino, far down the street, attacking the lively strains of Nancy Lee. The big music box of the Arizona House bar cut into the rests with the metallic notes of Over the Garden Wall. The board sidewalks were already full, so that pedestrians in a hurry were taking to the unpaved wagonway between. Heavy boots made a clanking upon the boards, a bass note to the tenor of a thousand cheerful voices. Chips were already clattering, roulette wheels whirring, behind the swinging doors of the gambling halls. Far down the street intent groups clustered about tables set up on the edges of the sidewalk, where professional gamblers, newly arrived, were calling out the allurements of three-card monte, wheel of fortune or even faro.

Mrs. Bates crossed the street, attracting more polite curious attention than would, on Fifth Avenue, a reigning and favorite actress. She was quietly reconnoitering, while seeming merely to glance curiously over the crowd. That establishment which she had marked with her shrewd observing eye as she and John W. Sabin started on their drive, lay just across the street from the districts of swinging doors and loud music. To enter it from Main Street, and at that hour, would be a proceeding so open that she might as well publish it in the Evening Clarion. Mrs. Bates, as she wandered, assembled in her mind her lore of mining camps. There must be a ladies' entrance somewhere at the rear.

At this moment a newly arrived tenderfoot, unused to the combined effects of red-eye whisky and altitude, came whooping down the street, challenging the world to fight. Laughter rippled before and behind him. The tenderfoot balanced himself, drew his side arm and flourished it. Half a dozen sudden Westerners shot from the crowd on the instant, fell upon him, disarmed him. The laughter increased to a continuous roar.

Mrs. Bates, standing now on a street corner, reflected that this was the appointed moment when she would be free from observation. Swiftly but cannily she turned into the shades of Sixth Street. The town was as yet without street lights; hence its hold-up record. Main Street depended for night illuminations upon the glare from the uncurtained windows of dance halls, concert halls and saloons. Galena Avenue, which ran past the new Methodist Church, would in another half hour become blacker than a pocket; and the Farren gang of footpads, undeterred by the lynching last month, would be plying their trade. But now it was possible to pick one's way in the twilight.

Mrs. Bates bent her course toward Eighth Street, turned, stumbling along the worn wooden sidewalk close to the shadows of the buildings, toward Main Street. She paused before a plain board sign, scrutinized it in the twilight, and nodded as with mental satisfaction. "Ladies' Entrance," it read. She darted into the door beneath the sign, groped down an undecorated hallway toward a quadrangle of light which outlined a carelessly hung door. As she opened it her expression gave another dart of satisfaction. She had not until that moment been quite certain; "Ladies' Entrance" might mean the way to most embarrassing places. But she was in a little square room, papered with newspapers and furnished with a long counter of unplaned boards. Behind it were shelves heaped with packages of miscellaneous sizes wrapped in newspapers. From hooks along the top row of shelves hung a row of violins, guitars, accordions and other silent and battered musical instruments. Across the farther end of the room hung clothing, both male and female. A small showcase on the counter threw back the glitter of diamonds against the beams from the reflector of the big oil lamp.

A small man with black curly hair topped by a skull cap was asking, "What can I do for you, madam?"

Mrs. Bates seemed to hesitate.

"I suppose business here is strictly confidential?" she asked.

"Strictly," said the little man. "We ask no questions and tell no tales."

Mrs. Bates opened her purse. "What do I get on that?"

The little man took the diamond ring she offered, screwed a glass into his accustomed eye, and asked, "Pawn or sale?"

"Pawn, of course," said Mrs. Bates. "And I'll tell you now, the last time I hung it up it brought three fifty."

"Give you three hundred," said the man. "Diamonds is going down."

"Give You Three Hundred," Said the Man. "Diamonds Is Going Down"

"That's highway robbery," began Mrs. Bates. "That's ——"

Just then a heavy step sounded on the rough floor of the passage without. Mrs. Bates stood frozen to immobility. But this intruder, whoever he was, seemed merely to be making for another door farther up the passage. Hinges creaked; there was a slamming; the footsteps ceased. Mrs. Bates' color began to return.

She spoke instantly: "All right. Give me the money and the ticket—quick!"

When Mrs. Bates returned to the Marlborough she was carrying a large parcel wrapped in brown paper. The damaged ball gown by now lay on the table in her own room. She tore open a corner of the paper parcel, matched carefully, in the light of the oil lamp, the color of the fabric within and that of the gathered silk over the bustle of the dress. She nodded with satisfaction, opened her sewing case and prepared for work. Mrs. Bates, as she said, had been frank with John W. Sabin—as far as she went. The most important thing she held back from him was that in this dear and desperate game of hers she was playing now her last stake.

In the meantime Tommy had conducted a quiet reconnoitering expedition of his own. The ladies' parlor of the Marlborough lay just behind the main lobby. In that two-story, board-and-shingle structure, already gaping at the joints with the warping of its hastily sawn, unseasoned timbers, this little apartment had been laid out as one of the ground-floor bedrooms. John W. Sabin had ruled, however, that pending the arrival of the railroad and the erection of a modern brick hotel, the temporary Marlborough should have "all the dog there is"; hence the ladies' parlor, where such real ladies as visited the camp, before its transformation into a metropolis and the state capital, could receive their guests in conventionality and state.

In its decorations this apartment had been especially favored. It had a Brussels carpet. Sometimes when the weather was fresh the mountain wind came through the warping ill-matched boards of the floor and bulged out this piece of decoration like a sail at sea. A set of white Nottingham curtains, very stiffly starched, though by now a little dusty, filtered away the more garish mountain light from the three gilded chairs finished off by bows of pink ribbon. There were two sofas. One was of plain black haircloth, the other, gilded like the chairs, was upholstered in pink-and-gold rep as tightly as a pincushion, so that it seemed always about to burst off its gilded buttons. Down upon this scene looked a chromo of Custer's Last Charge, set in a heavy gilt frame, covered against the flies with white mosquito netting. Adding their touch of feminine refinement and sentiment were two matched colored engravings of childish innocence, entitled Wide Awake and Fast Asleep. A walnut center table, its heavy red-and-brown cloth dropping little wool balls, held a stereopticon with views of the Rockies and a gilt-edged book entitled Museum of Antiquity. In the corner stood a base-burner stove, now cold, trimmed with nickel most elegantly sculptured, topped with a bronze knight in full armor.

Tommy, scouting out the approaches like a good frontiersman, observed that the back stairway communicated with that hallway from which opened the ladies' parlor. He shrewdly guessed that his lady of the columbines would avoid publicity by taking that route. So he established himself in the lobby, where he loafed away an interminable half hour, until Mrs. Bates crossed the space between the main stairway and the front door and disappeared. For another eternal interval—at least three minutes—he restrained himself, then quietly crossed the lobby, sidled through the rear entrance and furtively took his way past the open door of the ladies' parlor.

He was not disappointed. The full beam from the reflector of an oil lamp in the hall made lights on the sheen of her black hair. She sat on the gilded sofa, fully revealed in the spotlight of the reflector—sat with her hands folded on the paper-covered novel in her lap. She was wearing something which made him feel that she was clad in spun sugar candy; a woman would have described it as a dotted-Swiss mull with salmon trimmings and sash. She was not reading; her eyes met his frankly. He had been trying to hit upon some device for invading her privacy, had mixed up his mind between six or seven inventions, and found himself at this, the moment of action, tongue-tied. So without a word he entered, did it as simply and naturally as though he had come by appointment. He stood at the height of his full five feet eleven, looking down on her with eyes soft yet intent. And an expression he did not at the moment fathom flicked across her dark eyes. It held a suggestion of fear, a shade of panic. Then she dropped her gaze.

"Sit down," she said; and her voice was very low.

Tommy let himself down delicately on one of the frail, gilded, beribboned chairs, as though he expected it to break beneath him. To his surprise, it held. When she spoke again her voice sang with its natural music.

"Tell me about yourself!" she ordered.

"Well," replied Tommy, "I guess I told you this afternoon about all there was to tell. Cow-punching, freighting and now grubstaking ——"

"Not that," she said with a pretty little outward gesture of her hand; "though I'm sure you could tell me of some wonderful adventures. But what you want to do—what you'd like to be!"

The life into which she was inquiring had been passed not in contemplation and self-analysis but in action; and Tommy hesitated on his answer.

"Well," he said, "I guess I'd like to make my stake, of course—and the Big Hope is a likely prospect. And then I'd fix up mother—she lives with my married sister in Iowa—and then I guess I'd like to travel, see the East and Europe. But I wouldn't want to stay in the East," he added hastily. "Out here growing up with the country is good enough for me."

"I like that in you," she said, turning the subject unaccountably. "It must be wonderful to be free—to go where you wish—to have no bonds!"

She had leaned forward with the intensity of some new sudden emotion, clasped her slender hands in her lap.

"Yes, I suppose I can do pretty much as I want," said Tommy; then, perceiving somehow that he was on the wrong track, he spoke with his own simple directness. "Aren't you free?" he asked.

"Is a woman ever free?" she countered. "Oh, it would be wonderful," she went on, "to burst these bonds, to live out here where I was born—simply. Do you know what I was thinking to-night? I envied the little waitress at our table. She is working for a living. She is doing as she pleases—so far as woman ever does." She stopped here.

"But what is holding you?" said Tommy with his own simple directness. "Can I help?"

"I'm afraid no one can help," she said, "but it's good of you to offer. There now, I've said enough about myself. Tell me about your days as a cowboy. I don't know anything about the cattle range. Were you ever in a stampede?"

Her expression, her pose were animated again. And Tommy, with that sense of direct vivid narrative universal in the old West, plunged at once into the tale of the time when a thunderclap set 'em off in the White River country. But as the tale proceeded toward its climax—wherein he was caught in a rocky gut, with the cattle piling up against him and his bronco—he began to run down and to lose interest from lack of interest on the part of his auditor The light had been gradually going from her eyes. Now they met his no more; they searched the shadows under the oil lamp in the hall. He stopped his narrative abruptly

"Say, is there anything I can do to help you?" he interrupted himself. "Anything?" He repeated this last word with all the emphasis he could command.

She rose at this, the cloud of gathered muslin above her bustle seeming to whisper daintiness as she went to the window, parted the lace curtains and looked out on the scattered lights dotting the twilight. He rose, too, and was beginning as though drawn by a magnet a step toward her when she turned back, seated herself with the pretty rustling and flutter of a full branch settling in the wind. But he remained for a time standing.

"To think," she said, "that I've known you less than a day and I am talking to you like this. It's a proof of my desperation, I suppose. What right have I?"

"You've got every right there is," said he.

And he might have said more had she not cut in immediately with: "No one has a right to thrust his troubles on a stranger."

"I wonder if we are strangers," he said.

"I wonder," said she. But the light glance with which she said this lasted only a moment, and again the shade fell upon her expression. "Suppose," she said, low and deliberately, "that I told you that in this next week—and I shall be in Carbonado only a week—I am going to face the climax of my life—a very hopeless climax too. For there is only one way out, I imagine."

"There are always two ways out of everything."

"Yes, one can always kill herself."

"You don't mean that!"

"No, of course I don't mean that. It's one of the things you just think about and don't do. I hope I'm not a coward. I can face it, and when it's done people will say I'm lucky."

Tommy cleared his throat inelegantly before he clove nearer to the heart of the subject.

"It's a case of—of thinking about—getting married, I guess."

"You have wonderful intuitions, don't you? Yes, and if I could only do it of my own free choice! If I could say I will sacrifice myself because it is my duty! But to be told I must!"

The idea that flashed into Tommy's sudden young Western mind at that moment was so overwhelming in its daring, its rapture and its perils that it sent the blood rushing to his head, blinded his vision, tied his tongue. Before he could give it any more expression than showed in his countenance the girl's own countenance had changed. Some panic, some dart of fear, had opened her lips so that her white teeth flashed in the lamplight, had widened her eyes. And she rose as easily and as swiftly as a bird taking flight.

"I must go!" she said. "Even this is disobedient. No one ever uses that word 'obedient' to you—but I ——" She gathered up her book.

But Tommy, though he had lost the moment of splendid action, retained a little of the boldness that had so suddenly ebbed and flowed over his spirit.

"When will I see you again?" he asked, taking a step nearer. She retreated her own step before answering.

"I don't know. Every moment to-morrow is taken up—I live my life by a program—I'm watched all the time—perhaps the opportunity will come ——"

"I want to help," he said. "I've got to help. I — -"

But whatever words he was going to say were drowned by her interrupting, "Thank you—oh, thank you!"

And she was gone, leaving a faint, indefinably delicious fragrance to flavor the scent of new-sawn pine given forth by the Marlborough's unseasoned timbers.

VII

ACTION is the remedy for all sickness of the spirit in youth. To Tommy, mooning alone next evening in the Arizona House after a day blessed by no more than a glimpse at his lady of the columbines, action arrived on the wings of salvation. The bell in the new pine steeple of the Methodist Church suddenly began to peal, not dolefully as for services, but with the quick staccato rhythm of a tocsin. This, the only bell in camp, hauled over the peaks by ten mules, installed with appropriate ceremony, did double duty as a fire alarm.

The Arizona House voided itself instantly to Main Street. Down toward the hill a blaze of garish light spotted the dead blackness of a moonless mountain sky It illuminated the bobbing heads of all Carbonado, pouring out from whatever diversion it was pursuing, to join in the excitement. Spruce gamblers in black hats ran beside miners in blue overalls; women dressed in the modesty of bonnet, shawl and mantle beside women in short pink skirts or in Mother Hubbard wrappers.

Tommy, sprinting forward ahead of the crowd, heard someone calling, "It's Sipple's store!" This, he reflected as he ran, would be a big loss to the camp; Sipple's, painfully stocked by freight wagon, was the one dry-goods store as well as the great general grocery for Carbonado.

"It's next to Sipple's!" came another voice. At that moment he was aware of a gong clamoring behind him, and stopped to watch the majestic, exciting passage of John W. Sabin Hose No. 1. It was as yet a hose team only by interpretation of hope. The town was waiting the arrival of the railroad to put in its long-projected water mains. For the present tank wagons plied between Bear Creek and the camp, doling out domestic supplies into whisky barrels. But, omitting the hose, the outfit was complete; John W. Sabin had seen to that. The eight-man team sprinted in red leather helmets and red shirts, Sandy McNutt, champion runner of the camp, loping on before The nozzleman, running in good order behind the outfit, had as yet no machinery for plying his art; he was concerning himself with keeping the leather buckets on their hooks and in dodging the water which slopped from the barrel occupying that place where a reel of hose was some day to stand.

Beside the team ran John W. Sabin himself, puffing stertorously, but making a fine effort for a middle-aged man. He had not found time to put on a red shirt, but he

(Continued on Page 109)

Three Cabins Were Roaring Furnaces. Another Was Breaking Into Flames. The Crowd Fell Open at the Clang of the Gong

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 26, 1921

Sentiment and Taxes

SUGGEST a reformation in any particular and those whose profits are threatened will at once prepare a counterirritant to neutralize your proselyting. If you appeal to sentiment they will appeal to common sense and cite history to prove how great has been the havoc wrought by dreamers. Appeal to common sense and they will at once produce their handkerchiefs and weep, calling heaven to witness that you are about to tread upon the bleeding hearts of widows and orphaned children. In any case their first maneuver is to confuse the public mind and divert attention from the point at issue. A question of fact may be settled by means of evidence; only the passing of a generation can settle a question of sentiment.

It is probable that men never will agree concerning the abolition of warfare. The desire to fight when wronged or enraged is bred deep in the bone of the race, and a desire so inherent is not easily balked by good resolutions; for good resolutions are the product of remorse or calm reflection, while combat is born of a white-hot passion kindled by circumstance. In time of war men are sickened by the horror of it, and out of their horror is fashioned a resolve to make an end of this ghastly game; but when the war is finished the conscience of the victor is drugged by his prizes, and the vanquished finds in defeat sufficient justification for another war by means of which he may repair his fortunes. The oppressed will hold that war for liberty is righteous; the oppressor will maintain his right to put down a rebellion; hard men engaged in the business of building empires will find a sophistry to excuse the despoiling of weaker peoples; harder men will defend warfare as a means of guarding a slothful people against effeminacy; men with the temperament of crusaders will urge warfare against nations engaged in works of evil; adventurers will champion war for its own sake.

Opposed to these are men who hold, with equal skill in argument and by reason of their timidity or their high moral principles or their dread of taxes, that war is inherently evil and can in no case be righteous. Thus the question of abolishing war is both an economic and a moral question, and every shade of opinion finds a semblance of logic to justify itself and a rag of sentiment to serve as a gudon.

The question of disarmament, though related to the question of abolishing war, is not inextricably bound up with it; for in a discussion of disarmament one may avoid entangling arguments concerning the righteousness or unrighteousness, the wisdom or folly of warfare, and confine himself to a study of taxes. One may find many plausible arguments to justify warfare; he cannot find one to make the payment of taxes enjoyable.

While one nation remains armed a discussion of armament by the people of another nation is a discussion of preparedness, of defense, of competition. But discussion of universal disarmament is a discussion of economics, of tax burdens—in which sentiment plays no part. It is a proposition in efficient business management, a suggestion to reduce the overhead expenses.

If rival manufacturing concerns are consuming great quantities of coal to generate steam for the blowing of whistles, and each is endeavoring to build a larger whistle than its neighbors, so that the expenditure for coal threatens to consume the profits, the owners may get together to discuss the advisability of abolishing whistles. Their discussion need not touch upon the matter of commercial rivalry; they are met to discuss whistles and the waste they occasion; rivalry will continue though the art of making whistles be forgotten.

A discussion of disarmament is a discussion of operating costs. Its purpose is to abolish whistles, so that generated steam may be employed to turn wheels.

When the nations have made scrap of the battleships and cannon they will not necessarily have abolished war. Men may fight with staves and slings. But they will have lightened the tax burden, and that is one end sought. Let future wars, if wars there be, forge the tools for their own slaughter. If all nations are disarmed they will have an even start at the ghastly business.

Let men who love argument discuss the good and evil of war. They have all of eternity in which to settle the question. Meanwhile, let those who do not love taxes reach an agreement concerning disarmament, for here is a present evil, a grievous burden gratuitously borne, a punishment inflicted by stupidity.

A Modified Sales Tax

THE proposal to levy a flat tax of one per cent on sales of commodities has been pretty thoroughly and rather publicly threshed out. It has been ably defended by its proponents and vigorously attacked by its enemies. The latter have pointed out some of its basic weaknesses and have been able to raise objections to it that are not easy to explain away.

After considering the arguments of both sides it is hard to escape certain definite conclusions. The first of these is that it would not be wise to rely upon raising any such huge sum as two billion dollars either by a one per cent tax on commodity sales alone or on commodities and services combined. The second is that such a tax would not be evenly distributed, for percentages of profit vary so widely that manufacturers, jobbers and merchants who are accustomed to work upon very narrow margins would be taxed several times as heavily as other sellers of goods whose operations are based upon far broader spreads between cost and selling price.

The whole idea of the commodity tax is one whose seeming advantages are obvious, but whose disadvantages and inequalities of operation are not at first apparent. This is perhaps the reason why this method of taxation has made its friends so easily and has lost some of them so quickly. It may as well be conceded that whatever merits a sales tax may have, this means of raising revenue to compensate for the proposed abolition of existing taxes that do more harm than good is not the great cure-all that its unswerving supporters would have Congress believe. The power of more than one important group of sellers to secure exemption on the turnovers of its own commodities, thus chipping off great masses of otherwise taxable transactions and whittling down the predicted yield of the levy, is a consideration sufficiently weighty to cast doubt and uncertainty upon the estimated results.

With all these adverse factors in mind, Congress might very well try the experiment of imposing a small tax upon turnovers of commodities. A tax of, say, one-third or one-half of one per cent could not be expected to yield much more than four to six hundred millions, but it would nevertheless serve as a very fair tryout of this form of taxation and would develop, without working serious hardship, whatever latent merits or demerits the plan involves.

We know to our cost that taxation is not an exact science. There is no book of rules that infallibly indicates how to raise a given number of billions with the smallest reaction of popular resentment and economic disturbance. It is a case of fit and snip and try again, correcting the pattern from time to time as experience dictates. It is this practical rule-of-thumb procedure that has discredited excess-profits taxes and the more drastic surtaxes. Those who were loudest in their advocacy of these measures for raising revenue somehow failed to foresee that great fortunes would withdraw into snug retreats barricaded with tax-free Liberty Bonds and municipal obligations; that thriving industry would have to pay pawnbroker's rates for working capital and that mortgage money would run to cover like a rabbit pursued by hounds.

Whatever may be said against the experimental imposition of a nominal sales tax, it is scarcely to be supposed that it would prove to be as unwise or as faulty as some of the existing taxes it is designed to supersede.

The Rouged Belle

IN A RECENT work of fiction there appeared a minute description of a feminine character who was "rouged and beribboned like the typical small-town belle."

Twenty years ago ribbons and romance were inseparable. To be ribbonless, whether by day or night, was to be inadequately clothed. But even in that era of small waists and high pompadours ribbons were not associated with rouge. Rouge was confined to the stage and to that stratum of society called by the French the half-world. The small-town belle wore ribbons, but she also wore her natural face; and only the most daring or the most desperate had the courage to apply talcum to a shiny nose.

The modern small-town belle is not an outlander. She is not a picturesque peasant arrayed in quaint attire.

The circulation of the fashion magazines is not confined to the vicinity of street railways. When the small-town belle desires a new frock or suit, she orders the pattern and makes it herself, or visits a small-town store and demands a garment that will duplicate the colored print in her fashion magazine. If Paris and Fifth Avenue are showing beribboned frocks, ribbons she will have—not otherwise. The small-town merchant does not fly in the face of fashion, and when the star salesman in a Fifth Avenue shop is holding a shimmering creation before the eager eyes of a patron and calling heaven to witness that it is a very sweet little thing—so girlish, so chic, so smart—the small-town merchant is showing a garment as like it as one pea is like another, and the labels inside the garments prove them the product of the same loft.

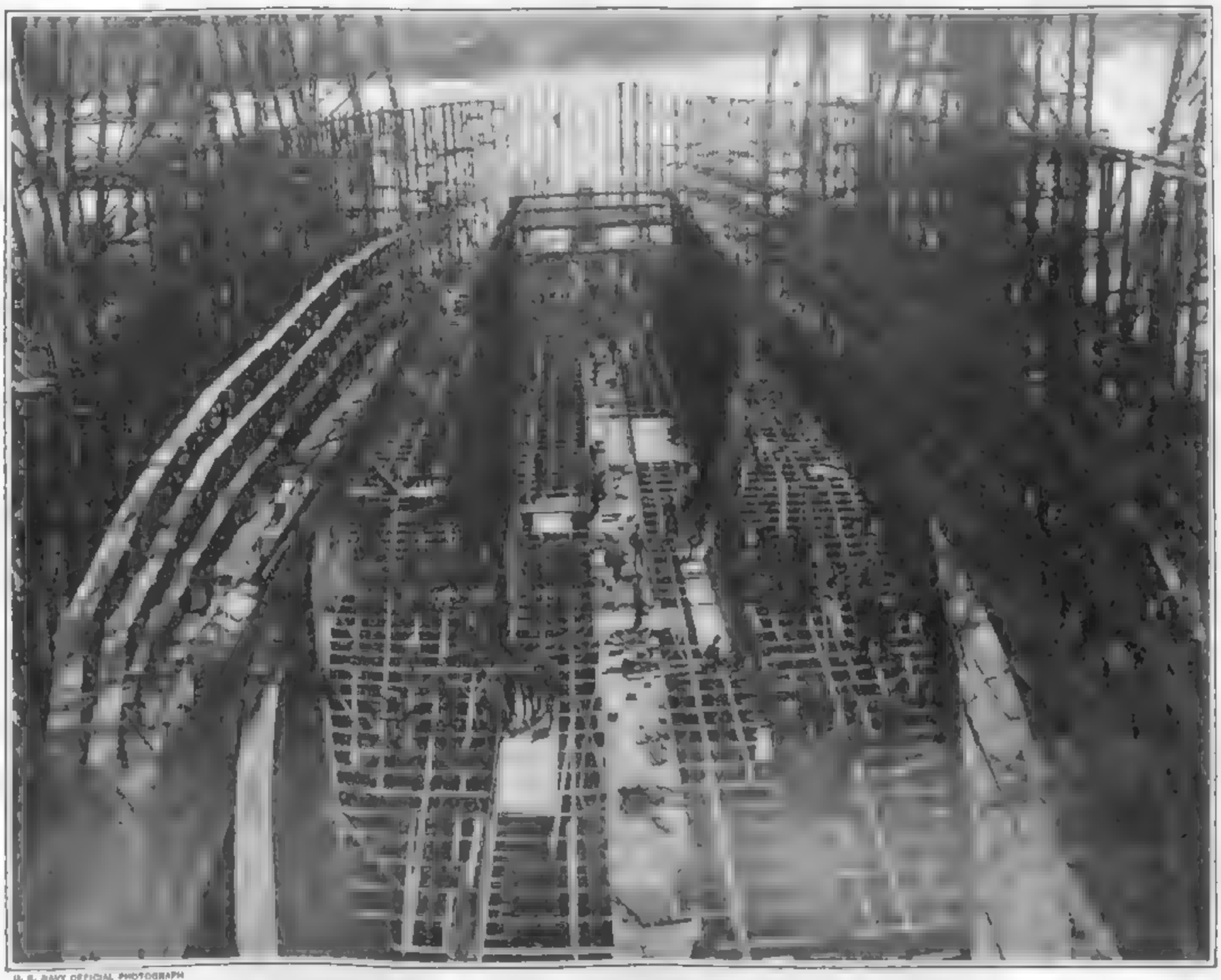
The small-town belle wears the shoes and the stockings and the corsets and the furs that are advertised in the magazines; she arranges her hair in the manner prescribed by a dancer or a movie star, as do her city cousins; she plays the latest substitute for music written to tickle the ears of Broadway; she reads the six best sellers and tells how near she came to the ditch when the other driver forced her to speed in order to get past; but she doesn't use rouge.

Perhaps—for she is feminine to her finger tips—perhaps she buys a box of it and experiments behind the locked door of her bedroom; but if she dares so much she dares no more. For she knows that a public appearance behind a coat of rouge would cause a number of unpleasant things to happen. Her mother, who is old-fashioned and a little proud of the fact, would send her to her room to wash her face; or if she evaded her mother and got upon the street, other mothers would glance at her sharply and say to one another that it was very sad, because she had always seemed such a good girl, and it must be a terrible blow to her parents; and a few smart-Aleck young men who formerly bowed their heads or glanced aside as she passed by, knowing themselves unfit to look her in the face, would now exchange knowing winks and stare brazenly or venture a softly spoken "Hello, kid." The small-town belle who is rouged is found only in fiction.

Building the World's Most Powerful Warships—By Josephus Daniels

AMERICA, which brought forth the steamship, the ironclad monitor, the submarine, the torpedo boat, the aeroplane, the flying boat, has again taken the lead in naval construction. The battleships and battle cruisers we are building dwarf the old dreadnoughts and make the vessels that were the pride of our Navy twenty years ago seem like pygmies.

The historic Oregon, one of the largest and speediest battleships we had in the Spanish War, was of 10,288 tons and had a speed of 16.79 knots. The Maine, blown up in Havana Harbor, was of only 6682 tons. Our new battleships will be four times as large as the Oregon, with a greater tonnage than half a dozen Maines.



U. S. NAVY OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH

Building a 43,000-Ton Battleship, Navy Yard, Norfolk, Virginia. The U. S. S. North Carolina, Looking Aft, March 30, 1920, Showing Longitudinal Machinery and Turret Support Bulkhead and Inner Bottom Framing

The original Dreadnought, the first all-big-gun ship, caused a sensation by her size as well as her fighting power. Built in haste and secrecy, rushed to completion in 1906, she was so much larger than any preceding warship that the impression prevailed that probably bigger ships would never be built. Yet here in 1921 we are building vessels two and a half times the size of the Dreadnought, displacing 43,200 tons as compared with her 17,900. And the increase has been proportionately much greater since 1906 than in the preceding fifteen years. From the Oregon to the Dreadnought the increase in tonnage of capital ships was only 75 to 80 per cent. Since that time it has been nearly 160 per cent. Our latest type battleships mark a leap of 10,000 tons from the largest now in service, excelling the next preceding class by the size of a whole Oregon.

The Power of Modern Guns

THAT gives some idea of their bulk, but not of their effectiveness. For though the new ships have 30 per cent more tonnage they have 50 per cent more gun power than preceding battleships. When asked, Why the dreadnought? the answer is that there are three reasons: The first is gun power, the second is gun power and the third is gun power. The big gun is the most destructive tool ever wielded by man, and as its destructive power has increased, the size has increased correspondingly, and the size of its peripatetic carriage, which we call a battleship, has increased not only to carry the guns but to carry them with greater safety against a swarm of enemies, and with greater power to keep the sea and to fight in all weathers.

Lying miles at sea below Ambrose Channel Light, our new dreadnoughts could throw their shells into the heart of New York, their 2100-pound projectiles tearing through skyscrapers and toppling towers as if they had been shattered by an earthquake. In an engagement at sea one of them could sink a fleet of Oregons, and pour salvo after salvo into lesser battleships, which could not score a hit against it, their shots falling harmless far short of their target. For the 16-inch guns, with which our largest capital ships are to be armed, outrange by miles the 14 and 15 inch ordnance which until now has been the most powerful afloat.

We are manufacturing 190 of these huge guns, and they will have a combined energy of over 21,000,000 pounds. Throwing a projectile weighing 2100 pounds, as compared with the 1400-pound shell of the 14-inch gun, the entire number will be capable of firing 200 tons of projectiles at a time. Ordnance officers estimate that a single discharge of these combined batteries would produce energy equal to that required to lift a battleship to the height of the Washington Monument.

It is difficult for one who has not seen it to realize the destructive effect of a shell as tall as a man, sixteen inches in diameter, weighing more than a ton, loaded with high explosives. At one of our testing grounds some years ago a 12-inch gun—the maximum for those days, now only one-third the power of the 16-inch—was firing at one of our ancient monitors, which had a structure erected on it representing parts of recent ships. Between shots a tug took out the experts and officials of the Navy Department conducting the tests. After the first 12-inch hit, two of the tug's crew went aboard to look at the result. One good look was sufficient. The first sailor turned to his mate and remarked, quietly but emphatically: "Me? I'm neutral."

The modern big gun is marvelously accurate as well as enormously destructive. The most notable development of the twentieth century as regards naval gunnery has been the extension of the range. During the Spanish War Dewey fought at from 2000 to 4500 yards—a long range for those days—and when in the battle of Santiago the 16-knot Oregon slowly but surely caught the 20-knot Cristóbal Colón she finally dropped a shell in her vicinity from a range of 9000 yards, not with any idea of seriously attacking at that range but simply to show what would soon happen as she overhauled her prey. Yet at the battle of Jutland hardly any big-ship fighting was done at a range of less than 10,000 yards, and the greater part was at ranges of 15,000 yards or more, extending up to as high as 20,000 yards. We find the gunnery officer of the Derfflinger complaining bitterly that the 15-inch guns of the British Fifth Battle Squadron—those were the only vessels in the fight carrying guns as large as 15-inch—were able to make good practice against him at ranges between 19,000 and 20,000 yards, while his 12-inch guns could not be elevated sufficiently to carry that distance.

Battleships Under Construction

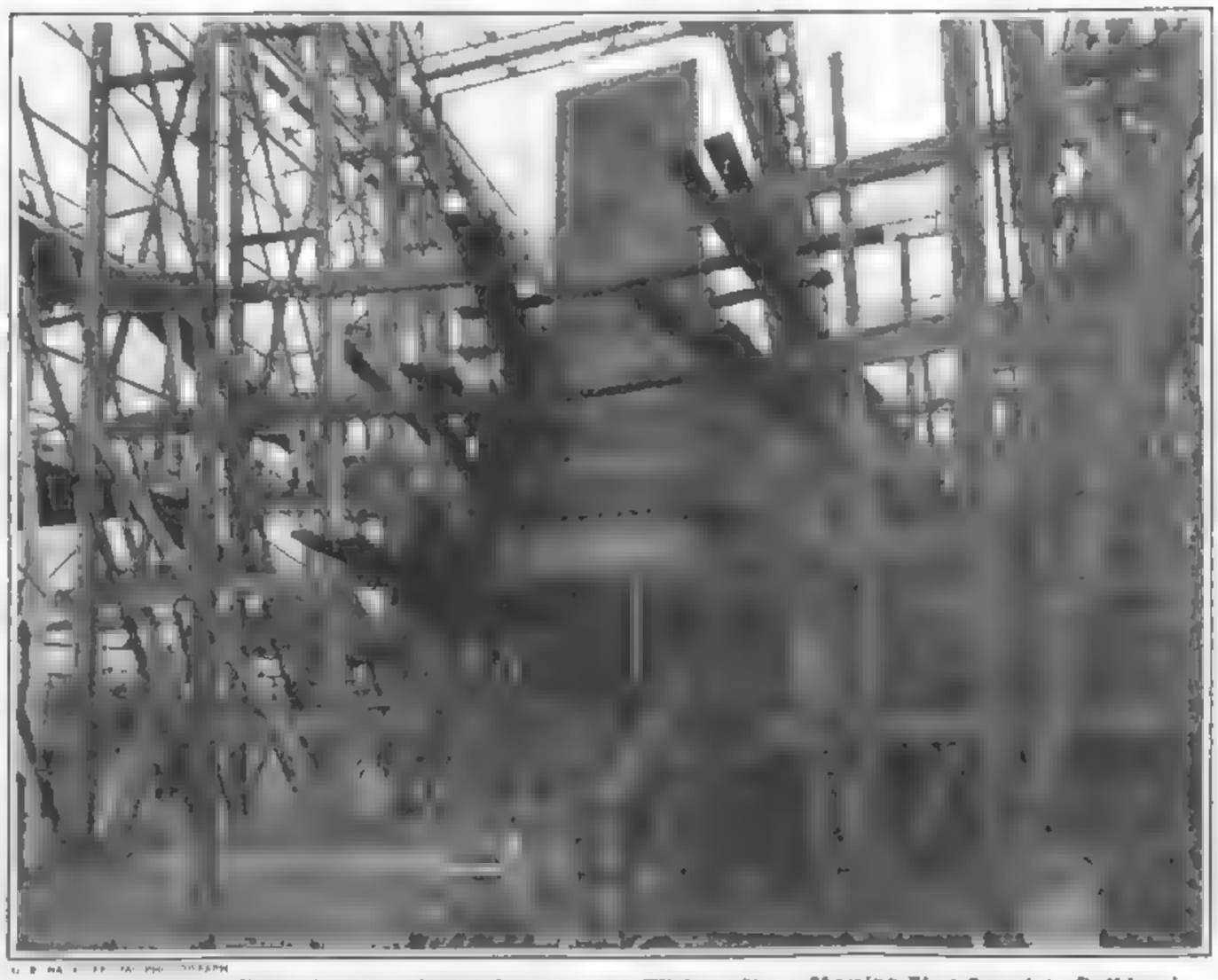
OUR 16-inch guns will outrange by a good many miles any that were in action at Jutland, and each of our 43,000-ton battleships will mount twelve of them, and each battle cruiser eight.

Six of these huge battleships are under construction. Of 43,200 tons displacement, they will be 660 feet long, with an extreme breadth of 105 feet and a mean draft of 33 feet. Engines developing 60,000 horse power will drive them at a speed of 23 knots. Their twelve big guns will be mounted in four turrets, which revolve so that all can be fired simultaneously to either side of the vessel. In a single salvo these guns will throw over 25,000 pounds of projectiles. There will also be a secondary battery of sixteen 6-inch guns, for repelling torpedo attack, shelling destroyers, submarines and small craft at closer range. For firing torpedoes there are provided two 21-inch submerged torpedo tubes. For protection against attack by aircraft four

3-inch antiaircraft guns are mounted, and there is a thicker deck plating, more difficult for aerial bombs to penetrate, than that now in use.

The tonnage and gun power of these vessels are so much greater, their armor and protection against torpedo attack so much more effective, that they outclass even the superdreadnoughts which now compose the first line of navies.

The same is true of our battle cruisers as compared with existing vessels of that type. The first built, the Indomitable, Inflexible and Invincible, of the British Navy, completed in 1908, were of 17,250 tons and carried eight 12-inch guns. There was a steady increase in size, and by 1914 the Queen Mary, 27,000 tons, was in commission, and the Tiger, 28,500, was nearing completion. During the war a large increase was decided upon by Great Britain and four battle cruisers exceeding 40,000 tons were laid down, but with the end of hostilities construction was suspended, and only one, the Hood, was completed. This is to-day the largest war vessel in existence, and the only one afloat that can be classed with those the United States is building.



Bow View of the North Carolina, September 30, 1920, Without Stem, Showing First Complete Bulkhead

No ship since the original Dreadnought has aroused more general interest. Not long after the Battle of Jutland it was reported that the British were building warships much larger and speedier than any then in existence. But the utmost care was taken to keep secret every detail of plans and construction, with such success that this grew into a war mystery. When it became known that the new type was of more than 40,000 tons displacement there was no little speculation as to her design and characteristics.

The Hood was launched August 22, 1918, and was approaching completion when hostilities ended. Her three sister ships, the Anson, Howe and Rodney, were under construction, but not far advanced, and when, after the armistice, Great Britain practically suspended construction the contracts for them were canceled. So the Hood is the sole representative of her type.

H. M. S. Hood

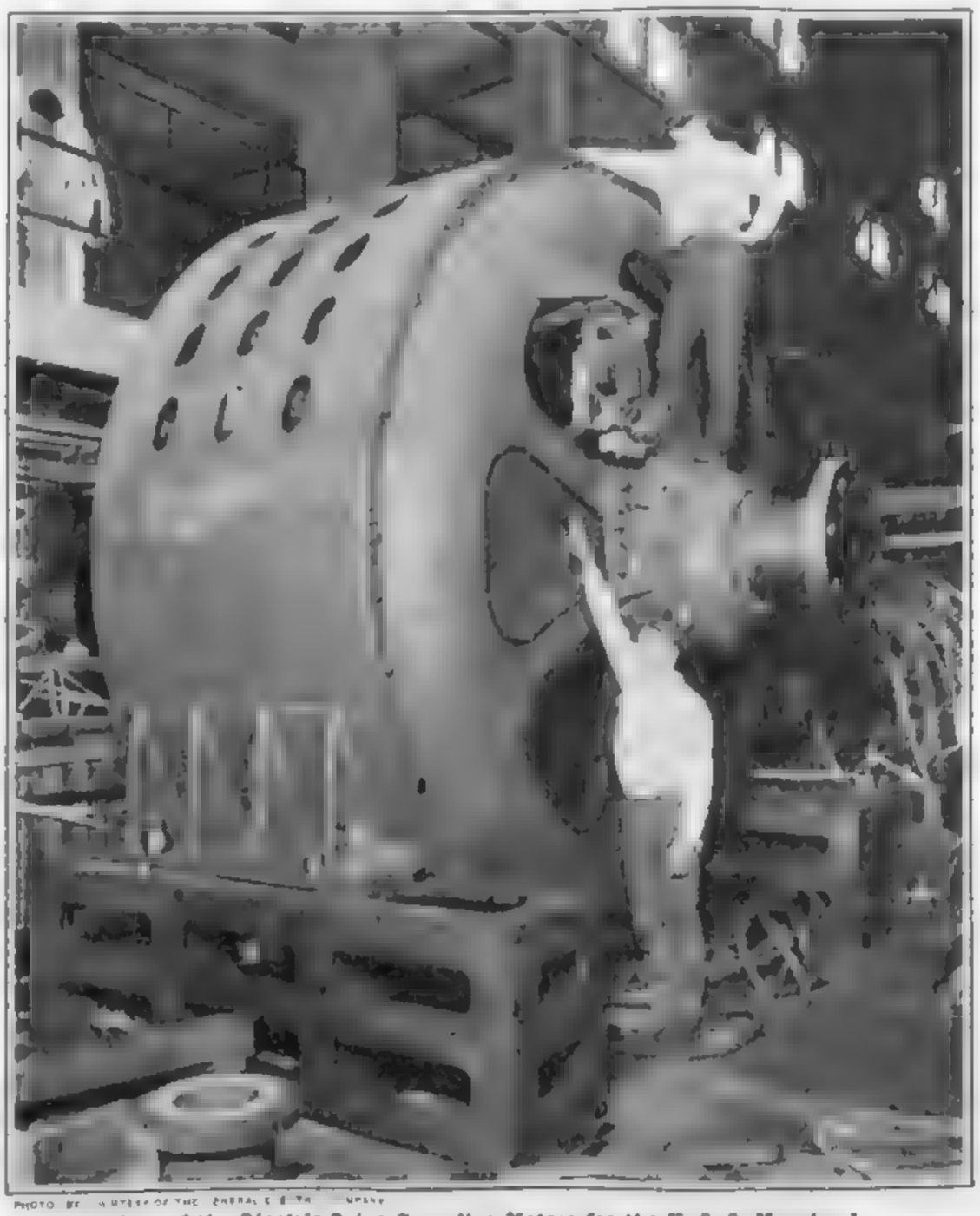
NATURALLY she has been the subject of considerable discussion among naval constructors, and one purpose of my trip to Europe two years ago was that this vessel might be inspected and closely studied by our construction, engineering and ordnance experts. The United States had long before completed plans for both battleships and battle cruisers which, judged by all known standards, were decidedly superior to any that had preceded them. But we were not satisfied with that. We wished to take advantage of all the war experience of other navies, as well as our own; to learn the latest developments in inventions and devices; to secure the most advanced ideas of European authorities. Rear Admiral David W. Taylor, chief constructor of the Navy; Rear Admiral Robert S. Griffin, engineer in chief; and Rear Admiral Ralph Earle, chief of the Bureau of Ordnance, accompanied me on the trip to Europe in the spring of 1919 and conferred with the leading naval experts of Great Britain, France and Italy. We were not wedded to our own designs; in fact, we were seeking every improvement that had been devised or could be suggested, and everything new that gave promise was carefully considered.

It was found that our own battle-cruiser designs not only included the most important features of the Hood but were superior in many particulars, especially in speed and gun power—the characteristics that give this type of ship its value. But the Hood seemed to possess one point of superiority in being more heavily armored around turrets and vital parts, giving her better protection against shellfire. Our plans were consequently changed to provide heavier armor. This, of course, increased the tonnage, and the added weight caused a slight decrease in the estimated speed, which was, at first, 35 knots.

A comparison of the principal characteristics of the Hood and of the battle cruisers we are now building gives a fair measure of their efficiency:

The Hood, 41,200 tons displacement, is 860 feet long, 104 feet in breadth, with a draft of 28 feet 6 inches and speed of 31 to 32 knots. The new Constitution, 43,500 tons displacement, will be 874 feet long, 105 feet 5¼ inches in breadth, with a mean draft of about 31 feet and a speed of 33.25 knots. The Hood is armed with eight 15-inch 45-caliber guns, firing 1950-pound shells. Her secondary batteries comprise twelve 5.5-inch guns and four 4-inch antiaircraft guns. The Constitution will have eight 16-inch 50-caliber guns, firing 2100-pound projectiles; sixteen 6-inch guns, and four 3-inch antiaircraft guns.

The combined weight of the projectiles thrown by the main batteries of the Hood is 15,600 pounds; that of the Constitution is 16,800 pounds. But weight of metal is not nearly so important a point in gunfire as is the range. And the guns of the Constitution, being five calibers longer and of higher muzzle velocity, will easily outrange those of the Hood, and this alone would give a decisive superiority in action. So that our battle cruisers will be 2300 tons heavier and 14 feet longer than the Hood, will have guns of larger caliber and longer range, larger secondary as well as main batteries, and will be speedier. All of which puts them in a distinctly superior class to any now afloat.



One of the Electric-Drive Propeller Motors for the U. S. S. Maryland

The Power Plant

THE new American battle cruisers will be larger than any warships heretofore constructed, their only prospective rivals being the vessels of the same type and approximately the same tonnage projected but not yet built by Japan. But a more remarkable feature than their huge size and armament will be their machinery. No less than 180,000 horse power is required to drive these immense vessels through the water, for their speed will be more than 33 knots—over 38 miles an hour. Their engines must develop as much electrical power as is required to supply a good-size city. Sixteen oil-burning boilers will generate the steam to drive the four turbine generators which, revolving 1700 times per minute, will create the electric energy for the eight huge motors which will drive the propellers. These motors, 15 feet in diameter, weigh 223,000 pounds, and each has a capacity of 22,500 horse power. These are connected in pairs to the four propeller shafts. When all are going full force they will be able to turn the propeller blades 320 revolutions per minute.

These six cruisers will have a total of 1,080,000 horse power. It is interesting to compare the new battle cruiser Constitution with the famous frigate of that name, completed in 1798, which won glorious victories in the War of 1812 and was not retired from active service until 1845. "Old Ironsides" was 204 feet long, 43½ feet broad, and displaced 2200 tons, though her tonnage, according to the old measurements, was rated at from 1335 to 1607. She had a crew of 400, and in her hold carried six months' provisions. Designed as a 44-gun ship, her guns were changed several times, but in 1812 she carried on her gun deck thirty long 24-pounders, on the quarter deck sixteen 32-pound carronades, and on the forecastle six 32-pound carronades, one long 18-pounder and two long 24-pounders as bow chasers. But all her fifty-five guns would throw only two-thirds the weight of metal and had but a fraction of the power of a single one of the eight 16-inchers on the new Constitution.

The primary purpose and ultimate purpose of the capital ship is the carriage of big guns, but this involves an astonishing number of other characteristics. This big-gun carriage must be protected from the big guns carried by the enemy; it must be protected from the torpedo, and now from the bombs of the aircraft; it must be the home of something like 1500 people, and enable them to exist in health, comfort and happiness.

In the last century, in the days when the battleship was a sailing vessel, the ship of the line, we find Ruskin saying:

> Take it all in all, a ship of the line is the most honorable thing that man as a gregarious animal has ever produced. By himself, unaided, he can do better things than ships of the line; he can do poems and pictures and other combinations of what is best in him.

(Continued on Page 24)

I've often heard said that it's funny—
How everyone takes to a bunny.
But the reason's the same
That brought Campbell's to fame—
It makes you feel pleasant and sunny.

Favorites!

No wonder Campbell's Cream of Tomato Soup is so universally enjoyed! A delicious dish for luncheon or dinner, ready for the table in three minutes, it solves the daily problem in countless homes.

Campbell's Tomato Soup

made of luscious sun-ripened tomatoes fresh from the vine, with pure granulated sugar, creamery butter and delicate seasoning, is temptingly flavored and rich in natural vigor. As a Cream of Tomato it combines the satisfying nutritious qualities of cream with the tonic properties of the tomato.

A New Campbell's Soup

Campbell's Bean Soup, an old favorite—a delicious soup that everybody likes—has been added to Campbell's famous 21 "kinds." Ask your grocer for it.

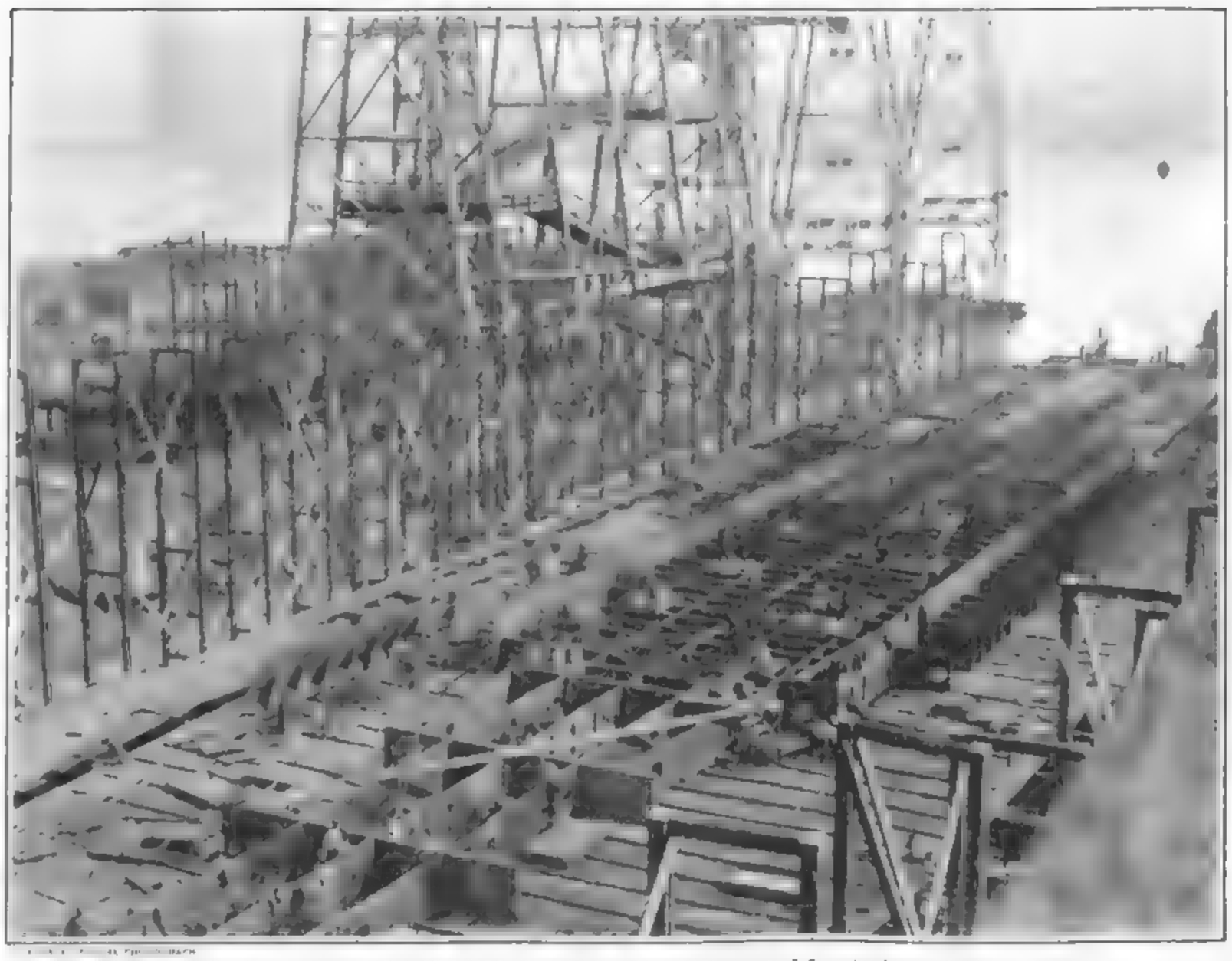
21 kinds **15c a can**

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 22)

But as a being living in flocks and hammering out with alternate strokes and mutual agreement what is necessary for him in those places, to get or produce the ship of the line is his first work. Into that he has put as much of human patience, common sense, forethought, experimental philosophy, self-control, habits of order and obedience, thoroughly wrought handiwork, defiance of brute elements, careless courage, careful patriotism, and calm expectation of the judgment of God as can well be put into a space 300 feet long and 80 feet broad, and I am thankful to have lived in an age when I can see this thing done.



U. S. S. North Carolina, Port Side Aft, January 28, 1920, Floors and Longitudinals Being Erected

It would be interesting if Ruskin could give us his views of the modern battleship, ten times greater than any ship of the line of his day.

Let us consider briefly a few facts concerning the 43,000-ton vessel "wrought by man." As regards materials, steel leads all the others. First and last there will be something like 35,000 tons of steel. Steel, however, is far from being the only material used. There will be something like 600 tons of copper, 550 tons of cast iron, 600 tons of paint, including white lead, zinc, cement and many other things.

Although wood is reduced to a minimum on account of danger from fire, and nearly all furniture is of metal, the upper deck is usually of wood, and a certain amount must be used in other places, totaling something like 300 tons. The fuel, enabling the vessel to steam thousands of miles without replenishment, will take up 2000 tons. Food, including all kinds of provisions from salt horse to chocolate creams, will require 250 tons. The flesh and blood of 1500 men is by no means imponderable; 150 tons must be allowed for them, and 130 tons for their clothing, bedding and other personal outfit. The ammunition carried weighs about as much as the fuel. Vast quantities of fresh water for drinking and sanitary purposes, besides storage water for the many high-power boilers, must be provided, and 700 tons must be allowed for these.

Floating Cities of Steel

OUR capital ship is unavoidably rather crowded. You cannot have it otherwise when 1500 men must live in a structure whose length is at most 850 feet or so, whose breadth is in the neighborhood of 100 feet, and whose depth is some 50 to 60 feet, and which must carry not only the men but the boiler plant and machinery for tens of thousands of horse power, in addition to fuel, provisions, ammunition and many other things. But all living spaces are kept well lighted, ventilated and heated, day and night. There are reception rooms, libraries, post offices, barber shops, shoe and tailor shops, and a canteen where the men can buy tobacco, confectionery, toilet articles and all kinds of things they fancy. Every vessel carries a steam laundry. Sick and wounded have all the accommodations of a modern hospital, including dispensary and operating room. Cold-storage rooms keep meats and vegetables fresh, and excellent food, well cooked, is served from the galley. Almost every comfort of life ashore is provided for the men, and athletics and amusements as well, including moving pictures.

Now let us take a look at how these big ships are produced. In our Navy the General Board is constantly studying from a broad point of view our naval needs, including the question of all types of ships. Each year it prepares a schedule of their desirable military characteristics. These are furnished the technical bureaus of the Navy Department; and the Bureau of Construction and Repair, in coöperation with the other technical bureaus, prepares small preliminary designs. Sometimes several are submitted, varying in detail and embodying in different ways the required characteristics. The experts engaged on this work sometimes irreverently refer to these alternative designs as spring styles. Whatever they may be called, they are furnished the General Board, which goes into them carefully, confers with the technical officers engaged in their preparation, and finally adopts a plan which appears to meet the necessities of the case best.

The technical bureaus then enlarge these small sketch plans and prepare general plans of the vessel. The Bureau of Ordnance takes up in detail the guns, the Bureau of Engineering the propelling machinery, and the Bureau of Construction and Repair prepares the plans of the whole, showing space and weight allotted every part of the vessel to each activity. It also fixes the lines of the ship. To determine the best possible lines sometimes requires the preparation and towing of as many as twenty models in the experimental model basin at the Washington Navy Yard.

When all is done and every weight estimated to the last decimal, the department is in a position to advertise for bids for hull and machinery if the vessel is to be built by contract. In addition to the twenty or thirty plans showing the general arrangement of everything, specifications are prepared in great detail and printed. These are what are called the contract plans and specifications, and form the basis for bids. Assuming that bids have been obtained and a satisfactory contract placed, the layman would suppose that the work would at once proceed upon the approved plans. Far from it. The twenty or thirty plans are essential to enable the builder to know what he has to supply, but as regards information to enable him actually to build, they are incomplete. The lines, for instance, showing the shape of the vessel, are on a small scale, perhaps one-forty-eighth of the size of the vessel. The shipbuilder uses these to lay down, as it is called, the lines in the mold loft, showing the shape of the vessel in full size at any point. In addition, he must make plans showing with accuracy every piece that goes to make up the ship.

First and last, in a large ship these working plans, as they are called, may number as many as 5000. No plate or piece of metal is ordered until the plan covering it is completed, showing how large it is to be, where it goes, its relation to its neighbors and how it is to be connected to them. Some 5,000,000 rivets, varying in diameter from a quarter of an inch to an inch and a quarter, will be utilized to hold and tie together the ship. Each rivet involves at least two holes, and three or more if there are more than two thicknesses of plating at any point, and every one of these holes must be located on the working plans or in the mold loft before it can be made.

The shipyard builds the hull complete; but some of the propelling machinery and auxiliary machinery is built by subcontractors and naturally varies with the facilities of the shipyard, so it follows that the amount of work done at the yard is not a fixed quantity. But to build one of our most recent capital ships in an average yard requires something over 5000 man-years of labor. This does not mean that 5000 men can build such a vessel in one year. The size and complexity of the job are too great to enable this to be done.

With construction proceeding in the usual manner, the 5000 man-years of labor on a capital ship are spread over about three years from the time the keel is laid until the vessel is ready for service. And the shipyard is a busy place from the time the working plans are made out and the building ways are prepared until the completed vessel sails away. When the keel begins to arrive, plates and bars to form the shell, framing and connections are put through the structural shop, are bent and shaped, and rivet holes are punched, moving in a steady stream to the ways.

The first ceremony is the laying of the keel, marking the actual beginning of the vessel. Shell plates are attached to the keel, and on top of these is placed the framing, which gives strength to the shell. Then comes the plating, forming the second or inner bottom, and, following this, a multitude of bulkheads and decks, forming numerous separate compartments, each to house some activity of the ship. Heavy steel castings forming the bow and stern are set in place. The parts are merely bolted together until the riveters, with their sputtering air hammers, fasten every piece firmly, their work never ceasing until the hull is done.

Gradually the ship takes shape as the sides are put in, until the interior resembles a vast honeycomb, with hundreds of workmen swarming through every part of it. Where parts are fastened on the ground a powerful machine presses the red-hot rivets into the shape, drives them through the holes and puts the pieces together in less time than it takes to tell of it. Huge armor plates, weighing many tons, are swung lightly around by giant cranes, each piece fitted in its place to the fraction of an inch.

The Finishing Touches

LAUNCHING is the great occasion. Cradles are built to support the ship, and massive timber platforms, on which it is to slide into the water. At last the timbers are cleared away, the cradles pressed firmly against the sides, and the huge hull is held back only by two immense steel fingers or triggers. When the moment arrives for launching, these triggers are released, and the ship slides gently and swiftly down the ways. As she floats off, tugs tow her to the berth in which she will receive her final touches.

Up to this time only the barest essentials have been worked into the vessel. But little of the machinery has been set in place, and this is now hoisted on board and fixed in its proper position. Miles of piping and electric wiring are put in, and all the intricate mechanisms are installed. The turrets, weighing hundreds of tons, which are to house the big guns, are swung into place, and the vessel for the first time shows the form of a fighting ship. The guns, three to a turret, are set in place, and the craft is nearly ready to fulfill her mission. But there remain a multitude of fittings and trials, for each separate part must be thoroughly tested before she is ready to go to sea. Then follow the speed and endurance trials, and the splendid vessel steams away to take her part in the line.

Though work on capital ships was practically suspended during the war, all records were surpassed in the building of antisubmarine craft. Six months before the breaking off of relations with Germany we had contracted for twenty destroyers, twice as many as we had ever before had under contract at any one time. In the month before war was declared twenty-four more were ordered, and from that time on additional orders were placed as rapidly as facilities could be arranged for—six in May, six in June, twenty-nine in July, twenty-six in August. Four months after this country's entrance into the war we had 111 destroyers under construction or contracted for, all that American yards seemed capable of producing. They seemed to be the only vessels that could cope with the submarine; no navy in the world had half enough of them, and it was up to the United States to furnish them in numbers sufficient to turn the tide.

(Continued on Page 64)

Barrett Specification Roofs

Bonded for 20 and 10 Years

Barrett Specification 20 Year Bonded Roof on Chamber of Commerce Building Arch.: Leon Stern Cont.: A. Frederich & Sons Co. Roofers: Knowles & Peck Co., Inc.
Barrett Specification 20-Year Bonded Roof on Building No. 13, Bausch & Lomb Optical Co. Gen'l Cont.: John Luther & Sons Co. Rf'g Cont.: John Siddons Co.
Barrett Specification Roof on New Chamber of Commerce Building Arch.: Isaac A. Allen Cont.: A. Frederich & Sons Co. Roofers: The John Siddons Co.
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Barrett Specification 20 Year Bonded Roof on Laboratories of Wollensak Optical Co. Arch.: J. Foster Warner. Cont.: A. Frederich & Sons Co. Roofers: Knowles & Peck Co., Inc.
Barrett Specification 20 Year Bonded Roof on Building of E. Kurzin Sons Co. Arch.: Leon Stern Cont.: A. Frederich & Sons. Roofers: Knowles & Peck Co., Inc.
Barrett Specification 20 Year Bonded Roof on Lowry Bldg. Arch.: Gordon Madden Roofers: John Siddons Co.
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The supremacy of these roofs for permanent flat-roofed buildings is so generally recognized that "*as good as Barrett*" is the claim offered on behalf of other kinds of roof construction.

The Barrett Specification Roof is the roof that has withstood the test of time—and time alone determines roof values. Figured on *cost per year of service*, no other roof is so economical.

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ASURETY Company Bond, absolutely protecting the owner from maintenance expense, is issued free of charge on Barrett Specification Roofs of 50 squares or larger, in towns of 25,000 or more, *and in smaller places where our inspection service is available.*

This bond runs for 20 or 10 years, depending upon the type of roof selected. Our only conditions are that The Barrett Specification, *revised April 15, 1920*, shall be strictly followed and that the roofer shall be approved by us and his work subject to our inspection.

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Full details regarding these Bonded Roofs and copies of The Barrett Specification sent free on request.

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EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

The Movies' Business Side

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

Loading a Canned Film at New York for Shipment to San Francisco via Aerial Mail

IT IS not far amiss to say that motion-picture films are merely groups of emotions that travel round the world in cans. The manufacturing and distributing end of the motion-picture industry constitutes one of the largest businesses in the world. The industry is already the fourth largest in America, and it is still growing. An idea of its economic importance to the nation may be gathered from the fact that the receipts from all phases of the business total over $750,000,000 annually, which amount is larger than the combined income of all our public utilities.

There are now about 15,500 motion-picture theaters in operation in the United States, and it is estimated they have a total seating capacity of 8,000,000. As most houses have at least two shows a day this means that approximately 16,000,000 people in this country may view motion pictures daily. A recent survey showed that at the present time more than 1200 new theaters are in course of construction, at an approximate cost of $72,000,000. Something like 1000 motion-picture features are now produced annually, and the earnings from rentals of these pictures total about $75,000,000 each year. What the industry means to the Government as a source of revenue may be gathered from the fact that the theaters of the country paid Uncle Sam nearly $21,000,000 during July, August and September of last year.

As instances of the large amounts of money invested in motion-picture ventures, it is only necessary to recall that one of the largest and newest of studios recently constructed in Greater New York was completed at a cost of $2,000,000; only a few months previous to the completion of this studio an immense motion-picture theater was constructed in New York, having a seating capacity of 5400 people, and costing in excess of $2,000,000. The site on which this building was erected is valued at $3,000,000. It is estimated that 250,000 people are interested directly or indirectly in the motion-picture business in the United States.

The making of motion pictures is a combination of art and business. The production manager largely determines the policy of the company. The chief of the scenario department, the studio supervisor and the studio manager all report to the head of the production division. The people in the scenario department pick the stories and put them into continuity form. The studio supervisor is known as the "money man," and corresponds to a purchasing agent, traffic manager and chief accountant. The studio manager is in charge of the actual production of the pictures and supervises the work of the directors, the players and the mechanical and electrical workers.

In past years many of the large companies left the matter of the cost of a production to the studio manager. The latter, knowing the tastes, eccentricities and methods of the various directors and of each particular star, would make a rough guess as to what a picture would cost, and if he missed the exact amount by 50 or 100 per cent nothing much would ever be said about the matter. Realizing the waste from such carelessness, some of the producing companies practically turned their business over to efficiency experts who, by establishing iron-bound limits and rules, brought about a situation that was no more satisfactory than the one existing under the guess system.

During the reign of the efficiency experts even the cameramen were each assigned a certain number of feet of film. The same sets were used first for a five-reel picture, then for a two-reel feature, and finally for a two-reel slapstick comedy. During the course of the latter picture the scenario was so arranged that a rough-house episode would require the actors to tear down the set, thus saving the cost of hiring wreckers. Most of the pictures turned out by rule-of-thumb methods were shoddy and machinelike. Under the mechanical difficulties arising from so many embarrassing restrictions the directors were unable to do their best work.

Realizing that between the two extremes lay some plan that would prove practicable, the larger motion-picture companies developed a method which revolves about a production supervisor, who is a sort of intermediary officer between the financial department of the picture company and the studio. The production supervisor takes a copy of the continuity about to be produced as a picture, to the studio, and there he secures estimates from each department—carpenter, electrical, property, drapery, and so on—as to how much money it will need for its end of making the picture. Next he goes to the studio manager and asks him to estimate the cost of the star, talent, extras, and how many camera days it will take to produce the film. The results thus obtained are consolidated by the production supervisor, who takes them to the director who is to handle the picture. These estimates the director either approves or disapproves. He may object to the amount of certain items and succeed in having the figures revised. But once the director signs the estimate the expense list passes from his hands and is presented to the finance committee of the producing company for its approval. After being O. K.'d the estimate is turned back to the studio and the picture is started.

Right here the question presents itself to many of the production companies: Is New York or Los Angeles the better producing center for the particular feature to be handled? In answering this question many factors must be considered. In Los Angeles players are at the studio, making up, at eight in the morning and the cameras are turning by nine-thirty. In New York the director is lucky to get going by eleven o'clock. Business houses in Los Angeles open at eight o'clock, and there is not the night life there that there is in New York. The players who appear in pictures in New York studios generally also work nights and matinées in spoken plays. They, therefore, do not get to the studio early and are forced to take time off frequently. Naturally all these things add to the cost of a picture produced in New York. On the other hand, there is much talent available in New York that would never consent to go to California, because of engagements in Broadway plays.

More than three-quarters of the world's total of screen productions are now produced in Los Angeles. More than 90 per cent of all the films produced in the United States are the output of the fifty or more great studios that have been built up in the Los Angeles district. The screen output of all the rest of the world is only about 15 per cent of that of the United States. There are more than 100 producing companies in Southern California, and these operate in fifty-two studios, turning out pictures valued at $100,000,000 yearly. More than 15,000 persons are employed in the work of film production in California, and the annual pay rolls of the companies in that state now amount to approximately $30,000,000. More than $20,000,000 is paid out yearly by the companies in the purchase and rental of supplies for the studios.

After a picture is completed in the studio it is in negative form and must be taken to the laboratory, where it is developed and prints are made from it. In the case of big pictures, 150 prints are made, while with less expensive pictures, although they may feature a celebrated star, only 100 prints are usually made. An advance print is sent to the home office of the producing concern, where it is shown in a private projection room to the sales manager, the manager of distribution, and to others of the producing company's executives. After viewing the picture they set a national quota for it—that is, the total amount of dollars it should bring from all theaters in which it will probably be shown. These same officials then subdivide this quota according to the number of exchanges.

After the film reaches the exchange manager he in turn decides upon the amount of rental to be asked from each theater in his territory. He has a list of these theaters, their seating capacities, potential earning ability at the box office, neighborhood served, population to draw from, and so on. The rental rate paid depends to a large extent upon the seating capacity and the admission prices charged. In some cases a small theater may have to pay fifty dollars for a picture, while a larger house may be asked a rental of only twenty-five dollars. Sometimes a producer is uncertain what national quota to fix and what rentals to charge, and in such a case he will likely try out the picture in some large town, charging the exhibitor a low rental. This gives the producer an opportunity to determine the drawing power of the film and form a definite idea of its rental value, based upon its actual performance. This was done in the case of a Mark Twain film.

Motion pictures are either made by big producing companies who are also distributors, or else by independent producers who are not distributors. An independent producer may either sell his picture outright, to a big distributing company, or rent it out himself on a states'-rights basis. There are companies that do not make their own pictures, but enter into contract with independents to buy a series of their independently made films outright and distribute them. Selling a picture on a states'-rights basis means to rent the right to distribute it in certain territories to independent distributing concerns organized for that purpose. One company may contract to distribute a picture in Alabama and Tennessee, while another company may agree to distribute the same film in New York and New Jersey.

This means that the distributing companies will re-rent the picture to exhibitors, ultimately returning the prints to the original producer.

The number of pictures sold on a states'-rights basis is comparatively small. Most of them are distributed through exchanges. One company, for example, has thirty-eight exchanges located at strategic points throughout the country. Each exchange is under the supervision of a manager, who employs a number of assistants, including salesmen, bookers, film repairers, and so on. The salesmen travel from theater to theater trying to sell the exhibitor pictures. "Sell," of course, means "rent." The exhibitor may rent for a week, three days, one day, and so on.

(Concluded on Page 39)

The pattern shown on floor of kitchen is Gold-Seal Congoleum Floor Covering No. 832. It retails at $1.00 per square yard.

"—and he tried to sell me something else"

"I went into one of the stores downtown, yesterday morning, and told the salesman that I wanted some genuine Gold-Seal Congoleum. And he tried to sell me something else.

"But I just wouldn't have it. I knew that it wasn't Congoleum unless it had a Gold Seal pasted on it, so I simply refused to consider any other kind."

This housewife had the right idea. She started out to buy *Gold Seal* Congoleum, and by looking for the Gold Seal she got the genuine article and not a cheap, inferior substitute.

For kitchen, pantry, bathroom and hall—wherever you need a low priced floor-covering that is attractive, waterproof, easily cleaned and exceedingly serviceable, *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Floor-Covering offers you the utmost in value and satisfaction.

Remember, too, it lies perfectly flat without fastening.

Made in rolls two yards wide and a special width of three yards, which means fewer seams. Price $1.00 a square yard.

Price in the Far West and South averages 15% higher than that quoted; in Canada price averages 25% higher. Price subject to change without notice.

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM FLOOR-COVERING

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

REMOVE SEAL WITH DAMP CLOTH

Be Sure to Look for the Gold Seal

Every two yards of *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Floor-Covering bears the Gold Seal Guarantee, "Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back." It represents our faith in our product and our honest pledge of satisfaction to you. If *Gold-Seal* Congoleum does not give the service you expect, we will refund your money without question.

Write to our nearest office for Pattern Folder No. 89, showing all the beautiful patterns in full colors.

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
INCORPORATED

Philadelphia New York Chicago San Francisco
Cleveland Boston Minneapolis Kansas City
Dallas St. Louis Pittsburgh Atlanta Montreal

It's a PLUMB

PLUMB DOUBLE LIFE

"The special analysis steel—the tough, hard temper; the full grip, springy handle of strong, second growth hickory, combine to make this tool the Craftsman's Pride. MADE IN PHILADELPHIA, U.S.A. BY THE PLUMB GUARANTEE"

A Mighty Pull

A pull of fifty pounds on the handle of a Plumb Hammer exerts a straight up pull of 1100 pounds on a nail.

So carefully is the Plumb Hammer constructed that the curve of the claws multiplies the handle pull twenty-two times. A shade greater or lesser curve would decrease the leverage.

You can pull a nail, head and all, through an inch and a-half plank with a Plumb Hammer. This is the most severe test you can give any hammer.

YOU should have a new hammer in your home—an up-to-date hammer that really does what you want. The Plumb will pull nails, head and all, through an inch-and-a-half plank.

That, of course, is unusual and typifies Plumb superiority. The other things Plumb Hammers will do—its features of perfect balance, ease of control enabling a powerful blow or one as light as a whisper, a handle with an easy Hand Comfort Grip—make it the ideal tool for the Carpenter or Mechanic or the man or woman about the house.

Each Plumb Hammer has the degree of hardness and toughness necessary to keep the head from chipping or "mushrooming"—to insure a vise-like grip of the claws so that they bite into a nail and make it come when you pull it.

Plumb Hammers, Hatchets, Axes and Sledges have a handsome hand-forged, non-rust finish. Handles of selected hickory, beautifully mahoganized. The expert workman says of them, "They're worth more." Nail Hammer $2.00—Sold by all Hardware dealers.

Made for Mechanics by Mechanics

1—Made from a single piece of special analysis steel—will not chip or mushroom.

2—Eye placed off centre weight balanced in the striking face—its powerful blow falls true.

3—Cone-shaped pein spreads rivets—doesn't mash them.

4—Added strength over eye prevents breakage.

Machinists' Ball Pein Hammer $1.75

Automobilists' Ball Pein Hammer $1.50

FAYETTE R. PLUMB, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Factories, Philadelphia and St. Louis Established 1856

Foreign Branches and Representatives: *Sydney, Johannesburg, Wellington, Sao Paulo, Melbourne, Montevideo, Brisbane, Santiago, Manila, Buenos Aires*

PLUMB DOUBLE LIFE

Hammers Hatchets Sledges and Axes

(Concluded from Page 26)

Film salesmen travel from theater to theater, mostly at night, when the exhibitor may be found in his office. The majority of exhibitors, however, prefer to come direct to the exchange when they book their pictures. As a usual thing they show up in the morning, talk to the salesman covering their particular territory, and decide whether or not they want his pictures and which, if any, they will take. In most instances the exhibitor will book pictures two weeks to a month ahead of their showing date, and some of them contract for as many as twenty-five pictures at once, and for months ahead.

The exhibitor pays his rental seven days before he receives the picture. After the salesman has sold the exhibitor a picture the latter goes to the booking office, located in the exchange, and tells the booker the date he wants to run the film. The booker then sends a memorandum to the shipping office.

As a general rule a film exchange gets about ten prints of each new picture. These arrive from the producers' laboratory in circular cans. They are stored in the shipping room, and sent out according to orders from the booker. In some localities the express companies have standing orders to collect the canned films from the exchange at stipulated times and deliver them to the railroad station. In the New York exchange of one large company a motor-truck service is maintained to theaters in the city and surrounding country for the delivery of the films. In emergency cases it is not uncommon for the films to be carried by airplane. With the film go instructions to the exhibitor as to where it is to go next. Sometimes the exhibitor is directed to return it to the exchange, while in other cases he must forward the film to another theater in the same neighborhood or in an adjoining town. Exhibitors as a rule are prompt in obeying these instructions, for they know that their business depends largely upon reciprocity among exhibitors.

Sometimes in small towns films arrive late, owing to railroad delays, and so on. Out in one small Kansas town the feature picture, for example, always arrived on the one-twenty-five train. Sometimes the one-twenty-five is late, and the audience is seated, but there is no feature picture. The exhibitor has a little slide handy, which he flashes on his screen, reading: "The one-twenty-five is late. Will arrive at —— All wishing their money refunded may secure same at the box office." Frequently his audience waits for the one-twenty-five at the station. When it arrives they follow the exhibitor and his can of film back to the theater, and in a few moments the show is on. Once in a while the feature picture doesn't arrive at all. Then the small-town exhibitor takes out an antiquated film that he bought cheap and keeps handy, and runs it rather than disappoint his audience.

Sometimes a film will break in the exhibitor's projection machine. When this occurs the machine must be stopped and the two ends caught together and glued, either by hand or with a machine that is made expressly for the purpose. An expert operator can repair a break in thirty seconds. It may also happen that the film will be defective. You see "rain" in it—streaks running down the screen. This is usually due to dust particles on the film. They must be wiped off or they will scratch the film and ruin it. After a film has run at two or three theaters it is sent back to the exchange for inspection. One large exchange in a big Eastern city employs forty inspectors. They look at every inch of the celluloid, wipe it, repair poor patches, and polish the film before it is sent out again. A poor patch is sometimes the cause of the picture's being framed imperfectly on the screen.

Some films last a year, others are ruined in ten days. It depends upon the treatment they receive in the operator's booth at the theater. Defective film is sent back to the exchange by the exhibitor. With each film he receives a card which he fills out, reporting the condition of the film.

Motion pictures are released at certain definite dates announced ahead of time. On the earliest date, they are released in certain first-run theaters in only a few cities. A week or two later they are released in second-run theaters, and after this they are distributed for exhibition generally. Pictures are released in certain sections of the country at different times. In Europe, American pictures are always shown six months to two years after they have appeared here.

As has been stated, an exhibitor only rents a film. He has the property of a producing company in his possession for a certain length of time. The picture may be worth thousands of dollars and he is paying only ten or twenty dollars for it. It is left to his honor to treat the film well. Some of the exhibitors abuse the trust placed in them. An instance of how one exhibitor took advantage of a producing company disclosed a practice that was and still is more or less prevalent. This exhibitor owned two theaters within a few blocks of each other. He would contract for a popular feature for only one of these theaters, and then would advertise the film for both of his houses. It was his plan to show Reel One of the picture at one theater, after which he had a small boy on a bicycle rush this around to his second house, while Reel Two would be started at the first. He did this with all the other reels, and thus obtained box-office receipts at two theaters for a feature that he had secured for the price of one rental. Frequently the producers and exchange men get wind of this practice, and they take speedy steps to stop it. However, notwithstanding their watchfulness, the bicycling evil still flourishes in some communities.

A considerable amount of foreign business is transacted by American film-producing companies. One large concern did a $5,000,000 business last year in Scandinavia, Brazil, Australia, India and Southern Asia. The films are distributed through exchanges, the same as in America. In countries where this particular organization has no exchanges of its own the distribution is accomplished through independent companies which contract to handle the output of the American producer.

Foreigners seem to prefer films with society and American business backgrounds. In South America business men flock to theaters when a film with a business background is shown. They like to see how Americans do business, how their offices are equipped, and so on. They welcome things like tractors and new inventions on the screen. It is a fact, therefore, that motion pictures are thus doing a lot of pioneer work in foreign countries for American merchants and manufacturers.

American pictures are now for the first time in six years meeting the competition of foreign-made pictures abroad. Our exports of moving-picture films during the fiscal year 1920 totaled $11,000,000. One authority estimates that there are 17,000 moving-picture theaters outside the United States. Because of the ravages of war and the evils that followed, many sections of Europe are without adequate amusement facilities, and there is reason to believe that with a return to normal conditions Europe's comparative lack of theaters will be overcome. When this time arrives our film-producing companies will have an excellent opportunity to expand their foreign business, and then, of all times, will the efficiency of American distribution methods be submitted to actual test. In the motion-picture business, as in most other lines, the processes employed in manufacture can result in profit only when supplemented by methods of selling and handling films that are effective and productive.

Coöperative Building

TWO lines of coöperation along which the average citizen may work effectively and with the least delay are in the building and ownership of homes and the establishment of coöperative stores to supply the principal necessaries of life. Even in building operations there are men who occupy positions similar to the wholesaler and the jobber in the produce field. One of the aims of the coöperative builder is to reduce the payments that ordinarily are made to these middlemen. Coöperative building must not be looked upon to-day as it might have been in the past. The rules of the game are quite different, and conditions are altogether changed. Individuals living in big cities to-day cannot be nearly so careful as they used to be in the matter of choosing their neighbors. In years past coöperative apartment-house projects frequently contained the provision that no owner might sell an apartment except with the unanimous consent of the other owners. Many such rules for the protection of the individual investor are no longer possible or needed. On the other hand, the fact must not be overlooked that the urgency of the present housing situation has caused many unscrupulous schemers to enter the field with plans that will hardly bear the test of close scrutiny. In other words, though coöperation is a good thing to use, it is a plan that must be adopted with great care and caution.

The best organizer of a coöperative building venture is an honest and successful individual who proposes to live in the house himself. The usual plan is for such an individual to organize a group of people, develop a prospectus of the operation, procure an architect or builder to prepare plans of the building, and then obtain a tentative agreement from a loaning institution as to the amount of mortgage obtainable on the proposed building.

The next move is to organize a stock company which is capitalized for an amount equal to the necessary equity in land and building, with the stock all common and nonassessable.

As a general rule the company then decides that the percentage of rentable space in the building shall be approximately equal to the ratio of the first mortgage against the total necessary investment. For instance, if the first mortgage covers fifty-five per cent of the cost of operation, then fifty-five per cent of the available space for renting should be leased at market values to nonowners. The remaining forty-five per cent of space can then be divided among the owners in square feet in proportion to the amount of stock each shareholder has subscribed for.

The job of handling the building should be in the hands of a small committee of stockholders, while the management and operation of the house should be placed in the hands of a reputable real-estate organization. It is always best to establish a definite rental for owners, so that in addition to the total income from the rented apartments there will be an income from the owners' space which will be sufficient to offset any possible deficiency and at the same time provide a sinking fund for mortgage retirement. In this way the owners pay only a fraction of the market value in rental, and the saving thus afforded them represents a high rate of interest on the money they have invested.

At the same time there is always the chance that their property may increase in value, while with proper management the mortgage should be gradually reduced.

Even in the case of prospective home owners who wish to build individual houses for themselves there is a splendid opportunity at the present time for the utilization of a well-planned coöperative scheme. In various parts of the country ten or a dozen individuals have recently purchased tracts of land, and after organizing their own realty company and placing an experienced builder in charge on a commission or salary basis, such persons have succeeded in building homes for themselves at a greatly reduced cost due to the savings effected through wholesale purchases and a single overhead management.

In the matter of coöperative stores, the movement thus to escape some of the burdens of the high cost of living is taking on force and has become quite general in several parts of the country. Government reports indicate that week by week the number of coöperative stores is increasing. Many of these stores are being organized by wholesale societies. But many societies are being started independently by groups of fifty or a hundred citizens, and in a number of cases these organizations are reporting success in their ventures.

It has been found that under ordinary circumstances a buying club is an effective preliminary to the coöperative store. A small fee, payable in advance, is charged to all members of these buying clubs, and one member is selected to make the purchases. Some of the larger clubs employ a permanent buyer on a commission basis, while in some of the smaller clubs the various members take turns in doing the buying. The value of these coöperative clubs is that the members obtain experience in making purchases without the expense and responsibility entailed in the operation of a store.

One government investigator suggests that those who contemplate the organization of a coöperative buying society or store should bear in mind such common ties as residence in the same neighborhood, nationality, occupation, trade-union membership, and so on. All of these things are important factors and contribute to the success of the project when given careful attention.

With reference to the amount of capital necessary to start a coöperative store or society, one authority suggests that there should be at least fifty members, each contributing no less than fifty dollars to the establishment of the mutual business venture. One organization on the Pacific Coast refuses to establish a store in any community unless two hundred members are guaranteed, each one subscribing from twenty-five to fifty dollars. A coöperative association in the Middle West requires a membership of one hundred and a guaranteed capital of five thousand dollars before it will establish a mutual store in any community.

In all cases the members of a coöperative society should understand that the venture will not be successful if they go elsewhere than to their own store to make purchases. The individual's trade is more necessary than the money he puts in as an initial investment. Under no circumstances should one of these coöperative stores follow the false hope of relying upon outside trade to tide it over. No such undertaking should be started unless there is good reason to know that the volume of business furnished by the members will be sufficient to insure the success of the enterprise.

It is generally best to delay the starting of a coöperative store until a suitable manager for the venture can be found. Then after the store has been established, the following principles should be borne in mind: Each member of the coöperative society or company should have but a single vote, regardless of the amount of stock he owns. A low rate of interest should be paid on capital, and this rate should not be changed even if the profits from the operation of the store are large. The company should never extend credit to anyone. All goods must be paid for at the time of purchase. This will enable the store manager to buy in the cheapest markets and obtain the discounts allowed for cash payment. Current prices should be charged for goods, for a policy of price cutting is certain to rouse the enmity of the private dealers. The savings that accrue to the members through the operation of the store should be paid to them in the form of dividends at stated intervals. A surplus should be provided out of profits to cover depreciation and furnish a fund to take care of emergencies and educational work. Some societies use a part of their surplus to promote the social life of the community and provide their members with unemployment insurance, sick benefits, old-age pensions, medical and hospital care, and so on.

LADY MONICA'S BATMAN

By W. B. TRITES

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

WHEN Maud invited me to Caravan House for the London season I was more than pleased, for my convalescence had been so long and tedious that I felt myself fully entitled to a holiday ere settling down to work again after the war.

My work is architecture, though I confess that up to the present I have had no architectural commissions. My name is Peter Cornelius DeGroote of DeGroote Manor on the Hudson. As for my sister Maud, she is Her Grace of Caravan—no less.

Well, I sailed at once, and Her Grace of Caravan met me with motor and husband at Victoria. We drove to Belgrave Square, and after luncheon I set out in my best morning coat and topper to do a little shopping.

In the mild June sunshine, amongst the tall, slim, elegant Englishmen and Englishwomen of the West End, I was about to begin my shopping when my sturdy prohibition principles asserted themselves, and I swung rapidly into Boodle's Club in St. James' Street.

Sunk in a leather-cushioned armchair in Boodle's Club, a whisky and soda at my elbow, a fat Egyptian cigarette between my fingers and the Daily Mail spread out before me, I saw that I was going to enjoy this London holiday of mine immensely. And I began to make holiday plans, gorgeous holiday plans. Then—to wreck those gorgeous holiday plans forever—my eye settled on the Daily Mail's "personal" column, and with no little astonishment I read:

BATMAN—Officer's batman urgently wanted as cook general. Two in family. Liberal outings. Wages £80. Address, Lady Monica French, 22a, Tite Street, Chelsea.

"A batman," I mused, recalling my English slang, "is the soldier servant of an officer. A cook general is a hired girl. Now why should Lady Monica French want an officer's soldier servant, a veteran of the World War, to fry her eggs and scrub her floors for her?"

Then I read on:

BATMAN Retired banker, living alone, would engage ex-batman as valet. Nine servants kept. Salary £110. Liberal outings. Use of small car. Address, Daily Mail, 304.

BATMAN required by bachelor for world tour. H. H. F., Claridge's Hotel.

BATMAN—An officer's batman may hear of something to his advantage by calling any afternoon between 4 and 6 at Glenconnor, 148, Richmond Road. Two in family. Free tobacco. Use of car.

I took a long pull at my whisky and soda. I blew a cloud of smoke thoughtfully into the air.

"Why the deuce," I said, "are all these people batman mad?"

And turning to the editorial page I read a column eulogy of the batman by one Douglas Davenant.

"Peter, old son, welcome to the Big Smoke!"

It was Frere, and with him Hardcastle and Blane-Livingston. A happy meeting.

"What's a batman, Frere?" I said, when fresh drinks had been ordered. "He's just an officer's servant, isn't he?"

Frere nodded

"Then why this batman craze?" And I pointed to Douglas Davenant's column in the Daily Mail.

"Oh, that!" said Frere. "That's only a newspaper stunt, you know."

"But these advertisements," I objected—"these personals—they seem genuine enough."

Frere shrugged his shoulders. "Perhaps."

"Frere's wrong, Peter," Blane-Livingston interposed. "There really is a batman craze. You see, servants at present are impossible to find; they won't go back to the old, shut-in life after the freedom of their munition jobs; but as for our demobilized batmen—well, the trade unions' rules have thrown them in perfect hordes on the labor market. So we are all hiring batmen cooks and batmen parlor maids now. The scheme works beautifully, too."

"Works?" said Frere. "It can't work. Menservants must be brought up to the job from childhood."

"Nonsense, Frere," said I. "Being a servant isn't like being a Russian dancer or a pianist. I'd make a pretty good servant myself."

"You? Oh, Lord!"

"Yes, I. Why not?" I said. "Camping and all that, I've learned to cook like a *cordon bleu*. Brushing clothes and doing boots—mere child's play. And as to a servant's manner—respectful deportment and so on—why, there's nothing easier."

"Peter," said Frere, "as a servant you wouldn't last twenty-four hours"

His obstinacy annoyed me. "Look here"—and I thrust upon him the first batman advertisement that had caught my eye—"for two pins I'd take that place just to show how wrong you are."

He read Lady Monica French's advertisement aloud. Then he put down the newspaper and laughed. "You a cook general!"

"For two pins," I repeated, "I'd take the place—for a week, say—just to show you're wrong."

"You a cook general!"

"Make a bet on it," Hardcastle put in. "A pony or so. Bet and stop your jawing."

"Right-o," said Frere. "I'm agreeable."

"Oh, you are!" said I, and I began to hedge a little. After all, I wasn't sure that I relished the idea of turning myself into a cook general, even were it only for a week. I had come to London to enjoy myself, not to sweat and slave in a Chelsea flat. So, hoping to bluff Frere, I went on: "Do you think I'd go to all this trouble for a wretched fiver? If it were a hundred now ——"

"Good enough," said Frere. "A hundred it is."

"A hundred pounds," said Hardcastle, "that you can't keep this job of cook general a week."

"That's the bet," said Frere.

"That's the bet," said I—and I confess that I spoke regretfully—"that's the bet, provided of course I land the job in the first place."

"Oh, no," objected Frere. "You said you would land the job. You remember saying that, don't you?"

(Continued on Page 32)

I Sat Down Between My Tubs and Lit a Cigarette. After All, What Troubled Me Most Was Not the Hard Job, But the Change in Lady Monica

CADILLAC

One American motor car name is celebrated in the capitals of the old world as the equal of the best that Europe has produced.

There is no court and no social coterie of high consequence upon the continent where the Cadillac is not held in high respect and regard.

This adds nothing to what America knows of the Cadillac, but it is a gratifying fact in which Cadillac owners can take just pride—chiefly because of the disinterested character of the tribute.

The spirit of nationalism naturally looks for the best among its own achievements; and when the expert opinion of a group of nations unites in unstinted praise of the product of another—the award bears deep and special significance.

Every Cadillac owner knows precisely why it is that the Cadillac has been accorded this world-wide precedence.

He enjoys every day, for an almost endless number of days, the experience from which the Cadillac has derived its universal celebrity.

When we say an almost endless number of days, we mean that the Cadillac continues, throughout the course of its long life, to deliver the same inspiring qualities of soft, soothing, steady performance.

And that is why it has become the world's standard—not so much because of the thrill and the rare sense of enjoyment which the owner derives today, but because he knows he can depend upon the daily recurrence of that enjoyment to the end of the chapter.

The delight of driving and riding in the Cadillac comes first in every owner's mind—but the dependability and permanence of that delight are the real secret of its greatness.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Delco
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Twenty-one direct Branches and several hundred Authorized Distributors constitute the present points of contact with the motor world for United Motors Service. This organization is the service department of the manufacturers of Delco, Klaxon and Remy equipment.

A factory service when and where needed, with adequate distribution of *genuine* replacement parts, makes the constant performance of these particular electrical units a source of increasing satisfaction to every motorist.

Branches in Following Cities:

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Boston
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To Motorists:

Send to nearest branch for Organization List of Addresses where official service and the use of genuine parts are guaranteed.

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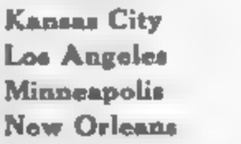
Write now for Delco-Remy Catalogue.



UNITED MOTORS SERVICE
INCORPORATED
General Offices — Detroit

(Continued from Page 30)

"No, not exactly. The job, through no fault of my own, may be already landed. What I said was ——"

"Of course," Frere interrupted, "if you want to back down ——"

"DeGroote back down!" exclaimed Blane-Livingston. "Bulldog DeGroote back down! Frere, have you forgotten how he broke into Bishop Harper's room at Eton and stole the old boy's trousers? On a bet of half a crown, by Jove!"

"If you miss this Chelsea job take one of the others," said Hardcastle. "Frere won't mind."

"No, I shan't mind," Frere assented.

"Very good. The bet stands then," said I. And I rose resolutely. After all, this was adventure, life. "By the way, though," and I sat down again, "you've got to give me a reference, Frere."

"A reference? Well, of all the cheek!"

"Cheek? It's fair enough," said Blane-Livingston.

"A reference to queer my own bet fair?"

"Absolutely. Peter, in fact, should be permitted to dictate his reference."

"Yes," I said, "I was about to demand that."

Frere reluctantly took up pen and note paper. "Well, fire away," he growled.

I bit my lip in nervous thought. There was no time to be lost. And yet this reference deserved long consideration; for everything, or nearly everything, depended on it. My own name, Peter Cornelius DeGroote, was too sonorous for a cook general, even for a batman cook general. I decided to call myself P. Cornelius.

"Ready?" I said, and I dictated:

"Major Lord Augustus Frere recommends in the most unqualified terms his former batman, P. Cornelius, as a young man of perfect honesty, sobriety and industry. He is an excellent cook, neat and clean, and a tireless worker."

As I searched my mind for phrases of still stronger eulogy Frere folded the sheet and put it in an envelope.

"But I'd only just begun," I said.

"Only just begun? Good heavens!"

"However, let it go. Just one sentence more, Frere: 'His intelligence is of the highest order and his morals of course are irreproachable.' Then I'll be toddling on."

Frere added the sentence reluctantly, and I placed the reference in my wallet.

"Ta-ta," I said. "You three are invited to supper in my kitchen this day week at nine o'clock."

And I hurried off amid a burst of friendly, jeering laughter.

II

I HAD a good reference; of equal moment was a good appearance. The rich dress I wore—the top hat, the morning coat, the heavy patent-leather boots with gray cloth tops—this dress was far too elegant for an ex-batman seeking a cook general's place. Accordingly I hailed a taxicab and drove to Frump Brothers'.

At Frump Brothers' I bought a ready-made suit, square-toed shoes, a cap and some hideous black string ties; then I returned to Caravan House and changed.

In the blue suit and enormous shoes I looked rather like a young farmer taking a day off. My hair, though, was out of character. It was too smooth and lustrous. I brushed it forward over my forehead, turned the ends back in a kind of puff or sausage above either temple, then rumpled it a little at the crown. Now I passed muster, there was no doubt of it. "A farmer on a holiday—an ex-batman seeking domestic service." Such, I was sure, were the reflections that my appearance would awaken.

It was six o'clock when I knocked at Lady Monica French's door. Amazing how unstrung I was! The door opened. A tall, gaunt young woman of forty or so confronted me.

I took off my cap, gulped once or twice and said: "Lady Monica French?"

"Well?" said the gaunt young woman, and she eyed me sharply and coldly. It was clear that she did not penetrate my disguise.

"I have called, My Lady," I said, "to answer your advertisement in the Daily Mail."

"References?" said the gaunt young woman in the same sharp, cold way.

"The best of references, My Lady."

"Come in."

Following her through the narrow hall I drew a long breath of relief. There was, then, a chance for me; I hadn't come too late. The excitement of the thing made me very warm, and as we entered a small dining room I passed my handkerchief over my wet brow.

"Handkerchief in cuff—and a silk handkerchief at that! I hope you don't ape your betters, young man."

"Oh, no, indeed, My Lady." And in my confusion I stuffed the handkerchief back into my cuff again, then hurriedly transferred it to my pocket.

"What are your references?"

"I have only brought one reference, My Lady, but I can get others, of course, if Your Ladyship desires them."

I handed her Frere's testimonial respectfully.

"Humph! Boodle's Club," she said, and I saw that the die of this venerable institution on Frere's note paper had impressed her. She read the reference through. Handing it back she considered me again with a milder air.

"You might do," she said, as if to herself. "You are young and strong. This reference is very good, Cornelius."

"Thank you, My Lady."

"I am not Her Ladyship, Cornelius." Her air was growing milder every moment. "Lady Monica is at work in the National Gallery. I am Miss Agnew, her cousin and companion."

"Thank you, miss. Very good, miss."

"Lord Augustus Frere's reference speaks highly of your morals," said Miss Agnew. "Of course, for two young women living alone the question of morals is important."

"Most important, miss."

"However, I don't think you'll do."

An immense disappointment overcame me. "If a reference from the Duke of Caravan, miss ——"

"One moment," said Miss Agnew. "I mean that I don't think you'll do at eighty pounds. Of course at eighty pounds we expected French cooking. This reference implies that you are merely a plain cook."

The sun shone again:

"Would forty pounds interest you, miss?"

"I am quite ready to give you a three days' trial at forty pounds. If you'll come this way I'll show you your room."

"Thank you, miss. Very good, miss."

I felt tremendously pleased with myself. Above all I liked my eternal "Thank you, miss; very good, miss"—a superb stroke of character acting. How readily and boldly, too, I had come down to forty pounds! That, I reflected, was the sort of thing which made for success in the great world of business.

As Miss Agnew showed me my tiny room an outer door opened and a young voice called: "Where are you?"

"Here!"

We returned to the hall again. A girl stood in the hall, a girl so stunning that as I made my small, stiff, solemn bow I seemed to reel a little.

"Our new batman, Monica."

"How do you do?" said Lady Monica carelessly, and she glanced with amused astonishment at my coiffure, then turned carelessly away.

Miss Agnew now proceeded to dismiss me.

"We shall expect you with your luggage, then, at seven to-morrow morning. Tea at half past seven. Breakfast at half past eight."

"Thank you, miss. Very good, miss." And I was gone.

Back at Frump Brothers' I tried to hit on some sort of batman-cook-general uniform. An apron? No; I could never wear an apron before Lady Monica. In the end I chose a dozen jackets of white linen.

I bought, too, a cookbook, that of Escoffier—a bulky and expensive tome in French.

All the while I felt oddly happy. "This is adventure, life," I kept telling myself. And I recalled Lady Monica's beauty with a kind of shivering awe. Her beauty made her seem out of place, lost, in our ugly world. She walked with her light, proud, careless grace among us like some glittering virginal nymph—a nymph whom an enamored and rebuffed god had banished from Arcady.

At dinner at the French Ambassador's that evening I asked Madame De Vassal if she knew her.

"A little," said the countess. "A pretty girl, but faddy. Paints and all that sort of thing, you know. I believe the family's very poor."

On my return to Caravan House I sat up till three o'clock conning my Escoffier. Escoffier proved superb. He lavished champagne, truffles and ortolan breasts upon his sauces as an ordinary cook lavishes salt and pepper. He would hardly consent to fry an egg without first garnishing it with asparagus tips and chicken livers. I had no idea cooking was so royal an art. How I would regale Lady Monica!

At seven in the morning I rang my new mistresses' bell. Agnes Agnew in a gray flannel dressing gown admitted me.

"Good morning," she said.

"Good morning, miss," said I, and, endeavoring to be as businesslike and deft as possible, I closed the door and hurried with my kit bag on tiptoe to my box of a room.

"No time to lose over that tea," I thought, as I got into a white jacket.

The English, I may explain, like a cup of strong tea before rising. This dose, taken on an empty stomach, has a wonderful kick. It enables the English to face courageously, even gayly, on snowy winter mornings the unheated bathroom and the icy bath.

Tea was on time. I arranged each cup on a small Japanese tray with a tiny napkin. Then I knocked gently at Lady Monica's door. A pretty picture it would be, I thought, to see Lady Monica in pale silken undress reclining in her bed. She would smile sleepily perhaps as she sat up to take the tray from my hands. Her hair in a heavy braid would fall across her breast. Her throat, her arms would be bare. Perhaps I would venture—not this morning, but to-morrow or the morning after—perhaps I would venture to arrange the pillows at her back skillfully.

"Yes?"

"Tea, My Lady," I said tremulously.

"Put it on the table, please."

With a shock of disappointment I perceived for the first time a small tea table just outside the door.

After I had served Agnes Agnew's tea I began to prepare breakfast. But the larder of the little Chelsea flat was empty—no bacon, no eggs—nothing but a half-filled tin of sardines.

"This won't do," I said, and I hurried out to the King's Road.

In the King's Road I bought the usual breakfast supplies, galloping back with them at top speed. I put the bacon and sausages on the fire together, and while they were cooking I set the breakfast table. A clock struck eight. Hurry, hurry! I boiled the water, ground the coffee, and with a lightning leap turned the sausages just as they were beginning to burn. Phew! Hot work. And I plunged into the closet in a mad search for the wherewithal to polish the shoes of my employers.

"I mustn't forget the toast," I panted, polishing away. "Nor the flowers. Oh, Lord!"

But courage and perseverance conquer all, and at half past eight to the dot Lady Monica and Agnes Agnew were summoned to a breakfast of which Escoffier himself might have been proud.

Lady Monica fell back in astonishment before my handiwork.

"I say, Agnes, we are going it!" she cried.

But Agnes Agnew shouted in a forbidding voice, "Good heavens! Cornelius!"

I entered the dining room in great trepidation.

"Cornelius"—she waved her gaunt hand over the board—"this won't do."

"Of course, miss," I faltered, "there are no deviled kidneys and no cold York ham, but if you will pardon the oversight I promise ——"

"Our breakfast," she interrupted, "was to have been tea, toast and two sardines apiece. That is our usual breakfast—that or something simpler. You took an unwarranted liberty and you put us to a very great expense when you went out and bought these—er—these delicacies."

Delicacies! Were they so poor that they considered eggs and bacon delicacies?

"I'm sorry, miss," I said.

"Enjoy it, anyway, now it's here," said Lady Monica.

Agnes Agnew's frown relaxed a little as she filled her mouth with sausage.

"This must not occur again," she said. "Go and draw up an account of what you've spent."

But I had no idea of what I had spent. Rushing from shop to shop I had paid no heed to prices.

"I spent just half a crown, miss," I ventured.

"Half a crown? Nonsense! You must have spent at least five shillings." And Agnes Agnew shook her head at me amiably.

(Continued on Page 34)

SUN OILS

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"No, miss," said I. "Begging your pardon, I only brought half a crown from my lodgings."

"You must be a very good bargainer."

"Well, miss, bargainin' over there in France sharpens the wits, of course."

Her air was amiability itself.

"We shan't be home to luncheon. Here are five shillings to buy dinner with."

"Thank you, miss. If you would tell me what you like ——"

"Oh," said Agnes Agnew, "we'll leave that to you; and if our five-shilling dinner is as nice as our half-crown breakfast ——"

All amiability, she passed out into the hall. Lady Monica with careless grace sauntered after her. I retired to my kitchen, on fire with culinary zeal.

First, though, I must clean up. Heavens, what a bore! And I scraped the breakfast dishes, heaped them in the dish pan and poured on the hot water. At this hour, I reflected, I should have been riding in the Row with Maud and my nephew, the little Marquis of Naseby.

I hurried through my dishwashing, I hurried through my housecleaning, but over Lady Monica's room I lingered long. Strange! To clean Lady Monica's room gave me a vague, delicate pleasure. And I swept and dusted and polished. Lady Monica's room in the end was a dream of order. Agnes Agnew's room looked nothing like so well.

I lunched in Soho; then I bought a sole, a leg of young Nice lamb, some green peas, a chicken, fruit and a bottle of Bordeaux. For their five shillings Lady Monica and Agnes Agnew would be regaled with a two-guinea dinner. This was good policy on my part; it would help me win my bet; but at the same time I wondered guiltily if it was altogether just to Frere.

"Oh, hang Frere! Hang my bet!" I said to myself as I drove home in a taxicab. "Lady Monica's pleasure is the only thing that counts with me."

I worked hard that afternoon. Besides roasting the lamb, grilling the chicken and making a pudding, I also prepared a rich tomato soup. As usual I served everything as perfectly as possible—a spotless cloth, spotless napkins, a bowl of roses.

"It's like the Savoy or Café Royal," said Lady Monica as I pushed toward her the epergne of immense pears, grapes and peaches.

"The fruit," I explained guiltily, "was a gift to me from Lord Augustus Frere."

"A magnificent gift," said Agnes Agnew. "Lord Augustus must be under some obligation to you, Cornelius."

"Yes, miss," I assented, rather confused.

"What obligation?"

"Well, you see, miss, I—er—you see, he thinks I saved his life in Flanders."

"But didn't you?"

"He thinks I did."

I could have bitten out my tongue. I, Peter Cornelius DeGroote, posing as a fake hero before Lady Monica! And now, for the first time, Lady Monica's eyes rested on me with some interest.

"Tell us about it," she said, lighting a cigarette.

"I—Your Ladyship—I—can't."

"Nonsense, Cornelius," said Agnes Agnew in her authoritative way. "We'll have no false modesty here."

"Something burning," I muttered, and I turned and fled to my kitchen.

They did not call me back. Over their cigarettes and coffee I could hear them discussing me in meditative, languid, after-dinner tones. They agreed that I was over-modest, like all heroes, and they said they would not question me about my feat again.

"He's rather a dear," said Lady Monica. "I don't see how he managed a dinner like this for five shillings."

"It's his cooking," said Agnes Agnew. "Simple, inexpensive things superbly cooked."

"All the same, a grilled chicken ——"

"It was very small."

"Such good wine ——"

"Remind me, dear," said Agnes Agnew, "to ask him for the addresses of those Soho shops. Their bargains are really most extraordinary."

So ended my first day's batmanship.

III

THE afternoon of the second day, my housework done and my dinner prepared for the fire, I sauntered dreamily into Lady Monica's room. I had already acquired, I fear, the objectionable habit of sauntering in and out of Lady Monica's room continually.

I bent over her little writing desk. Her diary protruded from a pigeonhole. It couldn't be a very private diary, or she would not leave it lying about like this. Still I had, of course, no right to read it. So reasoning, I drew it forth and read:

"Hard day at National Gallery copying my Reynolds. Very poor luck. Home very tired. Delicious dinner. Our new batman is a treasure, but he does look such a guy with his funny coiffure and funny clothes. It seems a pity ——"

Here, mortified and ashamed, I put the diary back in its pigeonhole. Then I studied myself in a mirror.

"Yes," I said, "you're a guy, and no mistake. A scoundrel, too," I added. "Yesterday posing as a fake hero, to-day reading a young girl's diary."

And knowing that Caravan and Maud were at Ranelagh, I taxied swiftly to Caravan House and filled a bag with some worn but still handsome lounge suits, boots, ties and so on. The fact was that I would not—I could not—appear again before Lady Monica looking anything but my best.

When, to serve my second day's dinner, I entered the dining room dressed quietly but elegantly, Agnes Agnew took me to task forthwith.

"Cornelius, where is your white jacket?"

"Soiled, miss."

"You've changed your coiffure, haven't you?"

"Er—a little, miss."

"I knew you aped your betters. Return to the old coiffure at once, if you please. I can't stand you with your hair brushed so smoothly—it makes you look too much like those young clubmen one sees entertaining pretty actresses in our smartest restaurants."

"Very good, miss."

But there was an obstinate note in my voice which told Agnes Agnew that I would not obey her. Of a sudden she pushed out her long feet angrily from beneath the cloth.

"I'm not satisfied with the way you do the shoes."

"Yes, miss? I'm sorry."

"Look at your shoes, Monica. Aren't they dreadful?"

Lady Monica glanced down. "N-no," she said. "On the contrary I think they're rather nice."

"Humph!"

And Agnes Agnew compared her own shoes with her ward's. Lady Monica's shoes were polished till they would have served for mirrors; Agnes Agnew's were dull and discolored, with here and there a bit of dried mud sticking to the soles.

"Why this distinction?" she said in a suspicious voice.

If I had answered truly I would have snarled: "To polish Lady Monica's trim shoes in their brass-mounted trees is a delight, but to polish yours, you old fool, seems a degrading, a disgusting task." What I did answer was: "Pure forgetfulness, miss. I had just begun ——"

"Forgetfulness is no excuse," she interrupted. "This must not occur again."

"It won't, miss," I assured her.

So ended, rather disastrously, my second day.

While cleaning Lady Monica's room the next morning I could not resist another peep at her diary. This is what I read:

"Bad luck with my Reynolds, so must do the small head in the corner over again. Home very much discouraged. I was mistaken about our batman. Now he has prinked up he is really frightfully good-looking."

As I put back the diary I could almost have wept happy tears. Lady Monica, whose proud eyes never seemed to see me, thought in her heart that I was good-looking.

"How happy I am!" I said. "Lady Monica is so beautiful that to serve her is like serving a goddess. Yes, just to serve her is enough. And she thinks me good-looking!"

With reverence I resumed my work. I arranged on her dressing table the ivory and gold implements of her toilet—the brushes that passed through her soft, bright hair, the powder puff that kissed her delicate flesh, the flagons of perfume that scented her so elusively. I hung in the wardrobe the silk kimono which had enfolded her young, strong, supple body. I smoothed the pillow on which her head had rested.

And she had written about me in her diary twice! "Good-looking"—"awfully good-looking"—"very good-looking," I murmured afterward as I scrubbed my kitchen floor on hands and knees.

I could not remember the exact phrase she had used, so I stole back to her bedroom and drew forth the diary again. "Really frightfully good-looking," I read with grateful eyes. And then and there I made a stupendous resolve. I resolved that in the disguise of a humble batman I would win Lady Monica's heart.

In order to ponder this resolve a while over a quiet smoke, I tiptoed down the hall from Lady Monica's room toward my own. And now a strange thing happened. My room door opened a foot or so very slowly, and Lady Monica put her head out and looked round in a cautious manner. Her cautiously roving eye met mine; she gave a great start; then she flung the door wide and came forth.

"Cornelius," she said angrily, "where have you been? We rang and rang."

Hitherto she had avoided calling me "Cornelius," a piece of delicacy which I appreciated, for of all the badges of servitude in the world none is worse than that of being continually called by your last name.

"Yes, My Lady; what can I do for Your Ladyship?" I said in a bewildered, troubled voice.

She hesitated a moment, her brows knit, then she said: "I have some stockings that need darning. Of course you learned to darn in the Army?"

"Yes, My Lady, of course."

Darning! Bewildered, troubled, I returned to my kitchen. There Lady Monica brought a workbasket containing needles, thread and six or seven pairs of stockings.

"I must have these," she said, "by to-morrow."

"Yes, My Lady," said I, putting the workbasket in a cupboard.

"I'd rather you got at them at once."

I gave her a stern look, a look that would have quelled Agnes Agnew, but she repeated calmly, "You understand—at once."

"Very good, My Lady."

And I placed the workbasket on my kitchen table and sat down before it. I threaded a darning needle. I took up a stocking of shimmering brown silk. Then I glanced at her. She stood in the doorway, flushed, smiling scornfully. How had I offended her? Why had she changed so?

I found in the knee of the brown stocking one of those long, narrow imperfections which are called, I believe, ladders or runners. Beginning at the bottom I drew the two edges of the thing together; then, with a kind of crosshatch or loop stitch, I slowly and carefully worked my way up to the top. When the job was completed I studied it with a certain approbation. A good job, I decided, save for a number of puckers, and I laid the stocking on the table and began to smooth and pull the puckers out.

I heard a smothered sound behind me, a sound which at first I believed was laughter; but no—it was a sound of disgust, contempt, and Lady Monica advanced and took the stocking from my hand.

"It won't show," I said feebly. "It's above the knee, My Lady."

"It's as likely to show as not," said Lady Monica, "with these short skirts."

She dropped the stocking back into the basket.

"Disgraceful!" she cried. "And you call yourself a cook general! Aren't you ashamed?"

"I'm a little out of practice with my needle," I confessed.

"Well," said Lady Monica, "you must get back into form again if you want to stay here. Darning is one of our principal requirements."

"Very good, My Lady."

I threaded a needle and humbly took up a white silk stocking.

IV

MY THIRD day began badly. A sultry day. A storm hung in the air and would not break.

In my little kitchen I could hardly breathe. Lady Monica had given me a lot of blankets and curtains to wash. Two great washtubs filled the room with steam.

As I washed away I recalled uneasily a remark Agnes Agnew had made at breakfast.

"There's someone in the building," she had said, "who keeps a most extravagant and incompetent servant. The creature throws out huge cakes, some burnt to a cinder and others quite raw. She throws

(Continued on Page 37)

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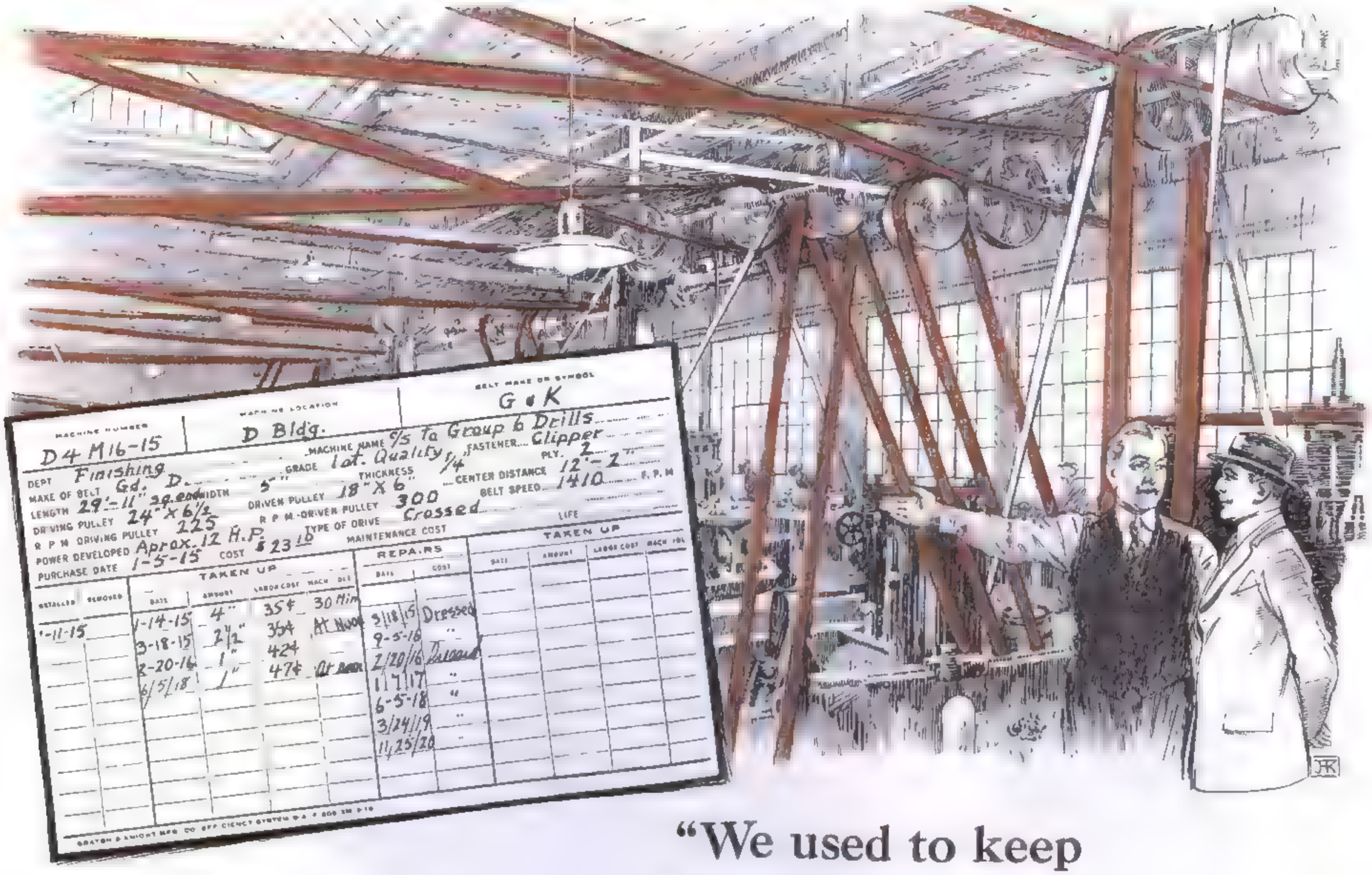

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out fowls, joints, legs of mutton, all of them ruined in the cooking. Who can it be, Cornelius, do you know?"

"No, miss," I had answered in a lifeless voice, and Lady Monica had looked at me strangely.

Like other cooks I had, of course, my failures. These I have not mentioned hitherto. I am no fonder of my failures than the next man. They had been exaggerated by Agnes Agnew—no doubt whatever as to that—but all the same I saw that I must dispose of them less ostentatiously hereafter. The best course, I decided, would be to carry them out in my kit bag and drop them in the Thames at dead of night.

I told myself despondently that if it were not for the spell of Lady Monica's beauty I would resign my batmanship, acknowledge defeat, and pay Frere his hundred pounds. I had taken on this batman job in ignorance of its duties. My friends called me Bulldog DeGroote with justice; but, after all, there was a limit even to a bulldog's powers. Scrubbing, sweeping, cooking, sewing from daylight till nine or ten at night—yes, there was a limit beyond which even Bulldog DeGroote couldn't go.

"The job," I muttered, "gets harder every minute."

And I sat down between my tubs and lit a cigarette. After all, what troubled me most was not the hard job, but the change in Lady Monica. This change had begun yesterday just after I had seen her coming from my room. A sudden suspicion struck me. Had she discovered in my room a letter, a visiting card, something which revealed my identity, and was she now ragging me in consequence?

I went to my room and searched it. Then I breathed with greater ease. There was absolutely nothing there to give me away.

"It's just that she has taken a dislike to me," I thought. "Well, why shouldn't she dislike me? What am I?"

Yet I was not all bad. If I could only prove to her that I was not all bad! And I returned despondently to my tubs again. So the morning passed.

In the afternoon my great chance came. Agnes Agnew rang for tea at five, and as I carried in the tea tray Lady Monica, standing by the window, gave a little cry of distress.

"Oh, I say, look here!"

We hurried to her side. She pointed to a young cat on a building across the way. The cat had been climbing and had got into difficulties; it stood on a kind of ledge or cornice, and it was plainly afraid to go back or to go forward, for either course demanded a very hard and dangerous leap.

"It was following that older cat," said Lady Monica, "the one watching it from below. I think the older one must be the mother. Oh, poor thing!"

The young cat, to reach its present position, had half leaped and half scrambled from the roof, a distance of ten feet, and now it must spring down and out ten feet more across a giddy chasm to another roof, or else it must go back. And it was afraid of either course. It would draw itself together for the downward leap, it would seem about to bound into the air, and then fright would overcome it, and it would turn and contemplate the upward one. So it hesitated. Its mother watched it intently, mewing encouragement to it now and then.

"It's going to fall," said Lady Monica.

She spoke with reason. The cat was young, and terror benumbed it every moment more and more.

"I wish I could do something!" she cried. Then she turned to me with a somber frown. "Can't you do anything?"

"Of course I can!" I said.

Here was my chance. Bareheaded, I dashed forth. I suspect that the janitor of the building across the way took me for a lunatic, but anyhow he led me up to the trapdoor, and I mounted the ladder and got out on the roof. The pitch of the slates was steep, but I slid down to the edge with no great difficulty. I had always liked climbing, and the aeroplane had made me pretty careless as to heights.

Yet I saw that to reach the cat on its ledge would be dangerous enough. Leaning over the roof, I mapped out the course that I would take. Over I would go, hanging by my hands. There was a stout iron spike above the ledge at the right, and as I hung I would be able to reach this spike with my left foot. Well and good. But what to clutch when I abandoned my roof hold? I discovered two small projections, one a stone bracket, one an iron ring. Well and good again; and as I sat down on the edge of the roof with my legs hanging in space I looked across at Lady Monica. Her eyes were wide with concern, she beckoned urgently, but I laughed and shook my head. Then I let myself down.

Hanging by my hands, I felt cautiously for the spike. I found it in a little while and planted my left foot on it firmly. Now came the task of transferring the grip of my hands. The new grip for my right hand, the iron ring, was the higher one. Accordingly I transferred my right hand first. This left me, to my astonishment and horror, in an almost impossibly awkward position. It left me spread out on the wall—nailed, as it were, to the wall—like a drying starfish. I did not see how, without losing my balance, I could shift my left hand from the roof high above my head to the bracket down below my waist.

And I hesitated. Yes, five floors above the street, stretched there like a starfish, I hesitated a long while. I glanced at the cat. It looked up at me and mewed. It seemed to know that I had come to save it.

"Here goes, then," I muttered, and, taking a deep breath, I transferred my left hand very quickly from roof to bracket, lurched, recovered my equilibrium by a miracle—and all was well.

I had no further difficulty. With a careful spring I gained the ledge; I tucked the little cat under my arm; I leaped down and out across the dizzy chasm to the roof where the mother cat waited. Then, my job accomplished, I brushed the dirt from my clothes and hurried back to Lady Monica.

She opened the door for me herself.

"You are too reckless," she said, "but it was fine to risk your life for a cat." She took the little animal

I Seemed to Kneel There a Long, Long Time. The Silence Was Profound

Paint Your Car *with* Murphy Da-cote

It's About As Hard As Going In Swimming

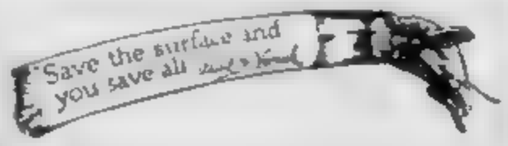
The hardest thing about giving your car a new finish with Murphy Da-cote lies in making up your mind to do it. It's something like deciding to get wet when you go swimming.

All the rest is easy. Give the car a thorough cleaning. When it's dry flow on a coat of Murphy Da-cote with a soft varnish brush. Start anywhere—front or back—and just keep going until finished.

When you've laid on the last lick, lock the garage doors and forget you're a painter. Next day show the family a new car!

The wonderful thing about Murphy Da-cote is the way it *flows* after application. Doesn't leave a brushmark or the slightest trace of a lap. And it dries out smooth and hard as glass. Anyone can get results with Da-cote; not a professional painter's perfection but a real honest-to-goodness, worthwhile new dress for his car.

Write to us for a color card or go to your dealer's and study the Da-cote color chart. It gives almost any color combination you could want. Select your colors and next Saturday afternoon give the old bus a new dress that will make the family proud of it.



Murphy Varnish Company

NEWARK CHICAGO

The Dougall Varnish Company, Limited, Montreal Canadian Associate

GRANITE
DOUBLE END
MEN'S
COAT LININGS

The Lining Is the Sauce of Style

Well-clad men very often allow the lining to determine their choice as between two or more coats. A poor lining neutralizes the effect of an otherwise handsome garment. A standard lining of superior looks and wear-promise is accepted as the seasoning of tasteful dressing.

A lining should measure up to the calibre of the coat—as Granite Double End is conceded to do. It should last intact throughout the life of the coat—as Granite Double End is guaranteed to do. The Double End special construction, through a smooth, attractive, level surface, defeats friction and adds much to textural beauty.

America's eminent clothing manufacturers line their coats with Granite Double End, in an extended variety of colors, both solid and two-tone. Among the effects are many original patterns, fancy stripes and the exclusive new Lesher over-check.

Leading clothiers show in the garment—as a warranty of wear—

THE GUARANTEE

This garment is lined with Granite Double End (Reg U S Pat Off) made by Lesher, Whitman & Co., Inc, and we hereby guarantee that if the lining is not perfectly whole during the life of the garment, we will furnish material for a new lining without charge.

LESHER MOHAIRS

LESHER, WHITMAN & CO., INC.
881 Broadway, New York

from my hands. "I shall call it after you. What is your name—I mean your Christian name?"

"Peter, My Lady."

She pressed the cat's head against her cheek. "Poor Peter!" And she smiled up at me sidewise.

I drew closer, I forgot my batman rôle, and something in my gaze caused Lady Monica to blush faintly.

But here Agnes Agnew intervened, glaring at us both with puzzled, almost suspicious eyes.

"What nonsense!" she grumbled. "I was never more upset in my life. Cornelius, go and get a fresh pot of hot water, if you please."

v

THE following afternoon I stole into Lady Monica's room in a sneaking, guilty manner.

I did not intend to pry again into her diary. No, I would not be so dishonorable as to try and find out whether she had written anything about my rescue of the little cat. Nevertheless I approached her desk guiltily.

But the diary had disappeared. Its pigeonhole was empty. A drawer which had hitherto stood half open was now closed and locked.

I heaved a sigh. Well, anyhow, I had been saved from the commission of a dishonorable act. And I absently took up the silver box wherein Lady Monica's cheap cigarettes were kept. Only a handful of those dreadful gaspers remained. A rush of tender, almost maternal emotion swept over me.

It seemed intolerably wrong that Lady Monica should smoke such wretched cigarettes while I, a worm, smoked such superb ones. Carrying off the silver box, I filled it with my own huge Egyptians.

Then, as my odious habit was, I continued to loiter in Lady Monica's room. Her miniature, done by Agnes Agnew, lay on her dressing table. A charming miniature. How divinely the bright hair flowed back from the pure temples! How beautiful the eyes and mouth!

"You dear!" I said. And I put the miniature to my lips and kissed it. Then I looked up.

Lady Monica stood in the doorway, still holding in her hand the heavy curtain which she had drawn aside.

Our eyes met. Lady Monica did not look precisely angry, but certainly she did not look precisely pleased, either. She looked confused, troubled; and in silence, rather awkwardly, she turned away.

vi

"I'VE lost my bet," I said. "I'm done for. Well, anyhow, she knows now that I love her."

I was glad she knew I loved her. Life seemed strangely rich and exhilarating. And I wondered what Lady Monica was doing. I wondered what she thought of me. A batman, a cook general, daring to kiss her portrait!

A bell rang. I glanced at the indicator, then I hurried to the drawing-room and knocked.

"Here," I thought, "is where I get my walking papers."

Lady Monica reclined in a chaise longue, the cat Peter at her side. She wore an afternoon gown of some gray, filmy, lustrous stuff. Her throat and arms were bare. Her high-heeled slippers and shimmering hose matched her gray gown in color marvelously.

"Yes, My Lady?" I said, with a respectful inclination, lowering my eyes.

"Don't call me 'My Lady,'" said Lady Monica in an odd voice.

Astonished, I looked at her. She seemed to be studying me with amusement, with interest, but when she met my gaze she looked away.

"You see," she explained, "I'm a very democratic sort of person."

"Are you, Lady Monica?"

"Yes, I am. I value people according to their merit. At the same time—well, at the same time, this is the limit."

Turning on the chaise longue, she reached out and took her silver box from a little table. Her skirt, disarranged by her movement, revealed a slim gray loveliness of silken ankles.

"You've changed," she said, "my cheap cigarettes for these fine ones. I think it's the limit."

"Why, Lady Monica?"

"How funny he is!" she said, taking the cat in her arms. "Isn't he funny, Peter?" and she turned to me again. "The idea of you, a cook general, giving me cigarettes!"

"'Howe'er it be, it seems to me, 'tis only noble to be good,'" I answered. "'Kind hearts are more than cor——'"

"Well, I shan't smoke them," interrupted Lady Monica with another laugh, and she took one of my cigarettes from the silver box and put it between her fresh lips. I hastened forward with a lighted match. "Thank you," she said, looking up at me through the blue wreaths and tendrils of smoke. "Why did you do it?" she asked in a low and gentle voice.

"I hated to think of you smoking those others," I said. "Mine are so much better."

"Yes, they are better," she agreed, and she pushed me gently away with her hand, for I still stood very close to her. "But they're very expensive, aren't they?"

"Oh, very," said I. "They were given me by a friend," I added. "He gave me a lot—several thousand, in fact—enough to keep me going a long time."

"Did you save your friend's life, too?"

"Er—no."

"Well, anyhow, you're frightfully brave." She extended the silver box to me. "Have one, do!"

Was it a lovely dream? As I put out my hand the doorbell rang.

"Oh, Lord!" said Lady Monica, closing the box before I had got my cigarette, and she rose hurriedly. "It's my guests—a half dozen girls for tea. I came home early to tell you."

How disappointed I was as I strode down the hall! What a delicious smoke and talk with Lady Monica I had lost!

I admitted three very pretty girls. Then in my kitchen I began to prepare foie gras and cucumber sandwiches, toast, jam, bread and butter. As I worked there was a sudden sound of male voices, and Agnes Agnew ran in on me excitedly.

"Lots of tea," she panted. "The Duke of Caravan is in the drawing-room with your old master, Lord Augustus Frere."

She vanished, and I sank into my hard chair overwhelmed. Those fools! They had come here to spy and to make sport. Why couldn't they see how dangerous that game was?

In fear and trembling I at last entered the drawing-room with my tray. Caravan and Frere occupied a settee with Lady Monica.

They talked briskly, they pretended not to see me, and as I arranged the sandwiches, cakes and what not on the table my hand shook so violently that I dropped a plate.

At the crash of the breaking porcelain Frere gave a great start.

"Bad, very bad, that," he muttered, as if to himself.

"By the way, Lord Augustus," said Agnes Agnew, "I hope you recognize an old friend?"

"An old friend?" Frere put his glass in his eye and stared round the room in affected perplexity. "Oh, I see!" He looked at me in the most supercilious fashion. "How are you, Cornelius? What the deuce are you doing here?"

"How do you do, My Lord?" I said with a meek bow. "I work here."

"He's our batman!" cried Agnes Agnew gayly.

"Oh, he's your batman, is he? Well"—and Frere chuckled—"well, I hope you keep your beer and cigarettes locked up."

Caravan gave a loud guffaw. The pretty girls all looked at me curiously.

"Beer and cigarettes—the lad's one weakness," Frere repeated.

"Now, Lord Augustus," protested Agnes Agnew, "is that the way to speak of one who saved your life in Flanders?"

Louder than ever sounded Caravan's guffaws, and Frere said quite irritably: "Saved my life, did he? I don't remember that, you know."

All looked at me again, but I was only conscious of Lady Monica's astonished gaze.

Furious, I said: "Lord Augustus was drunk at the time I saved his life, My Lady. That is why he doesn't remember."

And I stalked from the room. Hang those two fools! I had known from the start that they would give me trouble.

Returning to gather up the fragments of my broken plate I saw Lady Monica offer her silver box to Frere. He said as he took one of those huge and outrageously expensive cigarettes: "You smoke my brand, I see."

"Oh, is this your brand?" said Lady Monica, and she looked at me, shrugged her shoulders and laughed coldly. In a kind of panic I hurried from the room.

What did she think of me now? I knew what she thought.

She thought that I had replenished her silver box with cigarettes stolen from my old master. She thought that I was just an ordinary mean thieving valet. She had thought me a brave soldier before, a hero, but now—now I was just a mean thieving valet in her eyes. And a liar to boot! A fake life-saver. Lord!

Despondently I set about the preparation of dinner. It was an exquisite and difficult dinner that I was preparing. Too bad I couldn't have a tranquil mind for it! And I got my two superb mullets ready for the fire, leaving all the entrails inside them as Escoffier advised.

I had been shown up as a liar and a thief. Would I, then, be sent off? Well, if I were it would be Frere's fault, and of course I would refuse to pay my bet to him. But, hang it, I cared nothing for my bet. I cared only for Lady Monica. Intolerable to think that our new, strange, delicious intimacy must end!

I heard the guests departing. Frere and Caravan departed last. Then my kitchen door opened and Lady Monica and Agnes Agnew entered.

I looked up from my ice-cream freezer haggardly.

"Cornelius, we are proud of you," said Agnes Agnew.

"Thank you, miss."

"Lord Augustus didn't mind your getting angry in the least. He said you always were hot-tempered when he ragged you."

"Thank you, miss."

The two ladies prepared to go.

"It was wonderful," repeated Agnes Agnew.

"It was wonderful," said Lady Monica softly.

I, for my part, as I furiously turned my crank, reflected with relief and gratitude that old Frere had been more than decent to back me up like that.

vii

I WAS outside on the window sill cleaning my kitchen window the next morning when Lady Monica entered. She beckoned mysteriously. I climbed in to her with alacrity and joy.

"Can you meet me at eleven o'clock," she said in a low voice, "at the corner of Old Bond Street and Piccadilly?"

"Delighted—enchanted," I stammered, lowering my own voice to a whisper.

She gave me a long, grave look. Then she departed as mysteriously as she had come.

My head was in a whirl. Could it be that Lady Monica loved me, after all? Love alone, a love which she had resolved to crush, explained, it seemed to me, her strange conduct, her cruelty. Could it be that she had surrendered to love now?

I went dizzily to my room to make my toilet for our meeting. If I had brought a top hat and tail coat with me to the flat I would have worn them. Piccadilly and Bond Street at eleven of a fine June morning would be very elegant. Luckily I had a blue lounge suit that was cut particularly well. I shaved for the second time that day, then I put a magnificent polish on a pair of very smart boots.

"I suppose," I said, "we'll walk in the park. Perhaps we'll lunch together. Lord, it seems incredible."

Lady Monica was on time. She gave me an approving smile as we met upon the crowded, glittering corner.

"How nice you look," she began. "Almost too nice for a cook general."

I started. I was hurt, puzzled. With a gay laugh she pointed toward a shop devoted to articles in wicker.

"We'll go there first," she said, still laughing.

She bought in the shop a very large wicker basket without handles—the sort of basket that market porters carry on their shoulders. I should say that its capacity was a bushel or more.

"Where shall I send it, miss?" the salesman asked.

"You needn't bother to send it," said Lady Monica. "You don't mind carrying it, do you?" she added, turning to me.

I frowned at her. What trick was she up to now? But she met my frown calmly, and, hardly knowing what I did, only conscious of my immense disappointment, my helpless rage, I wrapped my arm round the ungainly basket and followed her forth.

(Continued on Page 40)

A Car as Fine As Its Wonderful Motor

Everywhere you hear the Chalmers motor spoken of with real enthusiasm by its owners. The other Chalmers fine points seem to be taken for granted.

The fact is that Chalmers excellence is far from beginning and ending with its motor.

For here is a car that is finely built to the least detail. Here engineering science and experience have applied themselves in masterly fashion.

It is due the Chalmers motor that it should be praised. For it is truly a wonderful motor.

A Wonderful Motor In Many Ways

It is wonderful in the efficiency it gets from today's poor gasoline. In the added miles it returns. In the way it performs and stands up. There is no other term to use.

When you inform yourself on the Chalmers, you will discover supplementary features that sweeten and deepen an owner's satisfaction.

Probably the first of these is that Chalmers maintenance and replacement costs are surprisingly low.

What Pre-Heated Fuel Means to Performance

You will learn that the car is particularly dependable in every way. That the quality of no unit exceeds or excels the quality of another.

The reason for that has already been stated. Chalmers engineers have given thought to the car as a whole.

They began with the motor, of course. They set out to build a motor that would make itself conspicuous by the high degree of its goodness.

They had in mind the low grade of motor fuel. They overcame many obstacles by inventing a device to heat the vaporized mixture—not merely the air—before it enters the cylinders.

The results are all they hoped for. The pre-heated fuel is completely consumed in the cylinders. It yields more miles and greater power. Less fuel is required.

Such a Motor Implies Other Betterments

A car with such a motor must have other superiorities as well.

It should ride with consummate comfort, as the Chalmers does ride.

It should drive with the very minimum of effort and fatigue, as the Chalmers does drive.

In it should be incorporated every element of beauty and good style, as these are incorporated in the Chalmers.

Nothing less fitting should go with a motor so quick on the throttle, so satin-smooth in its pick-up, so easy to start, so soon "warmed up" and so powerful.

How well Chalmers engineers succeeded is known to a much larger circle than the family of Chalmers owners.

Earns Its Place Among Fine Cars

The car has earned for itself a name that is enviable among the really fine cars of America.

You need go no farther than any group of car owners to find that out.

But if you have never particularly looked into Chalmers records and Chalmers standing, we invite you to do so without delay.

If you do you will discover why the Chalmers is held in such high esteem as a splendid motor car investment.

Chalmers Motor Car Company
Detroit, Michigan

CHALMERS

A New Way
to make Pancakes

We have discovered that adding ground Puffed Rice to pancake flour makes an ideal mixture. So we now are making Puffed Rice Pancake Flour. Ask your grocer for it.

The Puffed Rice flour, being steam-exploded, makes the pancakes fluffy. The nut-like taste suggests a nut-flour pancake. You never tasted pancakes so delicious. And, as the flour is self-raising, they are made in a moment.

Always Bubble Grains
appear in the ideal breakfast picture

When children think of an ideal breakfast, there is always some Puffed Grain in it.

These are bubble grains, flimsy, flavory and toasted, puffed to eight times normal size. There are three of them—Wheat, Rice and Corn—each with its own delights.

What other cereal dainty has one-half their fascinations?

Then every food cell is exploded. Digestion is made easy and complete. So these grains which children love best are the best foods you can serve.

All three are made by Prof. Anderson's process. You miss much if you do not serve them all.

Puffed Wheat
For bowls of milk.

Puffed Rice
With cream and sugar or to mix with fruit.

Puffed Corn
The supreme cereal dainty made from toasted corn hearts.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

(Continued from Page 38)

The shop attendants, as I passed them by, averted their heads with repressed smiles.

Lady Monica, preceding me by some half dozen paces, led the way into Bond Street. Then she halted. She scrutinized me with a slight smile.

"Wouldn't it carry better on your shoulder?" she said.

"No, I think not," said I, shifting the basket a little. It was an unhandy thing. I found I got on best with it if I wrapped my arm round the top and rested the bottom on my hip.

"I am going to Spicer's now," she said, "to shop for to-night's dinner. We are entertaining a very particular guest to-night, Mr. Sinnickson, my fiancé."

"Very good, My Lady," I answered, shifting the basket to my other hip.

Under her searching gaze it seemed to me that I maintained my composure well, but a cold sweat bedewed my brow, and my voice sounded in my ears like the voice of a stranger two or three blocks away.

We entered Spicer's small, crowded and expensive shop. She bought all manner of things there—a sole, a pair of fowls, two bottles of champagne, fruit, vegetables. When her buying was finished the basket resembled a great cornucopia. The long necks of the fowls hung down over the side, and a pineapple and the gilded champagne bottles protruded from the top with a gay and prodigal effect.

Her bill paid, she turned to me again. "You'll have to put it on your shoulder this time."

"Am I to carry it?" I asked.

She raised her beautiful brows in astonishment. "Why, of course you are! Follow me to the Tube, please."

I pondered a moment. Should I resign my job or not? No. This was the sixth day. One last, one superhuman effort, and my wager would be won. So I raised the basket to my shoulder and followed Lady Monica out into Bond Street.

How the elegant throng stared! I kept my head lowered, trying to see nothing, but it was impossible to miss those curious, laughing eyes. The long necks of the two fowls, swinging like penduluma, struck soft, light blows against my cheek.

A lovely flapper said as she passed: "What a feast he's going to have! I wish he'd invite me!"

Lady Monica walked before me with her careless grace, and I could not help admiring the supple swing of her young body, the daring elegance of her ankles. How I hated her, though!

Yet it was not the hatred I would have felt for a man. No, there was something exquisite and bittersweet in it.

I saw a splendid limousine approaching. My sister Maud looked forth. Her air was horrified, incredulous. I sprang into an empty taxicab.

As the taxicab glided off Lady Monica perceived me. She beckoned imperiously, she stamped her pretty foot, but I ignored her.

VIII

I HAD gone forth to meet Lady Monica like a happy boy. I came back with my basket of provisions, a hard, bitter, disillusioned old man. And like a hard, bitter, disillusioned old man I began to prepare Mr. Sinnickson's dinner, hoping it would choke him.

The cat Peter lounged in for his customary saucer of milk. I hurled a potato at the accursed animal, and he fled with a low, repressed yowl. But Lady Monica blocked the entrance. She took the cat in her arms indignantly. Then she advanced and fronted me across the kitchen table, but I would not lift my gaze from the farce that I was chopping up.

"Cornelius!"

"Yes, Lady Monica?"

"Why did you leave me in that rude manner?"

"Illness—a sudden attack."

She turned impatiently away, but at the door she stopped. She stood there a little while regarding me. Then she said: "I am not engaged. I mean, I am not exactly engaged."

My protective mantle of old age slipped down, but I drew it hurriedly about my breast again.

"What is that to me?" I muttered.

"Of course," said Lady Monica rather confusedly, "I know it's nothing to you, of course."

"Some new trap—that's what it is!" I cried. "Lord, haven't you humiliated and tormented me enough?"

She looked at me with wide, astonished eyes.

"I didn't think you were so sensitive," she said. "If I've really humiliated and tormented you I'm very sorry."

The mantle of hopeless old age fell unheeded from me, and I strode toward her with my chopper in my hand.

"What did you mean by 'not exactly engaged'?" I asked.

"Mr. Sinnickson is very rich," she answered, "a war profiteer, in fact; and he's promised to help my brother if I marry him. All the family want me to marry him, but I—I ——"

I prompted her eagerly. "You aren't going to, eh?"

"I thought I was going to, but now"—she made an impatient gesture—"I don't know whether I'm going to now or not."

She vanished. I did not see her the rest of the day save in Agnes Agnew's presence. I worked hard over Mr. Sinnickson's dinner, and at eight sharp he rang the bell.

Mr. Sinnickson filled me with dismay. He was much older than I had expected. I should say he was forty at the very least. A fat, bald, ugly bird. Of course his eyes looked clever—you've got to be clever to become a profiteer—but it was a tricky, not an amiable cleverness.

"Are you the batman?" he said, looking me up and down with disapproval.

"Yes," said I.

"Yes what?" said Mr. Sinnickson.

"Yes, nothing," I answered, and as he entered the drawing-room he muttered a curse on Bolshevism.

I need scarcely remark that I served a perfect dinner. Mr. Sinnickson complimented each *plat* warmly. Enlivened by the wine, he said as I set before him the complicated ice cream called *cassata siciliana*: "You don't know your place, Cornelius, but you know your business."

Thus ended the sixth day.

The next morning I was summoned, as usual, to the dining room. I expected to receive my wonted shopping pittance, but Agnes Agnew said with a kind of grim satisfaction in her voice: "Cornelius, I'm sorry to tell you that you'll have to go."

I felt a choking sensation in the throat. "Yes, miss?" I said, coughing. "May I ask ——"

"I've a letter here," she interrupted, "from my uncle, Canon Webb-Foote. He fears Aunt Webb-Foote is dying. I must hurry to them at once."

"But, miss ——"

"Of course, then, you'll have to go. Impossible for Her Ladyship and you to live here alone together. Her Ladyship will get in a woman servant."

"I trust I may come back, miss, when you return from Canon Webb-Foote's?"

"Ah, if I return! But in the event of dear Aunt Webb-Foote's death, you see, I shall stay on permanently to conduct Uncle Webb-Foote's household."

I glanced at Lady Monica. She sat, her eyes lowered, crumbling a piece of toast.

"Very good, miss. I'm sorry," I faltered.

"So are we, of course," said Agnes Agnew cheerily.

Cheerily she departed for her aunt's deathbed, and Lady Monica went with her in the taxicab to see her off. Both ladies bade me an eternal farewell calmly. I was to leave the key with the janitor, from whom Lady Monica would get it in the afternoon.

I staggered back to my kitchen. I sank down moodily on my wooden chair. I sat there a long time, my chin on my hand, lost in thought. I thought of my bet, I thought of my stupendous resolve, I thought of Lady Monica. Then, with a sigh of defeat, I rose and wandered into her room.

In their brass-mounted forms the shoes she had worn yesterday in Bond Street caught my eye. I carried them mechanically forth and began to clean them. As I worked the door opened and she entered breathlessly.

"I hurried back—I was afraid you'd be gone," she said.

I went toward her in a kind of ecstasy. She took the shoe from my hand.

"You always do my shoes beautifully," she said in a low, perturbed voice. Then she added, "You needn't go if you don't want to. I'm not in the least afraid. Agnes was silly."

"I knew," I stammered—"I knew you wouldn't ——"

And my eyes filled with tears. Kneeling on the kitchen floor, I lifted the hem of her skirt to my lips and kissed it.

(Concluded on Page 43)

PUMPS

TRIPLEX · CENTRIFUGAL · ROTARY · DEEP WELL · HAND

Autowatering the live stock

THE man who owns a farm, unless he is a city man, often accepts inconvenience and chores as a part of farm life. But no modern farmer, professional or amateur, will lug water any more or waste the time of his employes in this way. The Goulds Autowater System provides running water automatically, 180 gallons per hour, from well, stream or cistern to faucets in house, barn and garage. It is a complete unit comprising pump, pressure tank, electric motor and automatic control. On large places it is the ideal auxiliary water system for stock barn, poultry house or dairy. Write for Autowater literature—gives complete details.

The GOULDS AUTOWATER SYSTEM

Pretty smooth "roughing it"

IN the bungalow or camp, carrying water for drinking, washing, cleaning and the like, is sport for a few days. But it grows laborious and interferes with roughing it. The Autowater System pumps water from the well, lake, cistern, stream or spring—to faucets in your bungalow. It pumps enough for house and garage, automatically—180 gallons an hour. Installing the Autowater System is an hour's fun; after that no more water chores. If you haven't or can't get electricity you can buy a Goulds Pump for gasoline engine drive. If you own a summer home, bungalow or camp, ask us to mail you the Autowater folder.

The GOULDS AUTOWATER SYSTEM

Far from city water mains

AT first rural populations had to move to cities to escape ambition-killing drudgery. Now city conveniences are enjoyed in the country. Running water, for instance. The city dweller supports a central pumping station: the rural resident buys a private pumping plant—the Autowater System. In the cellar of a house the Autowater System is equal to city water service. Its first cost is small, and maintenance almost nil. You can install it yourself.

A folder we have, explains how the Autowater System leaves nothing for you to do but turn faucets. Ask us to send it.

The GOULDS AUTOWATER SYSTEM

Hard water in your town?

SOFT water for washing clothes, dishes—for bathing, for shaving! What wouldn't you give to have it? All the soft water you need is as close to you as your own roof whenever it rains. Catch it in roof gutters, deliver it to tank or cistern. The Autowater System does the rest—automatically delivers soft water to every faucet in the house except the one you want to use for drinking water. The Autowater System occupies no more space than a washing machine. It operates silently. You will never go near it except occasionally to oil it. The Autowater folder tells you all about it. Send for it.

THE GOULDS AUTOWATER SYSTEM

Running Water wherever you need it

GOULDS Pumps, through central pumping stations, supply whole cities with running water. Goulds Pumps, incorporated in the Goulds Autowater System, perform the same service for people who live in the country and in the smaller towns. There is a Goulds Pump for every service.

The GOULDS MANUFACTURING COMPANY *Established 1848* *Seneca Falls, N.Y.*

Boston · New York · Philadelphia · Pittsburgh · Detroit
Chicago · Atlanta · Houston · *Agencies in all principal cities*

GOULDS

SIGN AND MAIL COUPON

THE GOULDS MANUFACTURING CO., Seneca Falls, New York
Kindly tell me where I can see the Autowater System

I have
I have not electric current
I am also interested in Pumps for
☐ Irrigation ☐ Wind mill ☐ Spraying
☐ Deep Well ☐ Fire Protection
☐ Large Capacity Water Supply

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Combined Engineering Skill of the World—

Ten units tell the story of any automobile. Put it down in black and white that these units are the measure of the value you are getting for your money. Don't be satisfied with a car that has merely one or two good units, but demand that all ten be of proven quality.

Then match them up, unit by unit, with those of the New Series Moon Six—motor, carburetor, starter and ignition, battery, clutch, transmission, universal joints, axles, radiator, and steering gear. In the Moon, *each* and *every* one of these units has confirmed its title of proven quality. Each embodies the best motor knowledge of our entire generation. Not one or two, but all ten are the product of specialists who know no equal in their respective fields.

The Moon organization includes a brilliant staff of engineers and craftsmen. They have embodied in this new car only standard features of proven quality. They have taken the combined engineering skill of the world in these ten units and produced a car that bears living testimony to Moon quality. No skimping, no subtle economies, no hidden shortcomings, no one or two units played up at the sacrifice of others, but a car that proves its title from first to last.

Built by

MOON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

Moon's Ten Proven Units

1. *Continental Red Seal Motor.*
2. *Delco Starter and Ignition.*
3. *Timken Axles.*
4. *Spicer Universal Joints.*
5. *Brown-Lipe Transmission.*
6. *Borg & Beck Clutch.*
7. *Rayfield Carburetor.*
8. *Exide Battery*
9. *Fedders Radiator—Nickel Silver.*
10. *Warner Steering Gear.*

MOON

Actual Photograph Six-48 Touring

(Concluded from Page 40)

I seemed to kneel there a long, long time. The silence was profound. Then I felt her hand touch my brow lightly, withdraw, and in another moment return again. Her fingers moved in my hair in dreamy fashion. I pressed her skirt's soft tissue to my hot face.

Suddenly she drew back. "Heavens," she said, "what have I done?"

I rose, and in pity for her distress I would have revealed my identity then and there; but no—she did not look distressed. Flushed, bright-eyed, she laughed a little. She seemed more pleased than shocked with what she had done.

"And me almost engaged to Mr. Sinnickson!" she said.

"Monica," I asked solemnly, "do you love me?"

"Yes, but ——"

"Then damn Mr. Sinnickson!" I cried.

At this point Mr. Sinnickson himself rang the bell.

When I opened the door he sneered portentously.

"Miss Agnew telephoned me, Cornelius, that you were—er—superseded," he began. "She requested me to see to it that you got off promptly, leaving everything—ah—intact."

"You needn't bother about that," I said. "Lady Monica is here."

"Lady Monica here! Then I must see her."

Mr. Sinnickson and Lady Monica met in the drawing-room. From the dining room I heard them conversing coldly and politely for a minute or two. Then of a sudden Mr. Sinnickson's voice rose in wrath and incredulity.

"You'll stay on here alone with that—that cheap imitation swell!" he cried.

Lady Monica murmured something that I could not distinguish.

"But," roared Mr. Sinnickson, "it will make talk. There will be gossip."

Again I could not distinguish Lady Monica's reply.

"Then I'll put him out!" Mr. Sinnickson shouted.

"It's my duty to your brother. I'll put him out with my own ——"

But here I strode into the drawing-room savagely.

"Put me out?" I hissed. "It's I that'll put you out, you profiteer! Lady Monica has promised to be my wife."

Mr. Sinnickson collapsed. I also seemed to collapse as I realized the rashness of my words. We both looked at Lady Monica. Of a surety she had never seemed so radiantly beautiful, so ineffably desirable, so like a virgin nymph to whom the glitter and light and loveliness of Arcady still clung. But would she deny my rash, my lying words?

"Monica, is this true?" said Mr. Sinnickson.

"Yes, it is true," Lady Monica answered with a faint smile.

"Then heaven pity you!" he groaned, and the next moment he was gone

Lady Monica and I were alone once more Reverently I approached her Reverently I took her hand But with a soft, swift, supple movement she, the divine and glittering nymph, clasped my neck with her white arms and lifted her fresh lips up to mine eagerly

And now we sat in the drawing room, hand in hand

"Monica, I've something to tell you."

"Have you, Peter?"

"Something that will tremendously surprise you "

"Will it?"

"You fought against love, didn't you? An earl's daughter, you wouldn't love a servant. You were cruel, you devised humiliating tasks for me, but in the end you listened to the voice of your heart."

"Yes, I listened to the voice of my heart, dear "

"Now for the surprise: I am not P. Cornelius, a poor batman. I am ——"

But here Lady Monica smiled mischievously, and, burlesquing my awkward air, she said: "I am the rich Peter Cornelius DeGroote of DeGroote Manor; I am the brother of the Duchess of Caravan; I am Bulldog DeGroote, one of the aces of the crack Hat-in-the-Ring squadron; I am ——"

"How the devil did you know?" I cried.

"I knew almost from the first," said Lady Monica. "I knew from the day you caught me stealing out of your room."

"But there was nothing in my room to give me away."

"Yes; there was a tailor's tab with your name on it in that suspiciously smart blue suit you'd flashed on us the evening before at dinner."

"But I had cut out that tab."

"From the coat, yes. Not from the strap at the back of the trousers."

"Do they put one's name there, too?"

"And afterward," said Lady Monica, "I wormed the whole story out of your sister."

"But—but those persecutions—what were they for?"

Lady Monica laughed gayly. "Oh, just for fun," she said.

"All the same"—and I heaved a little sigh—"all the same it would have been wonderful if you had consented to marry me in the belief that I was only a poor servant."

She laughed gayly again.

"You men are so ambitious, aren't you?" And then, leaning forward, she added softly, "But be comforted. Perhaps, after all, there was something in my heart from the very first; something that sent me to explore your room, something that made me afraid of myself, something that made me hope ——" She broke off abruptly. "There! Are you comforted?" she said.

We prepared dinner together that evening. Our little table with its bowl of roses was drawn up beside an open window. Below us in the blue June dusk the lights of London shone like a garden of fire flowers. A glorious feast.

But as I opened the bottle of champagne that went with our roast duckling and green peas there came a discreet, a scarcely audible tapping at the kitchen door.

"Who can that be?" I said, and behold—it was Frere, Hardcastle and Blane-Livingston, faithful to the appointment which I had myself forgotten.

"So you've won!" they whispered, stepping in on tiptoe. "You've won, haven't you?"

"Won?" I shouted, and I pushed them into the dining room, where Lady Monica smiled and blushed in her white gown. "Won? I've won more than you fellows think. Allow me to present you to my future wife."

THE GIRL NEXT DOOR

(Continued from Page 7)

Then the boy drew in a long breath and smiled again—his peculiar, tense, unboyish smile.

"There. For the present he is gone. He has little power over me, I thank God Because I am tone-deaf. I cannot play."

Miss Miniter told me that he made these final assertions stubbornly; as if seeking to convince some incredulous third party to their conversation that he was tone-deaf and could not play.

VI

MRS. KINGERY was able to explain to me how it had been possible for Bela, within half a year, and out of a daily wage of two dollars, to save eighty-four dollars and a few pennies over. In the first place, she is not merely his landlady—Mrs. Kingery could not be merely anyone's landlady—she is his motherly friend. In the second, she is his private banker—by request.

Each Saturday evening on his return from the factory Bela deposits with her nine dollars, retaining from his week's wages three dollars for his personal necessities—clothes, and repairs to same; tooth paste, when needed; an occasional pad of cheap paper, an occasional pencil, and so on. Out of the nine dollars Mrs. Kingery lodges, boards and launders Bela, and lays aside any surplus in cash to his account. That is why Bela has been able to save eighty-four dollars and a few pennies over.

"But, Mrs. Kingery," said I, shaking my head at her, "while I am not impeccable at figures I think I detect a slight discrepancy between the present cost of living and the sum you have personally retained as Bela's landlady Let's see: nine dollars a week—that's, roughly, $225 for six months; eighty-four dollars from $225 leaves $141; or $23.50 a month, a little less than six dollars weekly. That might possibly cover the mere cost of the very considerable amount of excellent food Bela consumes; but I fail to see, Mrs. Kingery, how it can also cover room rent, laundry and a modest margin of profit to you. Particularly, Mrs. Kingery, as you came to Miss Miniter and me not a month ago, almost with tears in your eyes, and humbly begged our pardon for something entirely out of your control—namely, the fact that you could no longer lodge and board us at fifteen dollars a week each, exclusive of laundry, without grave danger of landing your husband and children in the County Home.

"How do you explain away this discrepancy, Mrs. Kingery?"

The sprightly little woman, ordinarily so cheerful in the midst of her anxieties, now blushed—very pretty she looked, too, doing it; and five years younger—hung her head, and avoided my grim glance of inquisition. She hadn't a word to say for herself—not one. So I denounced her.

"The fact is, Mrs. Kingery, you have ceased to be businesslike in your dealings with that young man. You've taken to regarding him, almost, as a son. Can you deny it?"

She could not deny it. But she could, and did, offer a few halting excuses.

"No father—nobody of his own—and when I found his mother'd left him too—and he's not one to get on fast—he's like Kingery—he can't push and shove and be mean to folks—that's what's needed, worse luck—it'd be a better world if it wasn't—but that's how it is—and the nicer you are, as I'm always saying to Kingery, and much good it does, but it's a habit I can't break—the less you get for it—that boy, now—twelve a week's no wages for a dog these days, and so I tell him—but he says it's the only reason they keep him on—they've no union labor out there—it's a scrooching, skinflint business—well—you can see he was meant to be a gentleman—and the beautiful pictures he draws after hours—and no complaints out of him—I haven't the heart ——"

"No, Mrs. Kingery," I agreed, "it's your most conspicuous failing. You haven't, as you say, the heart."

"Well, but who would—with a boy like that? What's to become of him? And a face many a girl will dream about."

"And a few not so young, eh?"

"Aha, Mr. Ellwood," sighed Mrs. Kingery, "what could she have been like now, his mother? With that darlin' face of hers? I never go to his room that I don't feast my eyes on it. There I stand by the bureau and stare at her. And not a word out of him against her! Aha, Mr. Ellwood—the wickedness of the world—the wickedness of the world." Then, very softly but firmly: "Kath-leen! You'll break that in another minute! There—I said so! Oh, did she cuttums fin'er—the poor baby!"

Business, as I retreat from the room, of kissing Kathleen's slightly scratched right index finger; Kathleen, aged seven, is her youngest, most stolidly mischievous and least appreciative child. Later business, too, I presume, of sweeping up the fragments of some perishable object. But no still later and more necessary business—I feel certain, alas!—of soundly spanking Kathleen. Already I observe in Kathleen certain tendencies more fully and ripely developed in the girl next door.

When I mentioned Mrs. Kingery as my superior I did not mean my superior in cynicism. She fails there rather badly. But there are other qualities of mind and heart rarer, and perhaps more admirable, in an overtaxed and underaffectioned planet. I admit that Mrs. Kingery is a foolishly indulgent, self-immolating wife, mother and landlady. But a woman with sufficient reserves of sweetness to be a foolishly indulgent wife, mother and landlady, while scrubbing and baking and cooking and washing and making beds and setting to rights, and so on, a trifle less than twenty-four hours a day well, who am I even to touch the hem of her gingham apron? Her clean gingham apron, too, remember! I have never seen her wear one that was not clean.

It is true that she finds little time for reading or philosophical reflection; but she

"When Fords Won't Pull—

"I yank out the timer an' give it the careful once-over. If it isn't A1, I junk it and put in a *Milwaukee*. For you sure need a good timer for Spring driving.

"Y' know, 'most any timer will fire an engine when there's no load on 'er. But when you're plowing through March mud, you need a regular 'he' spark in every cylinder. That's why I recommend the *Milwaukee Timer*—it's the best Spring tonic I know for Fords."

MILWAUKEE TIMER for FORDS

—the replacement timer that is in general use wherever Fords are driven.

Garage men everywhere know the *Milwaukee* as the most dependable and durable timer made—a simple, sensible instrument that's as rugged as the car itself. Only two moving parts—nothing to get out of order. The product of 15 years of engineering experience. 3,000,000 Fords use the same type.

Forestall timer trouble! Install a *Milwaukee* now.

Sold by 89% of all auto supply jobbers and by dealers everywhere. Retail price $2.10 ($2.25 west of Rockies).

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Look for the name "Milwaukee" on the shell
There are many imitations.

DOUBLE GRIP

PARIS GARTERS

NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

for young fellows and their sons

These double-grip double-duty-doing Paris certainly ring the bell with a bang for you boys who put pep in your step.

Slip on a pair in the morning and at bed time you'll find yourself humming "This is the end of a perfect day."

Double Grips
50¢ and up

Single Grips
35¢ and up

A. STEIN & COMPANY
MAKERS
Children's HICKORY Garters
Chicago New York

LOWERED IN PRICE
BUT NOT IN QUALITY

is not the less proud of Kingery's weakness for subscription editions. He is paying installments now—her little way of telling me she is!—on three elegant sets: The tales and novels of Guy de Maupassant, richly illustrated, and kept, therefore—pending a further growth in grace of Denis, aged nine—under lock and key; Famous Pages From Famous Authors; and an Illustrated History of the Great War, in weekly parts, which are accumulating so rapidly that Mrs. Kingery says either one of two things, those albums, Kingery or the phonograph, will have to go! In her husband's heavy presence this is the one definite complaint I have heard her utter; and it surprised him into sudden resentment.

"If I'd had more edycation in me youth, woman, there'd be a grand pianny an' Kathleen playin' on it in the parlor now! Lack of edycation—that's what drags down the prolytar-yut," muttered Kingery.

"The man's right, too," responded Mrs. Kingery with a propitiatory smile.

III

IT WAS from Bela via Miss Miniter in part, in part from Bela via Mrs. Kingery, that I learned something of Bela's history during the interval between his mother's disappearance and his establishment with the Kingery family in Oakdale Terrace.

At the time of his mother's flight he was living, wretchedly enough, with his parents in the forlorn attic of a second-rate roadhouse not far from Trenton, New Jersey. These cold, utterly comfortless quarters had been turned over to them by Bud Belcher, proprietor of the roadhouse, who also furnished them with three more or less left-over meals a day. In return for these privileges it was the duty of Hrdlika, senior, to play on his violin during the dinner hour and throughout the evening, accompanied on a disintegrating piano by Mlle. d'Aubigny—a name adopted for this temporary professionalism by Bela's mother. She was an accomplished musician, but badly handicapped by an impossible instrument. Anton Hrdlika's instrument, as we know, was superb; and his command of it, when he could command himself, was magical. He could do so, however, but one or two evenings out of seven; though his playing at its worst had a quality seldom or never met with in roadhouses of any grade.

The fame of the crazy fiddler at Belcher's joint became locally very great, and Bud's far from select patronage increased rapidly, improving somewhat in tone. The beauty of Mlle. d'Aubigny—she was then thirty-five, but looked ten years younger in spite of her many sorrows—was also much appreciated and discussed by Bud's patrons; particularly by a group of forlornly left-over Princeton seniors, pronounced unwarworthy, who took to running over to Bud's on Saturday nights and more or less monopolizing his limited tables. Naturally they did their best to flirt a little with Mlle. d'Aubigny, but without encouraging success.

As if feeling it part of her contract, she would yield a sad half smile now and again, or a pathetic lift of eyes; that was all. Bud, a coarse-grained citizen, true product of the underworld, rather frowned on her for this coldness; thought it wouldn't hurt her, or his trade, if she loosened up a little; but he was on the whole well satisfied with his acquisitions and made the most of his prosperity while it lasted. No one knew better than he that, given the habits and temperament of Anton Hrdlika, it could not last very long.

There were occasional evenings—they tended to grow more frequent—when Anton simply would not or could not play. On the morning following the first of these lapses Bud had attempted to give him hell; he never attempted it again. "Honest," wheezed Bud Belcher, in his weary asthmatic way, "I t'ought dat guy'd have a knife in me. I could 'a' beaned him all right; but why would I t'row away a gold mine like dat! Not on yer picher! If he can't spiel after dis, he can't—an' if he won't, he won't. Dat's all der is to it."

Ragtime, or its nth power, jazz, is of course the musical staple of roadhouses; but Anton left that "*sacree espece de* ——" to three disconsolate colored ge'men—disconsolate because they very soon found out they could not compete for favor against so astonishing a combination as Mlle. d'Aubigny's beauty and Anton's demonic violin. If Anton was in the mood—that is, if he was neither too far removed one side or the other from his last dose of cocaine—he could take complete possession of a roomful of noisy diners with three sweeps of his bow; he could hush them to silence and cast spell after spell upon them—thrill them, madden them with gayety, or make their throats tighten and their eyes prickle with swift-starting tears.

And half the time, or more, no one in the room knew what he was playing; perhaps Anton did not know himself. He just played; and Mlle. d'Aubigny supported him instinctively, *tant bien que mal*, with scattered, inconspicuous chords. At such times, when he had stopped playing at last, he always for a moment glared about him at the enthralled faces of the diners under his spell, exclaimed "Teha!" disgustedly, with a shrug of his whole frame dismissing such canaille, and then, as their enthusiasm broke upon him, turned his back on it and walked from the room. Nor would he, for all their enthusiastic pleading, return. He had never been known to bow his thanks to the mixed patrons of Belcher's joint. That is why, being unable to fathom the depths of his wrathful scorn, they called him the crazy fiddler.

Bud approved of the name and the rudeness that led to it. He had quickly realized that the advertising value of Anton's eccentricities would bring many a merely curious dollar into his till. So he never rebuked Anton for his rudeness; it was a funny selling point—but, pragmatically, it was there. Bud was satisfied.

One suspects from such details that Anton Hrdlika might in earlier days have become a true virtuoso, might have won world plaudits instead of wild applause from the roisterers at Bud Belcher's joint, if he had not from youth up been cursed by a vicious and vagabond heart. There was no stability in him; I fancy there never had been. He had the chaos of genius only, not its divine order and poise. And by this time he was guttering out; his rare moments of fire were the merest flare-ups from blackening cinders. To a critical ear, no doubt, his playing there, at Bud's joint, would have seemed slovenly enough: a sort of incoherent raving of the strings only redeemed by flashes of true passion from being pitiful or absurd.

Then, too, the singular presence of the man, and the presence beside him of Mlle. d'Aubigny, with her petulant child's mouth and rebellious, half-furtive eyes, added a morbid piquancy to these exhibitions. Anton Hrdlika looked to the full, in those days, the physical and spiritual wreck he was—a little, stooped man, emaciated and tremulous, with long, spidery arms and a great head ill balanced on a wisp of neck and haloed with a floating aura of reddish-blond hair. And his wax-white face had shrunken away to nothing, except for the eye caverns with their deep held, red brown, malicious sparks. An unpleasant, macabre being, with an odd distinction about him, very difficult to account for. But everybody at Bud's joint seems to have felt it more or less strongly. Probably he impressed them by the sheer Alplike but unsupported cloud forms of his egotism.

But the flitting of Mlle. d'Aubigny, without a word of explanation left behind, marked the beginning of the end for Anton. It brought on an immediate access of rage, followed by a state of progressive nerve exhaustion, which he sought to alleviate by more and more frequent doses of a drug it became more and more difficult for him to obtain. America was in mid-war frenzy, and the underground dealers of the drug traffic were being smoked out with relentless persistence by a Government now fully

(Continued on Page 46)

DRAWN BY DOUGLAS RYAN

In Making Millions of Tons of Paper

Systems Bond; Champion; Belgo-Canadian; Dill & Collins; Beveridge; Hammermill; American Writing; Chemical; Dexter; American Tag; Interlake; Colin-Gardner; Nelson; New Haven; Crane Linen and many others use

Toledo Springless Automatic Scales

YOUR daily newspaper or your favorite magazine very likely was weighed on Toledo Scales not only once but several times in the processes from pulp to paper.

In the paper mill Toledo Scales measure out the pulp and chemicals in the exact, proper proportions, safeguarding the quality of the paper. They also test the tensile strength of the paper. Finally, by accurately weighing-out the heavy rolls, they protect the paper maker against loss in the sale of his costly product.

In the great publishing plants Toledo Automatic Scales are used again, to weigh-in these millions of tons of paper, and to weigh-out vast editions of magazines and newspapers to catch the mails on schedule.

And not printing paper alone, but *all* paper! Look about the room. The wall paper was weighed repeatedly in the making and selling. The wrapping paper on that package was graded and sold by weight. Even paper shopping-bags are tested for strength by Toledo Scales.

And so, in the big paper and publishing industries, as in others, Toledo Automatic Scales are facilitating operations, speeding up production and reducing costs.

How much thought have *you* given to this subject of weighing?

Are you losing money by using slow, hand-operated beam scales? Think of the poises to be moved, the loose weights to be handled, and the costly mistakes so apt to be made in the mental calculations.

Toledo Automatic Scales stop all these losses. With Toledos there are no hand operations or mental calculations. All you do is roll on the load, glance at the big figures on the dial—the job is done.

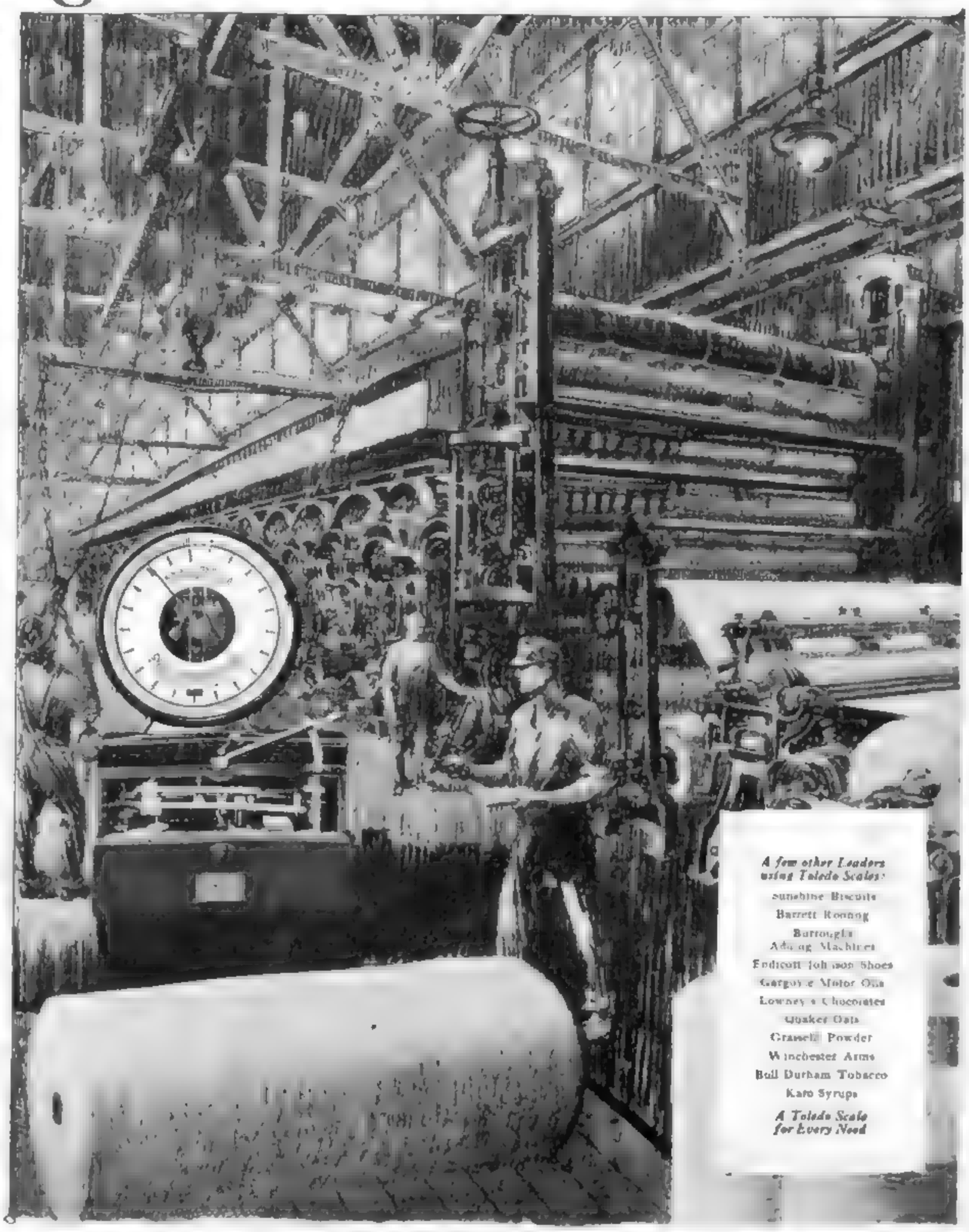
Isn't it *reasonable* to think that Toledos may do as much in *your* plant as they are doing in others? Look into this matter. Telephone our local office, or write us, and let a Toledo man call and explain.

Toledo Scale Company, Toledo, Ohio

Largest Automatic Scale Manufacturers in the World

Canadian Factory, Windsor, Ontario

106 Sales Rooms and Service Stations in Cities in the United States and Canada
Others in 30 Foreign Countries



A few other Leaders using Toledo Scales:

Sunshine Biscuits
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Lowney's Chocolates
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A Toledo Scale for Every Need

TOLEDO SCALES

NO SPRINGS—HONEST WEIGHT

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HATS FOR YOUNG MEN

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STYLED and fashioned in the Orange Valley within "45 Minutes from Broadway", Berg Hats are as metropolitan in style as they are standard in quality. For over 50 years the Berg insignia has stood for *quality without extravagance.*

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HATS FOR YOUNG MEN

(Continued from Page 44)

alive to the patriotic advantages of sound young manhood.

Finding now that his crazy fiddler had turned from an asset into a disagreeable liability Bud Belcher commanded Anton and his boy to clear out. Wartime prohibition was imminent anyway; few roadhouses were likely to survive that disaster. Bud was growing morose. His manners, his forms of speech, while dismissing Anton, were deplorable; so deplorable they defeated their own end.

Anton's reaction to them was a fit or seizure of some kind, probably hysterical, which left him too obviously down and out not to stir a faint sense of pity and responsibility even in Bud.

At any rate, with Bela's help he got Anton into his bed and let him stay there for three weeks, while Bela nursed him and did odd jobs about the place to pay for his board. Then one morning Anton, half crazed with an ancient craving, made a supreme effort. He rose, dressed himself, managed to slip from the premises unseen, made his way somehow to Trenton, pawned there a valuable seal ring once given him by an early admirer, and at last—in some devious manner, unexplained—purchased the crystals he desired. He returned to the roadhouse, raving, and died that night; and the following morning Bud Belcher turned his body over to the authorities, handed Bela a dollar, and told the boy to get the hell out-a here.

Bela packed what little remained to him into an ancient carryall, tucked his father's violin in its case under his left arm, and departed.

It was a raw day of late April. It happened to be his birthday. He was just eighteen.

His more sensible course would have been to walk into Trenton and appeal to the authorities there for assistance. They were burying his father, and would no doubt have seen the necessity of providing some temporary care or means of livelihood for the son. Bela decided, however, to walk due east, toward Princeton. Princeton was a college town; therefore, he argued, a center of culture; Trenton, so far as he had examined it, was not.

But it proved a long walk. Bela grew very hungry, very thirsty, very weary. His eyes attracted by the brilliant green of a broad field of winter wheat, he sat down on his ancient carryall by the side of the road, laying the violin case across his knees.

His clothes were well worn—like the expression; they were also much too small for him. He was all legs and arms. As he sat thus, not too happily or hopefully—though the pure vivid green of the wheat field, its color intensified by a lowering gray sky, was a conscious solace—many automobiles purred by. They invariably purred by. It was the nature of automobiles after all. He did not blame them.

"I must find Lally," he thought. "Lally" was what he called his mother—his babyhood name for her.

It was a relief to be free of his father—at last; that was one good thing.

But it was a pity to be saddled with his horrible violin—a violin he could never bring himself to sell—lest it harm someone. If he were to leave it there in the wheat field and run—— No; there were things you couldn't run from. But it was a great pity. It troubled him.

Then he remembered the war, and that troubled him. He hated the very idea of war; but he wondered whether he ought not to enlist. "I shouldn't mind being killed much," he decided, "if it weren't for Lally. I can't enlist till I've found Lally. Perhaps I'm too young, anyway; I hope so." So that was settled.

And next he wondered how long one could go without eating—at a pinch. Wasn't there a man, once, who had fasted forty days? Two or three wouldn't hurt him then, surely, if it came to that.

But it grew obvious to him, gradually, that he must look for a job. "I can't hunt for Lally—not properly—until I've made some money. That's the first step."

Well, after he had made some money and had found his mother—what then?

Life was evidently before him. He might as well think it all out thoroughly, in advance.

The automobiles continued to purr by him, one after another, in both directions.

That was life, then—knowing precisely where you wanted to go, and going there as quickly as possible.

Where did he want to go?

"Paris," came the answer clearly. "I want to paint."

It didn't occur to him that people were not just then going to Paris to paint. Or if it did, he realized that he had other things to do first, and by the time they were accomplished the war might be over.

Other things to do first! Item: To make money. Item: To find his mother. Item: To find also his mother's husband—the man who had driven her from his home, years ago. Bela, though he knew not so much of him as his name, hated that man. No wonder. Lally was just seventeen when she had married him. She was not eighteen when he had driven her from him. A little younger than he, Bela, was now! Item, then: To find that brute, that misbegotten dog! And having found him ——

Just at this critical point his reflections were broken in upon unexpectedly. An automobile slowed down as it neared him and came to a halt before him. A singular conveyance, indeed! Shaped in the body like a conch shell, a great canary-yellow conch shell. And on the largest volute of the conch shell was painted in staring black ornamental script a single mysterious word—"Nuxone." A chipper little man in a bearskin ulster was driving this car.

"'Lo, kid!" he called to Bela. "Stranded? Want a lift?"

Bela was glad of a lift.

"Where you bound for?" asked the chipper little man.

"I don't know," answered Bela.

"Don't, eh? What's loose? Are you out of luck?"

Bela, in part, explained.

"Fiddler, I see," said the little man.

"No," replied Bela firmly; "I can't play a note. This is my father's violin or was. He's dead."

"Recent?"

"Very."

"H'm," said the chipper little man; "too bad. Well, that's life, eh? It's good while it lasts. How old are you?"

"Just eighteen."

"Ha!" grinned the chipper little man, speeding her up to thirty-five. "You'll last a while yet anyway, won't you?"

"Unless I go to war," said Bela.

"Well, don't you go till they take you! That's my advice. If they want you they'll take you fast enough. No use borrowin' trouble in advance. So you want a job, hey?" Bela nodded. "Learned any trade?" Bela shook his head. "Good! How'd you like to come with us?" asked the chipper little man. "We'll treat you fine. We're a growing concern all right. I've dumped a lot of the stuff this run round."

"What stuff?" asked Bela.

"Can't you read!" cried the little man. "Nuxone!"

"What kind of stuff is it?" queried Bela.

"Oh—they drink it—folks drink it! They'd drink a lot more of it if I had my way! Why, I'd plaster every stand in this country with it! I'd use three sheets! I'd paint up Nuxone from N'Yawk to Frisco! No matter what it cost! You can't dump stuff that ain't advertised right. The American people's got no confidence in pikers!"

"Does it taste good?" Bela queried.

"Not so very. But it oughtn't to! It tastes—peculiar. Once you've tried it you can't forget it. That's the great selling point. Get me?"

"I'm not sure I do," said Bela.

"Then you're no business man!" exclaimed his companion, hitting it up to forty. "I'll bet you're some kind of a highbrow, hey? It'd suit you to teach school, hey? Too bad."

"Where are we going?" gasped Bela.

"Oakdale Terrace, son—the garden city of the outer metrop! You may as well come along. How's two per strike you? Rotten?"

"I suppose that would be all right to start on," said Bela doubtfully. "Of course, I'm sorry it isn't more."

"Nacherly," grunted the chipper little man.

His name, Bela later discovered, was Jonas Trask. He's the son-in-law of old Peter Schuchert, one of our three local magnates. And though chipper, as indicated, and not ungenial, he is—on the authority of the girl next door—"one wise little guy." Local report has it, too, that he is the only begetter of Nuxone, and if so he is certainly an enthusiast for his brain child. But he is dependent upon Papa Schuchert for all capital expended in its commercial development, which not infrequently puts a damper on his soaring ambition. Papa Schuchert, you see, is said to look longer at a dollar before risking or spending it than any second man on the Terrace. That is possibly why Papa Schuchert has more dollars to look at than most of us; it is also why it has become one of the duties of Jonas Trask to pick up down-and-out labor wherever he may run upon it. And if you should desire to test the extreme limits of his chipper geniality you have only to pronounce in his presence two words—"Samuel Gompers." An explosion both chaotic and profane always follows, and his firecracker expletives can be heard popping through the clouds of wrath that enfold him.

Bela spent his first week at Oakdale Terrace in a filthy rooming house for hunkies, hard by the public dump; and by the end of it he was of two minds: He could not decide which of two forms of suicide would prove the less disagreeable—jumping into the river or falling into the mixing vat. Jumping into the river—though, given the river, scarcely less nasty—was more poetic; but he could swim a little; so falling into the mixing vat would be more certainly effective.

Fortunately Jim Hat, his foreman, asked him on the morning of this crisis why the devil he was dying on his hands like that!

"I wish I were dead," sighed Bela.

"Oh—you wisht you *were* dead!" mimicked Jim. "What's loose?"

Bela explained that life in his present quarters, among the hunkies, was no longer desirable.

"Do you good!" growled Jim Hat, himself of hunkie origin. "You're too damn soft for this world!"

But all the same he took Bela home with him that night and presented him to Mrs. Kingery, his neighbor. He happened to know that her attic room had just been vacated.

Now Jim Hat was—and is—the appropriate father of the girl next door.

VIII

THE one night which Bela spent in the home of Jim Hat left an ineffaceable impression and sowed the seeds of future disaster. Miss Miniter—not given to gush in any form—says that Bela, with the doubtful exception of Donatello's David, is the most romantically beautiful object she has ever seen. Judge, then, of the effect of this apparition upon the girl next door! Sadie Hat is herself but sixteen, though physically she might pass for twenty; and her rudimentary mind is shot through with just one primitive current of the highest possible voltage. In all other respects she is an absolute nonconductor. She has a shrill-tongued mother, for whose tongue, however shrill, she cares nothing—being openly insubordinate. Does she not work in a button factory near Hackensack? Is she not self-supporting? Why, then, if she so desires, should she not be insupportable? Her mother and her five younger brothers and sisters find her so—and much good it does them! But, not without reason, there is one being whom she fears—Jim Hat, her father. Him she fears because she knows he is capable of beating her. So to him alone she toadies, giving always the soft sly answer that turneth away ——

Her wages, for the past year at least, have been far in excess of her deserts. She has blossomed out in immodest finery; and on hot summer evenings the ripe forms of her dumpy, precocious figure are displayed for whatever they may prove matrimonially—oh, she knows her way about, does the girl next door!—to be worth. Her hair is bobbed. She revels in rice powder and rouge.

I have stepped on spiders with more compunction than I would step on her—if the gesture were feasible.

Her factory being more distant, Sadie Hat arrives home each evening some twenty minutes later than Jim. She is always in the greatest possible hurry to get through dinner and array herself for the evening's adventures. She doesn't waste time by stopping to kiss her mother or play with the baby or go through any vain family rituals of affection. Samuel Butler himself did not regard family life with a more hostile absence of sentiment than does Sadie. All Sadie's energy is reserved for the indispensable preliminaries to founding a family of her own. Not that she wants a family; but she does want an adequate provider—and meanwhile she craves every thrill and dissipation incident

(Continued on Page 48)

PACKARD

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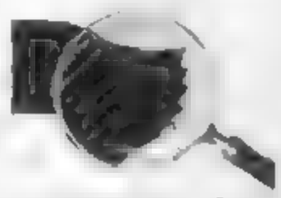

Six light layers of rubber inside the fabric!

United States Rubber Company

Raynster

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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to his pursuit. All life values for her are values of sensation; she doesn't so much as guess that for other possible persons other possible values exist.

But she is not a creature of pure, ungovernable passion; far from it. In her, crude physical instinct is directed by a low, crude cunning to crude material ends. And she is very typical; that is the pity and terror of it. If she were not typical I should not be afraid of her—as I am, unspeakably. I am obsessed by her. I see in her the boll weevil of democracy; the gangrene of social progress; the hookworm of gentle manners; the tsetse fly of humane culture; the ——

But bear with me; I rave.

She came home that night, then—the night Jim Hat brought Bela with him—in her usual haste to be through with dinner and on with the dance. War conditions had whipped up this metaphorical dance to a dervish madness. Military glamour had added the last possible thrill to be wrung from difference in sex. Not that the girl next door thought the less of Bert, her most hopeful gen'leman friend, because he had flat feet and imperfect teeth and other slight defects debarring him from military glory. He'd be no use to her dead, she apprehended; and she could easily slip in as much martial excitement as she dared with other fellers in khaki—on the side.

Such, doubtless, were her thoughts as she sped along Fuchsia Street; but as she turned in to mount the porch steps of Jim Hat's model building-loan cottage they must have vanished. There, seated in a rocking-chair on the front porch, was the handsomest young guy she had ever seen, with the swellest eyes. His clothes were seedy and too small for him, but neat; and he wore them without self-consciousness. As Sadie appeared before him he rose quietly and bowed. These were not the manners to which Sadie was accustomed. They were so strange to her that she giggled, and said pertly, "Oh, don't mention it! Say—where'd you blow in from?"

"Mr. Hat was kind enough to bring me home for the night," said Bela. "I suppose you are his daughter, Sadie? My name is Hrdlika, Bela Hrdlika. I'm working under your father at the Nuxone plant."

"Lord help you!" responded Sadie, giving him as she did so her most practiced and provocative ogle. "Ain't dinner ready yet?"

Bela says she struck him instantly as the most repulsive young woman imaginable; he says it was very difficult for him even to be polite to her. He sat beside Sadie during the plentiful but rackety dinner more or less hurled before her husband and brood by poor, peevish Mrs. Hat; and this painted factory flapper had the shamelessness to drop her fork—purposely, he thinks—between them, and, when he leaned to recover it, to dive down beside him, pressing her shoulder hard against his; then, in accepting the fork from him, she pointedly squeezed his hand.

Bela was brick red when he came to the surface; not from embarrassment, he insists, but from pure rage.

And when, after dinner, Sadie tried to complete her conquest on the front porch, while he was waiting for Jim to join him and conduct him across the side yard to Mrs. Kingery's, Bela flatly and finally snubbed her. How he was able to accomplish this seeming impossibility Bela has never explained; it is certain, however, that Sadie never forgave him. I fancy she promised herself then and there to get even with that stuck-up little guy some day; and I have reason to know that she kept her promise.

But that was months after, at a time when Bela was hardly aware of her continued existence; when she had become for him merely something unpleasant in a dim way, something faintly offensive, over there across the side yard; something negligible and nameless—the girl next door.

IX

BELA came to Mrs. Kingery's in May, 1918; I reached that blessed haven the following July; Miss Miniter had already been nesting there for upward of a year.

My arrival taking place the mid-afternoon of a weekday, I did not meet my fellow boarders until we assembled with Mr. and Mrs. Kingery and the two smaller Kingerys at dinner. Mrs. Kingery has the rare art of cooking a good round body-building meal and serving it up hot, while partaking of it herself at appropriate intervals, correcting pleasantly, but ineffectively, the manners of her children, and joining in the general conversation—all with a seeming minimum of noise or confusion. Kingery does not even suspect what a lucky, badly spoiled old walrus he is.

On this evening of my first dinner, as it perhaps fortunately happened, Bela was five or ten minutes late in coming down. Mrs. Kingery explained the delay to her husband, who has the common masculine impatience of any tardiness—not unavoidably his own—at mealtime.

"It's not the boy's fault," said Mrs. Kingery; "I asked him to do an errand for me on his way home. He's putting on a clean shirt, Mr. Ellwood, in honor of the occasion."

"That lad's too vain of his good looks!" growled Kingery, a massive, blue-chinned Celt; honest and grumblesome and entirely harmless.

"And well he might be!" flashed Mrs. Kingery. "It would be a grand thing for Denis there if he had more nose to him and fewer freckles and warts."

Denis, a delightful grotesque, aged nine, affably wrinkled what nose he had; his grin is infectious.

"Toads does it," asserted Kathleen, referring, I believe, to the warts. "He's always pickin' up toads to scare me."

"Who's this telling tales now?" asked Mrs. Kingery of no one in particular. But it was obvious that Kathleen was; so she pouted a heavy lower lip, thus emphasizing a comic resemblance to her heavy father.

"What's the good of waitin' for him anyway?" demanded Denis; cheerfully, however. Denis, happily for him and the world, is his mother's boy; there isn't a peevish fiber in his tough little system.

"The lad's said a sensible thing for once!" This from Kingery. "Be seated all. Sit down. That's your chair, Mr. Ellwood—beside Miss Miniter, so you'll not be having Kathleen's elbow in your ribs. Bring in the soup, mother. I've a day's work behind me, thank God."

Mrs. Kingery's day's work not being behind her yet by three hours, she retired to the kitchen; but Kingery's final statement served the rest of us for a sort of informal, standing grace before meat, and—though accidental—one of the pithiest I had ever heard.

Said Miss Miniter beside me pleasantly: "You'll like Bela Hrdlika, Mr. Ellwood—when he does come. You'll not be able to resist him. He's a remarkable boy."

Speech failing me, I achieved a grotesque clucking sound, which Miss Miniter was kind enough to interpret as a question and to answer forthwith.

"Hrdlika," she smiled. "An odd name, isn't it? Bohemian, I believe."

Well, it was soon evident that I had not betrayed myself; but it is fortunate that precisely at this moment of personal crisis Mrs. Kingery appeared from the kitchen with a tureen of oxtail soup, steaming and flamboyantly fragrant. It created just the momentary diversion I needed and enabled me to suppress all outer signs of my sudden and painful agitation. For my purpose in coming to Oakdale Terrace—my secret purpose, which was eventually to stamp me as a man of mystery—was to enter the home of Mrs. Kingery, meet there, and somehow win the affection of a boy of eighteen named Bela Hrdlika, who happened to be my son—my only child and apparent heir.

He came down a moment later, entering with quiet, naturally graceful apologies to his hostess and host. Miss Miniter introduced me to him and I rose and shook hands with him across the table. The room being rather cramped for elaborate courtesies, this seemed the simplest thing to do. Or was it that I did not quite trust the joints of my knees?

"I'm very glad to meet you, Mr. Ellwood." Then he took his place between Denis and Kathleen, with a comradely smile to each. But his smiles, though friendly, were not light-hearted; his face, I convinced myself after a glance or two, was fundamentally sad. It was the first time I had ever seen him.

And it was a warm night; too warm for a hot rich soup. I was troubled by a faint passing nausea, conscious of small cold beads of perspiration on my forehead. I hoped Miss Miniter would attribute them to the somewhat unseasonable heartiness of Mrs. Kingery's table. I could talk little; but Bela Hrdlika talked less—his habit, as I was soon to discover. When dinner was

(Continued on Page 50)

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over I excused myself at once, pretty awkwardly, and retired to my room.

x

ONCE there, I lit my pipe, sat down by the window, open on the sticky breathlessness of the side yard, and let Remorse have her way with me. There were many things she was pleased for the hundredth time to recall to my attention, to insist upon in her relentless feminine manner.

In January of the year 1899 a young American—he was twenty-two—arrived in Paris, having come over directly from the port of New York. His name was Alfred Elliman. Yes, he is one and the same person as the now somewhat famous painter of very costly portraits and designer of mural decorations for the more ambitious capitols, courthouses and public libraries of these happily extravagant States. Only child of a doctor in modest circumstances, he was born and grew up in the small but prosperous city of his ancestors, New Haven, Connecticut. However, at the time I write of, both his father and mother were dead. His father, long a widower, had died just after Alfred's graduation from Yale; June, 1898; and Alfred found himself in possession—once the estate was cleared—of ten or twelve thousand dollars. It was enough, more than enough, for his instant needs; he felt enormously, fantastically wealthy; and he really was a very fortunate and undeserving young man. He had always been headstrong and thoughtless, and not a little wild; his father had consistently spoiled him from the time of his mother's death, which occurred in a railroad accident when Alfred was ten. He had been with his mother on that fatal journey, escaping unharmed; and his father could never thereafter bear to see him even momentarily unhappy. If Alfred had not been genuinely fond of his father the results of this singular indulgence must have proved even more disastrous than they were.

They were disastrous enough. During his four years at Yale the boy spent rather more than his father was earning; and while doing so, thought he was having the time of his life. Perhaps, for an unawakened cub, he was. I look back on him wonderingly, as a vital youngster with champagne spirits and tastes, and no sense of responsibility; a ground-pawing, capersome, selfish young zebra! Let the mixed images of cub, unawakened, and capersome zebra with champagne tastes, express him for what they are worth; they are worth quite as much as he was, however mixed.

But he had his aptitudes. He could drink more than most boys of his age and feel it less, and he never found much trouble in bluffing along through his classes and then feverishly boning up as the terms closed, just in time to pass, but no more than pass, his exams. And he had, too, a talent that added luster to his undergraduate career. He could draw better than any man then in Yale; his caricatures in the Record were famous. So he made desirable societies and was generally considered one of the more popular men in his class. Not the most popular, for he had an insolent, satirical tongue at times, and by Junior year had become something very much like a snob. The plain fact is that he was suffering those days from acute juvenile megalomania in its most critical form.

Observe him, then, foot-free in Paris, with the great world his oyster! He had gone there, of course, to study painting; or, rather, to paint. He was not just then of the opinion that overmuch study would, for him, prove necessary. His facility with a pencil, and the gusts of his college contemporaries, had led him to pooh-pooh the dull, senile dictum that art is long. Nor was he convinced, either, that life is short. Measureless time seemed then to stretch before him, filled with the most shining and piquant possibilities.

He secured, to start with, an unusual apartment, unusually expensive, at least, for pre-war Paris, with a vast balconied studio for its principal room, and the whole apartment was stuffed with beautiful, more or less authentic, *cinquecento* furniture and other rare and comfortless early Italian *objets d'art*. It belonged to a negligible English painter with a rich, restless wife whom he dared not neglect, and who had just decided to winter on the Riviera and spend the following summer at Deauville. The English painter preferred Paris to the Riviera and almost any place to Deauville, but that was neither here nor there. He must go; and his apartment was just the sort of thing Alfred had supposed would offer itself. He trusted his luck.

This apartment was situated four flights up in an ancient building on the Ile St.-Louis, that dignified, peaceful, slowly decaying provincial town, set down by mistake in mid-welter of Paris and somehow lost there; a tranquil haven for the discerning. From his western windows Alfred now commanded one of the breath-taking views of Europe; looked out across the dividing Seine to that marvel of marvels, Notre Dame, not masked by its too dumpy façade, but seen in its whole majestic yet soaring sweep, as it should be, from the rear. So long then as his money lasted he might well be thought to be in heaven; he had, temporarily, not a care in the world.

Auguste and his wife, Jeanne-Marie, went apparently with the apartment, at increased wages, kept it in apple-pie order, and served their new charge the most varied and delectable meals. They also polished his shoes, kept his clothes pressed and did his mending. But unquestionably they believed him to be a millionaire and arranged their little percentages on this and that accordingly. Did not the American gentleman pay all accounts presented without inquiry or demur? Surely then *le bon Dieu* must have sent him to provide more largely for their declining years. It was the merest moral prudence, if this were true, to take certain slight advantages.

Yet by the end of the first month in this perfect retreat Alfred began to feel lonely, shut off from life. He had entered no one of the famous ateliers of Paris, having decided to work out his own artistic salvation. He had secured models and he thought he was working very hard if he stuck at his painting two or three hours a day. To his professional models, many of whom are excellent judges of painting, it was evident that the young amateur—so they described him—had a certain talent, with which they never supposed he meant to do more than amuse himself. They took him seriously as a source of profit; not otherwise.

Alfred, on the other hand, believed that he took himself quite seriously; believed he was truly ambitious for a great career. Had he not thus far, for example, led a most restrained life—he, a young bachelor in Paris, without home ties, with money in his purse, and with a genuine taste for irresponsible society? What an amusing fling he might make of it all, if—if he were not determined to create a name for himself. He would begin a real canvas soon, something he might offer for exhibition; something on an impressive scale. He didn't quite know what. However, an idea would be certain to strike him, sooner or later.

Meanwhile, there was no denying it, he was growing bored. He had come to Paris without introductions and had made no friends there, had not even thrown himself in the way of making them, whether desirable or undesirable. Perhaps after all he might better enroll himself as the pupil of some famous *maître*. A little criticism couldn't hurt him, he supposed; and there would be other fellows about. In short, it might prove more amusing.

He mentioned the matter one morning to his model, an elderly picturesque type with a flowing white beard; and it rather nettled him to discover that this elderly cynic seemed to think this young sir might find work in the ateliers too steady and monotonous for him. This young sir was not dependent upon his brush, assuredly—that leaped to the eyes. Why, then, should he discommode himself? A sketch or so now and then—good! *"Pour passer le temps."* But—art, m'sieu—*l'art!* *"Ah, comme c'est long!"* He wondered, too, that m'sieu, with his charming personality, lived always alone. He ventured to remind m'sieu that youth does not last forever. Art, after all, was a *métier!* But love, m'sieu—*ah, grace à Dieu!*—quite on the contrary. A graceful and amiable mistress, for example, in an apartment so elegant, so—"

Alfred checked him, pretty sharply. He had a healthy American dislike for this particular form of suggestion. Yet the suggestion lingered.

Its first effect was to push Alfred toward entering himself at once as a pupil at the atelier of —— Well, that was the difficulty; he could not quite make up his mind which of several possible masters to serve. He would much prefer to become the single, admired disciple of some great painter, some Olympian being, far too splendid and renowned ever to have wasted his precious

(Continued on Page 53)

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VALENTINE'S VALSPAR

The Varnish That Won't Turn White

(Continued from Page 50)

personality in teaching groundlings. Such a being, for example, as Renoir—or the mighty and truculent Degas! Unfortunately he hadn't the least idea how to come at them; so he thought best to reflect on it a little longer. Doubtless his best introduction to such a being would be a completed canvas—a really distinguished piece of work for so young a man. Yes, that was it; and his master's recognition would open other doors for him—give him the freedom of all that was most brilliant in the artistic life of Paris. A completed canvas—something striking; perhaps a little daring—was the first step! He would set to work on it immediately, just so soon at least as a genuine inspiration flashed upon him.

It flashed upon him, this inspiration, a week later—in the most concrete and absorbing form. He was padding about his studio at the time, much like a wolf in a cage; searching every corner of it for an outlet to a more adventurous world—for an outlet that, like a felt-for word at the tongue's tip, just tantalizingly wasn't there. Then Auguste slipped in to him, with apologies, and announced that a Mme. Méran was applying for work on behalf of her daughter, Laurestine. That ancient type—yes, perfectly! he had lately posed for m'sieu—he had also taken the liberty, it appears, of mentioning m'sieu to this excellent Mme. Méran. . . . "Ah, but yes, m'sieu; she seems a most respectable person. And her daughter—charming! Altogether pretty—and altogether young! M'sieu, then, desires ——"

To his dying hour, I am certain, Alfred Elliman will never quite be able to forget the thrill of his first meeting with Laurestine Méran. She came wistfully into the vast picture-book studio, clinging, almost, to her mother's skirts, and looking the child in years that she still, almost, was. Mme. Méran, herself a personable though slightly battered woman, had dressed her daughter simply, but with artful quaintness; a nymph in classic yet oddly coquettish white, with a small, absurdly demure poke bonnet, Laurestine might well have stepped from an old print of the Directoire. She had her mother's black, soft, lusterless hair and night-blue eyes; but the faint, unsullied tea-rose bloom of her was wholly her own.

"A slip of a girl"—the old saying somehow perfectly expressed her. Those night-blue eyes lifted with a timid candor, with an effect, almost, of pathos. Their emotional appeal came with the double force of checked tears or a sigh repressed. Each timid-eager glance was a petition on behalf of lonely innocence astray in a too-cynical world. Not to answer this petition instantly, by any means within his power, would have seemed to Alfred a crime against all that is best and loveliest in Nature.

And that gave him his inspiration: Innocence, just as she stood before him, in just such a studio; Cynicism, in the form of a roué of the boulevards, stepping forward; Sir Galahad *de nos jours*, in a form that must be disguised a little, lest it prove a self-portrait, barring him from her with a tall young back suddenly presented; while the eyes of Innocence thank him and his own answer, "Courage! Trust in me! I love you!" These figures to be realistically presented, yet with a broad touch of cosmic symbolism.

Obvious and fatuous romanticism of a young man? Perhaps. But, after all, masterpieces have been created from even sillier material; given passionate sincerity, the quality of the thing felt matters in art so little; and then, too, masterpieces are so largely a question of perfected technic. It was this stubborn little question of technic—not poverty of material or insincerity of feeling—that was to keep Alfred Elliman, and for many a year yet, precisely where he belonged—with the rank and file.

Mme. Méran proved not to be a Frenchwoman at all; she was Irish—daughter, she said, of a self-exiled Irish patriot, and widow of a comedian formerly attached to the Odéon; a celebrated man, she assured Alfred, but—alas!—improvident. He had left her penniless, with a child of seven to nurture and educate. She had done her poor best. M'sieu could see for himself that her child had not suffered. As for her child's mother—ah!

But Laurestine was not ungrateful, she thanked God; and she posed only—"always accompanied by me; that goes without saying"—for painters and sculptors of the highest distinction and respectability. "You, Mr. Elliman, are a little younger than I was given to understand. Otherwise, I should not have ventured to come. I find it impossible to be too circumspect."

However, an arrangement for daily sittings—at an honorarium, per hour, hitherto unheard of in Paris—was soon concluded.

"But my daughter does not sit for the whole figure, Mr. Elliman; that I must tell you. Except M.——, the master sculptor, it is true. But so old, so famous a man! He has been like a second father to Laurestine."

Alfred felt himself blushing hotly and could have wept for it. He hastened to assure Mme. Méran that he had a fancy to paint Laurestine just as she was, in the very costume she was wearing.

"That is a delicate compliment to me, m'sieu," said Mme. Méran, beaming upon him.

Laurestine too—all but—beamed; and Alfred later believed he had heard her murmur, "*M'sieu Elliman nous flatte, n'est-ce-pas, maman?*" If so, these were the only words that Laurestine uttered throughout the interview; but as she retired with her mother she vouchsafed him one final, pathetically appealing lift from her night-blue eyes.

But though Remorse spared me nothing I shall spare you much—all but a bare record of the too hasty rise and fall of Alfred Elliman's farcical and tragic romance.

Keyed to what he believed must be concert pitch by the daily presence of Laurestine, whose mother more and more frequently withdrew on a plea of errands or other business, Alfred slaved for two months on the picture that was to have made his reputation; only to offer it for the spring Salon and have it rejected—as it should have been, since it was a tissue of incompetencies. But, he comforted himself, is genius not always at first rejected by the official, the academic? Moreover, the world was no longer with him; he was spellbound in a private, ecstatic dream.

And inevitably, given the time, the place, the girl and the mother, he married the wistful, enchanting Laurestine and floated off with her in a pearly cloud for a grand tour of heaven, via Lake Como, Venice, the Dolomites, and way stations. His love for her was complete physical infatuation. Her whim was his law; he could deny her nothing—and she, poor child, innocent at least in this, supposed she had become the bride of a sort of deified combination of Aladdin, the Barons Rothschild and the Grand Mogul. Literally, though unwittingly, she ruined her besotted boy husband in two months of whirling, rapturous extravagance, and he, lost in the fantastic dream life of his passion, heard vaguely the roar of the cataract before them but made no effort to turn their racing boat shoreward. No effort, at least, until the smooth brink arched under their prow.

From Vienna he had to telegraph Mme. Méran, his astonished mother-in-law, for money enough to return with Laurestine to Paris. Mme. Méran was not unduly disturbed, however. Doubtless this dear Alfred's income—of American origin, naturally—had somehow been delayed. Smilingly she borrowed the necessary sum from M.——, the master sculptor and second father to Laurestine. "For a few days only, *mon chèri!* It is nothing. That dear Alfred, thou knowest, is a gold mine."

"Thou art certain, Toto? Thou hast made inquiries—of his banker, for example?"

"But no, Aristide. Was he not willing to marry Laurestine without dowry? He cannot be an adventurer! I tell thee what I have seen and know. He is Peru itself, that boy—absolutely! And of a *naïveté!*"

"Ah, good, good! But one sees thou art not a Frenchwoman, Toto—not at heart. She would have inquired of his banker, and well in advance."

That very evening Alfred Elliman was pointing out to Mrs. Alfred Elliman, herself helplessly aware that something uncomfortable must have happened, that, though still living, they were now *below* the falls and cast forth bruised, bleeding and naked on the rocks.

The shamefaced return to Paris brought on immediately a succession of terrible and degrading scenes. Alfred made full confession of his incredible folly, but protested that he had throughout been innocent of any thought of deception. This Mme. Méran, filled now with a cold fury, refused to believe. By his way of life he had represented himself to be a man of great wealth, able to maintain her daughter—and herself, *bien entendu*—in a certain position. He had trapped Laurestine by a deliberately acted lie. What now did he propose to do about it?

"*good old* BRASSIE"

GOOD OLD BRASSIE! Your time's about here again. The greens are getting their spring haircut and the foursomes'll soon be gathering.

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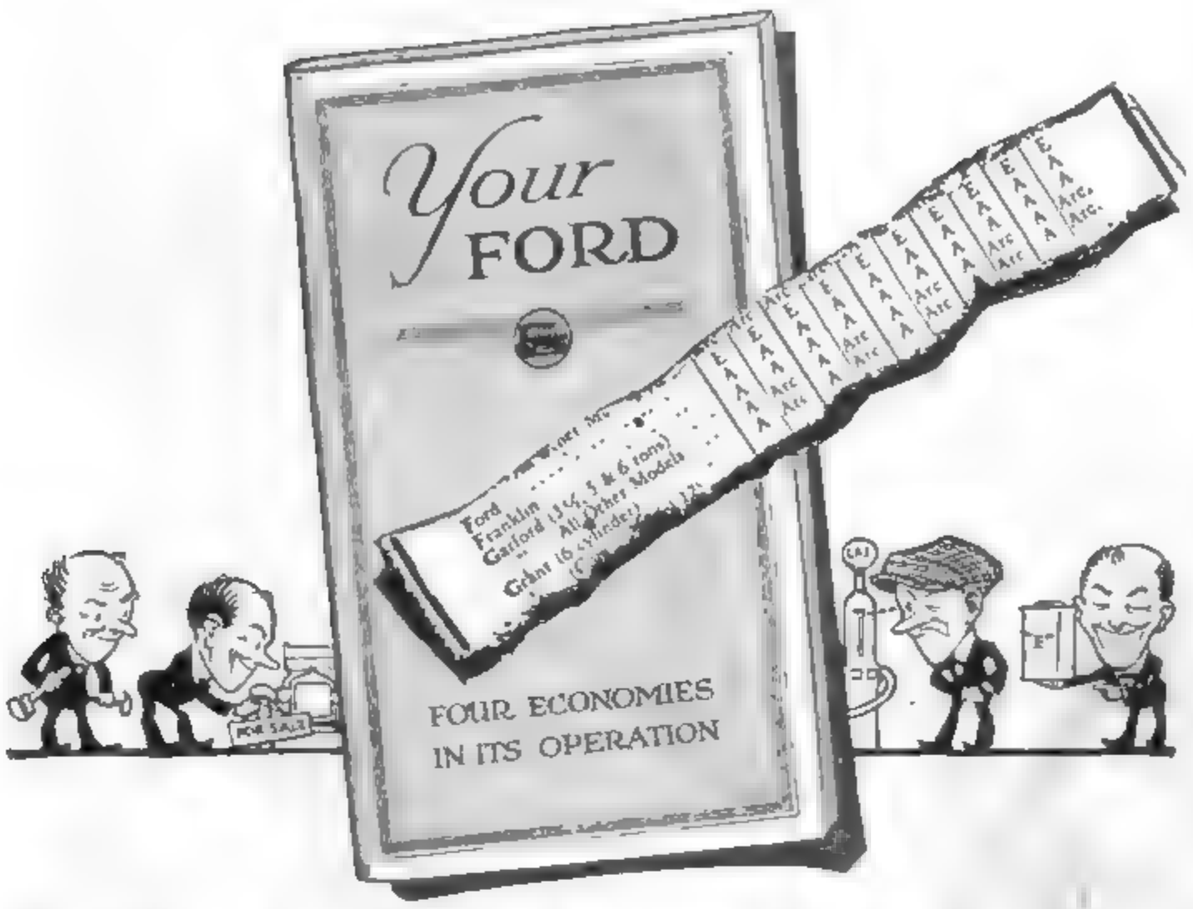

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He proposed, Alfred said, to do everything in his power to support his wife and regain for her in time the position her mother believed to have been promised her; the position he himself wanted for her. He had been a fool, perhaps almost criminally a fool; but he loved Laurestine and was eager to do his utmost to prove it. He believed in himself, in spite of everything. If Laurestine would stand by him, help him? She had drawn a little off from them; was taking, as usual, no part in the conversation. It wounded him. But after all—he struggled on with his appeal, made now, really, to Laurestine—they were young; in good health. A year or so of poverty would not hurt them, he guessed; might even prove the happiest years of their lives. Laurestine did not respond. Of course the first step was to retrench, give up the apartment, take a single room somewhere on the left bank, sell anything they possessed of value for their immediate needs. Laurestine did not respond.

"But have you no relatives in America," demanded Mme. Méran, "who could be counted on?"

Yes; he had one, an aunt with a small independence. She could and would, he knew, help him in a small way, if it became absolutely necessary. He hoped it would not be necessary. If Laurestine would stand by him, do her part, he had no fears for the future; he would work day and night.

"At what, may I ask?" Mme. Méran's voice was not pleasant at this crisis; every tone of it was a studied insult.

"My painting."

"Painting! Let me tell you this, once for all: You have no talent. If you paint for a thousand years you'll produce nothing but—abortions!"

"That is your opinion, madame; not mine. Is it yours, Laurestine?"

She was sitting huddled, my wife, on a carved and gilded Renaissance dower chest; her face was petulant, feebly rebellious. Nor did she answer me. So I repeated my question, insisting upon it: "Is it yours, Laurestine?"

Her reply, in her languid child's drawl, went wide of the mark. "*Maman* said you would make me happy. Otherwise I don't wish to be married. If you can't be nice to me ——"

"Someone else can?" I cried. "Is that it? Are you that kind, after all? You and your mother? Yes; I see you are! Once my money's gone you've no use for me, eh? Well, clear out, then, both of you! It strikes me all three of us are getting just about what we deserve!"

I was quite crazy, I think, in those moments, wholly beside myself with the pain of disillusionment, with grief and rage. If Laurestine had stood by me —— But if she was that kind—to hell with her! To hell with love and life! To hell with everything in this rotten, disappointing world!

A characteristic reaction at twenty-two—when twenty-two has been almost wholly to blame for his own misfortunes.

And I see I have slipped again, unconsciously, into the first person—so vividly did those moments return! It is quite as well. For sometimes I look back on that cub, Alfred Elliman at twenty-two, as on a stranger; at other times I am one with him, feeling his mistakes and follies at work in me, relentlessly shaping my existence even to-day. Karma. I am what he yet makes me—cub that he was! I bear no resentment. But if only he had cut and trimmed from a somewhat finer pattern!

XI

MANY, many years later I, Alfred Elliman, a prosperous, rather lonely, rather tired, rather depressed, perhaps rather depressing bachelor of forty, was hard at work in my New York studio at the tiptop of the Quat'z Arts Building on West Fifty-ninth Street; or, as my fellow lessees prefer to call it, Central Park South. When I say "bachelor" I borrow a descriptive term not infrequently used to define my status; omitting, however, the adjectives commonly coupled with it. It was a prematurely warm day for middle April, and to combat the suffocating, un-turn-offable heat from steam riser pipes, I had thrown open the lower panels of my great studio window. The grass in the Park, I had noted indifferently, was turning green, and a weeping willow by the little swan-boat pond was a cascade of gold. Spring was coming on, then, and really it did not matter; not to me personally, at least, nor much, I supposed, to a heartsick, war-ridden world.

I was engaged that day, by official request, in designing a poster for the Third Liberty Loan. It was not wholly a congenial task. War seemed to me quite the stupidest of human enterprises, though just the sort of thing to be expected from the human race, taken by and large. I was not a pacifist. In a world filled with aggressive and self-seeking men and tribes of men I was by no means persuaded of the wisdom of turning the other cheek. Life, as I viewed it, was a long and necessarily ruthless scrimmage between forces making, however blindly, for civilization and forces making, however blindly, for barbarism; and one couldn't decently withdraw because the choice of weapons was not granted one by a disinterested cosmos or a coarse-grained foe. Given planetary conditions, I held, the main thing was to lay about one lustily; if possible—that is, supposing one could discern it—on the side of the angels.

And ever since 1914 I had believed that to be, on the whole—say, as four to three, the slight preponderance Samuel Butler grants to God over the devil—the side of the Allies. Being in Paris at the time, I had offered myself at once then, in August, 1914, for any service that France could find for me; and my health being excellent for my age, France had graciously enrolled me in her Foreign Legion. With that legion I served until February, 1917; at which time, having escaped all the more dramatic perils of war, I fell inglorious victim to trench feet and inflammatory rheumatism, the latter disease leaving its mark upon me in the form of a leaky mitral valve, later compensated—if I haven't mixed up the terms—by an enlarged right ventricle; in short, I was honorably discharged from the service with the inevitable Croix de Guerre and told to take little exercise, less tobacco and no alcohol for the dubious remnant of my life.

So I went home to America; partly to recuperate and partly to discover why the devil my fellow countrymen thought themselves "*au dessus de la mêlée*"—"too proud to fight." And, to my joy, on arriving there, the first thing I discovered was that most of my fellow countrymen thought nothing of the kind.

My months of service and invalidism had completely unsettled me. While civilization, such as it was, was doing its best to commit suicide, art in any form seemed to me peculiarly *de trop;* I had no desire whatever to paint. But I did paint, in spite of myself; commissions besieged me now that I cared little about them, and there were one or two patriotic jobs which I hadn't the impudence to turn down.

They didn't solace me, however! How could they? America was fighting hard, at last! And there was nothing—no ties, no family responsibilities—to keep me at the rear. Nothing but my infernal slacker of a heart! Doctors still heard all manner of, to them, interesting murmurs when they pressed the little black bell of their stethoscopes between my ribs; they were still exasperatingly insistent as to alcohol, tobacco and exercise. I longed to throw myself into this conflict body and soul—and I was asked to design war posters! No wonder the coming on of spring didn't seem greatly to matter. At a crisis when vigorous men were needed I found myself rather less than one-half a man.

The doorbell sounded. I was in no mood to see anybody that morning and told Li Po, the Chinese Nightingale, to bar the outer gates. His name isn't Li Po, but I call him that because he has the susceptibility of a poet, and because of his occasional overindulgence in rice wine. He attached himself to me in 1907, when I was visiting the grave of Confucius, near the city of K'iuh-fow, and he had taken complete charge of me ever since, combining in one imperturbable spirit all the virtues of perfect cook, faultless valet, tender nurse, and charming guide, philosopher and friend. As a young ne'er-do-well in China he became a Christian convert in order to live softly and learn English, and having done so he continued to live softly while lapsing quietly back into "the religion of all sensible men." I haven't the least idea why he for so long considered it his sufficient life work to coddle me.

He returned in this instance, however, in spite of my instructions, and presented me with a half sheet of paper on which was scribbled in pencil a single name—Laurestine. It was the last name I should have expected to find there.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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We Asked 1,000 Men—

"What is your conception of the ideal shaving cream?"

By V. K. Cassady, B. S., M. S., Chief Chemist

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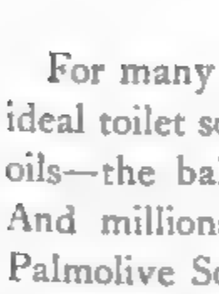
Six years ago we started to embody this blend in a shaving cream. And the first step was to ask a thousand men the virtues they wanted in it.

These were their requirements:

First, a quick shave



Acts in one minute

Nine-tenths of those men wanted quick shaves, above all. They did not like long brushing, finger rubbing, hot towels and delay.

So we made a cream which acts in one minute. Within that time the average beard absorbs 15% of water. And that is enough. This result is due to almost instant oil removal—the oil that coats the beard.

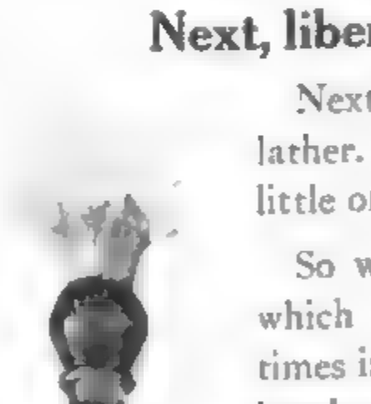
Next, liberal lather

Multiplies itself 250 times

Next, they wanted liberal lather. And they wanted a little of the soap to go far.

So we developed a cream which multiplies itself 250 times in lather. A bit on the brush—only one-half gram—suffices for a shave. A single tube of Palmolive Shaving Cream serves for 152 shaves.

Lather that remains



Maintains itself 10 minutes

Then they wanted a lather which maintains itself without drying on the face.

So we perfected a lather which maintains its creamy fulness for ten minutes. That is ample time. This lather does not need replacement.

Leaves the face soft and smooth

A soothing soap

They wanted a soothing shavingcream. They wanted a lubricated razor, no irritation, a pleasant after-effect.

The best way ever known to those ends is our blend of palm and olive oils. The lather is a lotion in itself.

We made 130 creams

We are experts in soap making. But it took us 18 months to attain this ideal shaving cream. We made up and tested 130 formulas. Thus step by step we attained these supremacies, and the best shaving cream in existence.

Now we ask you to test it. Learn in how many ways it excels. It will lead the way to a lifetime of delightful shaves.

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_____

THE BIG FOUR OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE—LLOYD GEORGE

(Concluded from Page 8)

customary way was abandoned he lost another opportunity. Supported as he was by the people of nearly every country, he could have brought tremendous pressure upon his three principal colleagues if he had resisted the policy of extreme secrecy which was followed. He failed to perceive or else he feared to seize these chances, and therefore must share the blame with his associates.

I have stated that Mr. Lloyd George in my opinion was principally responsible for the secrecy of the proceedings of the councils. I know that he showed the greatest perturbation over publicity and most strenuously demanded that the discussions and settlements should be held strictly secret. Though the meetings of the Council of Ten were considered confidential, only an official *communiqué* being given out after a meeting, there frequently appeared in the Parisian press reports of the proceedings which were no doubt embarrassing to the British Government, since they became the subject of interpellation and discussion in Parliament. As nearly all the cases of these unauthorized reports seemed to be in a measure helpful to the French cabinet in the Chamber of Deputies it was presumed, not without reason, that the information came from the official group who, independently of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, control in large measure the acts of the Foreign Office in Paris and who naturally were in constant touch with the proceedings of the peace conference.

These published statements greatly annoyed Mr. Lloyd George and caused him to use some very plain and vigorous language about the way news leaked out. He implied rather broadly that since the French Government maintained complete control of the press through its censorship, the publication of this news was for political purposes and asserted that he, for one, would not stand it. M. Clemenceau listened to these complaints with apparently unruffled temper and replied that he was as desirous as his distinguished confrère to preserve the absolute secrecy of the proceedings, that he deplored the fact that anything had occurred which caused him annoyance, and that he would take steps to prevent further publicity, though he was sure that the source of the information was not the French officials, who were always discreet and honorable.

Fear of Publicity

With M. Clemenceau's assurances Mr. Lloyd George had to be satisfied, at least for the time, but as the French journals after a brief silence began again to print inside information concerning the council he renewed his complaints. The French Premier expressed deep concern and repeated his assurances that he would do everything that he could to stop the leak. At the same time he pointed out that the London press was publishing reports of the proceedings of the council which were very disturbing to him and his government and invited the attacks of his enemies in the Chamber of Deputies. Mr. Lloyd George blustered about this insinuation that his people were doing the very thing of which he complained, and declared that this improper publicity was the result of having so many persons present at the sessions of the council, and that the only way to check it was to reduce the number. In truth M. Clemenceau and Mr. Lloyd George were equally desirous for political reasons to have certain matters made public, but each of them wished to decide what those matters should be.

The result of these conditions was the organization of the Council of the Heads of States. There is no question but that the new method of conducting business was in the main effective as to secrecy. Only the most fragmentary information came through the closed doors of the President's residence, where the Big Four sat in conclave. Not only the public, but the delegates to the conference as well, remained in ignorance of the proceedings. Though the general discontent increased and the mutterings, particularly of the representatives of the press assembled in Paris, grew louder and more bitter against this policy of silence and mystery, Mr. Lloyd George did not appear to be disturbed. On the contrary he was even more insistent that the seal of secrecy should remain unbroken.

The climax of this dislike—or possibly I should say, this fear—of publicity on the part of the British statesman came at a meeting of the Council of Ten held at the President's house about the middle of April, which, according to the notice, was summoned to consider the publicity to be given to the terms of peace before the treaty was delivered to the Germans, but which was in fact summoned to devise means to prevent the terms from becoming public. The meeting was one of the most extraordinary ever held in connection with a great international congress, most extraordinary as to subject and result.

An Exhibition of Despotism

I do not feel that I can give a detailed account of what occurred at this meeting, but it may be said that Mr. Lloyd George held the opinion—an opinion which he freely expressed outside the council—that in order to keep secret the terms of the treaty as long as possible the delegates of the lesser cobelligerent states, who had been excluded from all participation in the drafting of the document, ought not even to see the full text before the Germans saw it, and that all delegates, friends and foes alike, should simply be directed to "sign here." This opinion, which was evidently based on the assumed right of the Great Powers to dictate to the conference, was apparently made with the idea that it would be too late to propose changes in the treaty after the terms had been imposed on the Germans, and that the terms could not become the subject of political attack or public criticism at home while the Germans were considering them and formulating objections to them.

The result of the meeting was a decree or order by the Council of Four that a summary, and not the text, of the treaty should be laid before the delegates on the afternoon preceding the delivery of the document to the German representatives, and that no delegate should be permitted to debate the terms unless it was in a perfunctory manner, and in no event to attempt to amend them. The conduct of the proceedings being in the hands of M. Clemenceau, the program was certain to go through. Altogether this was the most amazing and most indefensible exhibition of the despotism of the five Great Powers that was given at the conference. It was in utter disregard of the legal rights of sovereignty in times of peace, a reversion to physical might as the measure of authority. The impression made upon the delegates of the smaller nations can be imagined. They were aghast at such treatment, as well they might be, but without an influential leader what could they do? Some of them said frankly that they expected nothing less of M. Clemenceau and Mr. Lloyd George, but that they had confidently believed that President Wilson would not permit such unjust treatment, that they were in despair at his desertion of them, and that they were convinced that he was not the strong man they had thought him, since he had surrendered to those who favored the primacy of the five Great Powers. Mr. Wilson from that time forward lost the commanding position which he had held with the lesser nations. They no longer had confidence in his courage and influence.

The fact is that the two leading European statesmen were secretive through fear of the effect of publicity on their political fortunes, and the President was secretive by nature. As for Signor Orlando, he belonged to that school of statesmanship of which a cardinal principle is and always had been secretiveness as to discussions, agreements and alliances, national and international. His training and experience in government made his approval certain. With the Japanese, secretiveness is a racial characteristic.

Yet in my opinion Mr. Lloyd George went further than any of his colleagues would have gone in advocating the suppression of information, and he urged it with a frankness which showed an utter lack of regard for, or possibly lack of appreciation of, the attributes of sovereignty. Had there been a trained legal mind among the Big Four, other than that of Signor Orlando, it might have been different. Unfortunately the three principal statesmen of that powerful group were without such training, although both Mr. Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George had begun life as members of the legal profession. They were unable to think in terms of international law or to model their procedure to conform to the custom and usage of nations. The rights and liberties of independent states were in peril. They needed a jealous guardian to protect them from invasion. There was none. It was a serious defect in the constitution of the Council of Four, which was reflected in other phases of its proceedings.

The insistence of the British Prime Minister on secrecy at Paris was one of the manifestations of that opportunism which has distinguished his public career. Expediency controlled in a marked degree his actions during the negotiations as it had done his policies and acts as leader of the government in Parliament. He did not accept a principle, or at least showed no disposition to apply it, unless it appeared to lead to some practical advantage to his government, and if he found that his anticipation as to the result was wrong he unhesitatingly abandoned the principle and assumed another.

A Great Politician

When one reviews the unusual political career of Mr. Lloyd George and sees how successfully he managed to hold his own with the conservative element of the British people and to placate the radicals, even those of the more advanced type, by meeting them part way or by appearing to acquiesce in their extreme views, his shrewdness and sagacity in the management of contending political factions arouse admiration for his ability, though it does not follow that they excite the same emotion as to his devotion to principle or to his constancy of purpose.

More than once while the negotiations were in progress at Paris Mr. Lloyd George returned to London and appeared in the House of Commons for the purpose of leading the government in repelling an attack by the opposition. On those occasions he so adroitly explained the government's policies and so brilliantly pictured the satisfactory progress of the work of the peace conference that the attempted criticisms which followed were feeble and futile. Aggressive, sanguine and cheerfully willing to face his opponents, he successfully answered their criticisms. Having routed his antagonists at home he returned to Paris unquestionably stronger in his own eyes, as well as in the eyes of others, because of his evident mastery of the parliamentary situation.

While opinions may differ as to whether Mr. Lloyd George is a great statesman, no one can truthfully deny that he is a great politician who shows a remarkable insight into human nature and a skill in the manipulation of political forces which have enabled him to hold his place in the most difficult circumstances. Through the critical periods of the war he maintained his ascendancy by his ability to play off faction against faction, and by his agility in keeping his equilibrium on a very flimsy structure built up of discordant and even of hostile elements. Often his position was extremely perilous but his wit and readiness as a speaker always saved him from defeat in the House of Commons.

While he brought this cleverness to his aid in the negotiations at Paris, sudden changes of position and the endeavor to divide his opponents by encouraging first one and then another were methods unsuited to the settlement of international differences. They did not work in the same way that they did in the sphere of domestic politics. His methods carried the impression, possibly an erroneous one, that he was unreliable, in fact wabbly. This feeling decidedly impaired his influence in the councils, as it did among the delegates in general. Though his keenness of mind was fully appreciated, the way in which it was used aroused doubt as to his sincerity, and nothing can be more detrimental to a negotiator than to be credited with insincerity. The consequence was that every position taken and every suggestion offered by the British leader were suspected and a hidden purpose was frequently presumed when doubtless there was none.

Alertness and Audacity

But Mr. Lloyd George, always looking at a question from the point of view of expediency, would have been seriously handicapped in the council chamber had he not relied on the experience and knowledge of Mr. Balfour, Lord Milner and Sir Eyre Crowe, who foresaw whither the expedient might lead him. He accepted the judgment of others unless their judgment came in direct conflict with his political program for the day, and even then he was willing to modify his views to meet, at least partially, the course which they advised.

Mr. Lloyd George possessed a wonderfully alert mind that fairly bubbled over with restless energy. He made decisions rapidly and with little regard for details or fundamental principles. If he fell into error through incomplete knowledge or wrong deductions he picked himself up with a laugh or a witticism and went ahead as if nothing had happened. In debate he was vigorous and often impetuous. If it was shown that his argument was based on false premises he unblushingly changed his premises but not his argument. The audacity with which he ignored logic was a subject of frequent comment. He in my opinion had the quickest mind of the Big Four, but it seemed to lack stability. He gave the impression of a man who through force of circumstances had been compelled to jump at conclusions instead of reaching them through the surer but slower processes of reason. By many he was credited with superficial knowledge and careless judgment. This opinion was a natural result of the way in which he pressed forward, showing impatience that others were not willing to render decisions on evidence which he deemed entirely sufficient, but which his colleagues considered questionable.

Vivacious, good-tempered and possessing a strong sense of humor, Mr. Lloyd George was socially an attractive person, while in debate his cleverness in finding the weak spots in an opponent's armor and his utter indifference to his own errors made him a dangerous antagonist. He attacked with vigor and he defended by attacking. But this unusual man possessed none of the arts of diplomacy. He was not by nature a negotiator. His successes at Paris, and they were not a few, were largely due to the excellent advice which was given him, and which he wisely received.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of four articles by Mr. Lansing. The concluding article will appear in an early issue.

PHOTO BY F. E. BONNER, U. S. FOREST SERVICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Payette Lake, Idaho

Bread and Milk for Supper

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Packers and Provisioners

What Proper Shampooing does For Your Hair

Why the Condition of Your Hair Depends on the Care You Give It

Shampooing takes no longer than shaving

Illustrated by WILL GREFÉ

THE appearance and healthy condition of your hair depend largely upon the care you give it. If the scalp is allowed to become hard and dry and dandruff accumulates, falling hair and baldness are apt to result.

In caring for the hair proper shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which keeps the hair and scalp healthy; besides it brings out the real life and lustre and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, life-like, bright and fresh looking.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it in good condition, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

Nothing makes you feel so refreshed after exercise as the exhilarating effect of a shampoo with your shower. Always keep Mulsified in your locker

That is why discriminating men use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how well you can make your hair look, just

Follow This Simple Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in good warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and the hair.

Rub the Lather In Thoroughly

TWO or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, rub it briskly with a turkish towel until it is dry. Then, give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

Make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright and fresh looking, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone. You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

WATKINS
MULSIFIED
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

Well groomed men always have well kept hair

SMALL-TOWN STUFF

By ROBERT QUILLEN

Dogs

DOGS are such wonderful creatures—so quick to battle, so quick to forgive, so innocent of pose, so loyal in adversity—that one who pretends to find in them the qualities common to men seems guilty of a colossal vanity. One may say of a fellow mortal that he is a man of iron, or that he has a heart of gold, or that he is a diamond in the rough, for these inanimate things possess a value from which one may borrow for purposes of comparison without doing hurt to their reputations. Men and metal are not competitors. But if one asserts that men and dogs have many qualities in common he adds nothing to the glory of men, who are by all accounts superior, and yet seems to call into question the good name of the dogs. If one says to the dog, "You have many of man's virtues," the dog may answer in self-defense, "Make no mention of this matter, I pray you, lest the world suspect that I have his vices as well."

As I go to work each morning I pass the home of a woolly little dog that views with alarm. He is obsessed with the idea that something dreadful is impending. Each trivial incident of the day fills him with a frenzy of terror. Each approaching pedestrian is an ogre, each casual visitor a messenger of destruction. His affrighted imagination sees sudden death in every passing shadow, and he disturbs a neighborhood with his shrill hysteria. I do not scold him, for I assume that he has not taken counsel with history, and that the picket fence about the yard is his horizon.

Frequently I catch glimpses of a brindle terrier that lives in town and devotes his energy to going somewhere. Early or late, in street or alley, he pushes forward at a lively trot, his head in the air, and to the casual observer he appears to be occupied with matters of great importance; but I have observed that he watches me out of the corner of his eye, and am of the opinion that he is a person of little consequence, wholly devoted to the business of seeming important.

My neighbor has a dog that feels superior. At home he will frolic gravely with the children or swing his tail in ponderous fashion when an acquaintance calls, but on the street he resents familiarity. He goes solemnly about his own business, and if he feels any curiosity concerning the trivial affairs of a commonplace world he is careful to conceal it for the sake of his dignity and his reputation. I felt rather humble in his presence for a time, but one day I saw him in his own back yard chasing a cat with all the eager abandon of a street feist, and now I address him with mock gravity and feed my vanity by laughing up my sleeve.

My own dog is a cross between a cheerful idiot and a philosopher. The collar about his neck causes him no inconvenience, and though a yard fence limits the scope of his adventures he manifests no spirit of rebellion. Yet when expediency prompts me to chain him to his kennel he becomes frantic with a desire for liberty and leaps against his collar until exhaustion brings him to his knees. The saving philosophy of impotence enables him to bear confinement with equanimity, if confinement will but grant him the sorry privilege of pretending to be free; but when a clanking chain advertises his condition of servitude he must struggle to be free or lose his self-respect.

He is not so careful of his self-respect in other particulars, however. He has a theory that he is a little brother to the world, and is forever approaching strangers with his whole after-deck vibrating in unison with his tail, and his eyes shining with an eagerness to make friends and pass the time of day. Some suspect him of ulterior motives and aim a kick at his ribs; and others, schooled in the theory that nothing is worth while that may be obtained without great effort, spurn his advances and urge him to be on his way. Thereafter he pouts for a season and seems to contemplate becoming a confirmed cynic, but his nature has deeper root than his wounded pride and within an hour he will be fishing for new affronts. I love him for his forgiving spirit and unfailing optimism, but I have little respect for his intelligence. If he had the wit to affect indifference every passer-by would stop to pat his tawny head and speak a word in his praise; but since he is hail-fellow-well-met with everybody, acquaintances realize that they cannot hope to win distinction by evidences of his favor, and scorn a friendship so easily won and so universally and gratuitously bestowed.

At times I am tempted to sell him into a far country, and then I remember that mortals habitually boast of their acquaintance with celebrities and neglect to mention their less important friends, so that they appear to value most the friends who value them least, and I am constrained to forgive my dog his folly and think no less of him because the values fixed by mortals are beyond his comprehension. Age will teach him discretion, and sore ribs will teach him reticence. Meanwhile his waving tail and shimmying after-quarters become him well, and win him friends among simple folk who do not employ friendships as feathers for their nests.

Concerning Friends

THE test of friendship is success, not ill fortune. One hears much of fair-weather friends, and it is commonly held that these take themselves off at the approach of misfortune, as rats desert a sinking ship.

To say that friends desert when ill befalls is to accept a very loose and unwarranted definition of the word "friendship." One who fails or falls from some high estate is prone to become morbidly sensitive. He cannot at once forgive himself, and he cannot at once forgive the continued prosperity of those who did not share his fall. He resents their offer of sympathy, and if they have the wit to offer none he resents their apparent indifference. He carries about with him an air of martyrdom, and his conversation concerns his grievance or the alibi he would establish. For shame's sake he avoids his friends, and he feels hardly used when they seek him out and spy upon his poverty.

One who thus accepts a fall as final and becomes absorbed in draining the dregs of his cup and reveling morbidly in their bitterness has no just grievance against his friends. His friends might cling to him, but his snarls drive them away. He will not accept their invitations because he cannot entertain in his turn. And even the most loyal friends will have the wit to keep their distance when experience teaches them that to approach is to invite a rebuff

One who falls and gets to his feet smiling, *sans* bitterness and self-pity, will find every friend's hand extended to aid him as he starts again up the ladder. A fall may test the staunchness of one's friends, but even more severely it tests one's ability to be a friend; and to charge that seeming friends deserted at the approach of ill fortune is to confess that one had no friends or that he proved himself unworthy of those he had.

Failure tests the metal of the individual; success tests the metal of his friends. It is much easier to be magnanimous than to be humble; much easier to encourage one who has not yet come up than to cheer one who has passed by. In the one case a feeling of superiority encourages one to be generous; in the other a consciousness of inferiority tempts him to be resentful.

When one of a group of friends mounts suddenly to a place of wealth and power, he finds new and engrossing duties to fill his mind and discourage introspection; but those left behind and denied the balm of novelty will take stock of their position and by taking stock become self-conscious and sensitive. They may not resent their friend's advancement; they may not envy his good fortune; but since his advancement has invited a comparison that does not flatter them, they will suspect him of making a like comparison. They will observe him narrowly in an effort to detect evidence of an enlarged ego; and he, poor wretch, realizing that his friends suspect him, will in turn become self-conscious, and by endeavoring to seem natural will appear the opposite and thus confirm their suspicions.

He may, and doubtless will, hunger for the easy companionship of the friends he once knew; but they, except they be friends of rare worth, will cast him out because of their suspicions and compel him to seek new friends among the acquaintances advancement has brought him.

Here then is a test of himself. If the dereliction of old friends has made him a little bitter or taught him to be sensitive, he will be surly. When approached by persons of little consequence he will say: "These sycophants seek to bask in the reflected light of my fame or seek to share my wealth." And when approached by persons having no less of merit than himself he will say: "These would have none of me before I arrived; now that I have no need of their hands they offer them. A curse on their belated fellowship."

This is a great folly. It is true that one who has grown great is courted by persons of less worth, but here is no cause of offense, but only an honest compliment. The proper man does not court the society of his inferiors; he wishes to advance, and how shall he advance except he keep his eye on the man ahead?

The great ones who offer their friendship are not worthy of rebuke; they but prove their hospitality. Before he arrived they were not aware of his existence; when he came among them and thus proved himself worthy of their friendship they were quick to offer it.

The basis of friendship is a common quality or a common taste; the archenemy of friendship is suspicion.

Concerning Gun Play

IN STORYBOOKS the burglar knows Sanskrit and the manners prescribed for court usage. He is, like as not, a gentleman of wealth and refinement who burgles in search of a thrill. If discovered while selecting the most valuable gems he points his gun at his discoverer's midriff and having thus insured the safety of his own skin unbends a little and converses in charming vein while proceeding with the business of filling his sack. He has the instincts and training of a good sport and fears nothing on two or four legs.

The real burglar is a coward and a bully. His nerves are taut. He starts at every noise. His heart thumps fast under his ribs. He is forever trembling on the verge of a blue funk. And because he is afraid he is dangerous. He wishes to avoid a killing, for a kill means a more relentless hunt, but when he is discovered his trigger finger takes counsel of his fright.

When cautious noises below stairs indicate that a night worker is collecting souvenirs one may do one of a number of things. He may take his trusty gun from under his pillow, walk boldly down the stairs, switch on the lights, and offer himself as a target while his roaring weapon improves the ventilating system of the burglar's body. Or, lacking a weapon, he may sneak downstairs, leap upon the burglar, snatch away his gun and tap him gently on the side of the head to keep him quiet until the police arrive. Or he may snuggle a little deeper under the covers and devote his energies to hoping that the burglar will fill his sack on the first floor and feel no urge to explore the second.

The burglar and the hold-up man are legitimate prey for those they seek to victimize, and may be perforated at will, but as a rule they have the drop, as the bad guys say, and prudence counsels an earnest effort to humor their whims. To risk one's life to save a fellow mortal is heroism, for the end sought is worthy of the effort; to risk one's life to save the silver is not justifiable as a business venture or commendable as sport.

In drama and in fact the man who faces the business end of a gun customarily elevates his hands or endeavors in some manner to express his docility and innocence of guile, and this is generally regarded as one of the fixed rules of the game.

If the game is played according to the rules the transfer of property is usually effected without affecting the current mortality rate for the vicinity, but when the rules are disregarded there is work for the emergency ward or the coroner. It does not of necessity follow that the man who fails to elevate his hands will be the one left on the scene when the smoke of battle clears away. A superior prowess may overcome the advantage that belongs of right to the aggressor, or the first show of resistance may bring his panic to a jell and send him hastening on his way. One who is willing to take a chance profits by the element of surprise, for the man whose finger nestles round the trigger never suspects that the man looking into the barrel will be foolish enough to resist.

The Wilson boy spoiled a very good joke because he didn't know the rules of the game. He had come in from a farm to work behind the soda fountain at Carson's pharmacy, and because he was soft-spoken and mild of manner the young fellows about town suspected him of being timid. He boarded with a family at the edge of town and on his way to and from work shortened his walk by cutting across a small pasture that was tightly fenced with barbed wire. There was a depression in the center of the pasture where the grass was tall and the shadows deep at night. Here five young men lay one moonlight night, masked and armed with pistols loaded with blank cartridges. They purposed giving the Wilson boy the fright of his life.

At a little after ten o'clock there was a creaking of wires and their quarry was silhouetted against the sky line as he climbed the fence. They waited until he was near enough to see the glint of moonlight on their pistol barrels and then got to their feet with a deal of gruff profanity and a chorused admonition to elevate his hands. The Wilson boy stepped back as though meditating flight, fumbled for a moment with his coat pocket, and then began to scatter lead from a roaring automatic. The young men who planned the party did not return the fire. They went away. There was a scuffle of feet, flitting shadows, and then the resonant twang of wire as the jokesmiths struck the fence and went through and under and over, leaving fragments of cloth and epidermis to adorn the barbs.

When one is young and full of romance he does not fear a gun, but when he is old and full of scars he speaks softly when chance finds him at the wrong end of a gun barrel. The man behind the gun may be bluffing, but calling what seems a bluff may necessitate calling the distant relatives. It is better to be prudent than porous.

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A LUCK LEPER'S TALE

(Concluded from Page 15)

"Now you can guess what's coming. To-morrow was that day. He had forgotten all about it, perhaps because he had got in the habit of expecting her to remind him of the date. What would you have done in that case? Remember his position in the market, what he had at stake, and how essential it was that he should be there to make his own decisions and ride the edge of circumstance."

"I don't know," I said. "One might have explained the situation."

"He didn't." Trueworthy continued proudly. "I've told you what he did. He said, 'All right.' That was all. Then he called in three brokers, laid his sheet before them and put himself in their hands, with rigid instructions. If Union Steel went up they were to get him out as best they could. He would probably be ruined, but with luck and good management they might save his Stock Exchange seat. If Union Steel went down they were to do nothing at all, and particularly—this above everything else—they were not to communicate with him in any way, by telephone, telegraph or messenger, until sunrise of the second day following.

"Now get this scene: It is a beautiful warm day. Moreau, his wife, two babies and grandma are out on the lawn. Nothing shall disturb them. No newspapers, no telephone messages, no contacts whatever with the concerns of this sinful world. They talk. They play with the babies. Moreau looks at the sun. It looks ten o'clock. The stock market is opening. He mustn't think of that. He will think of his youth instead, of loving his mother, of growing up, of going through college, of beginning in Wall Street—no, not that. He mustn't think of that. He talks to his mother. She is very happy. Then he looks at the sun again. It is probably eleven o'clock. The Union Steel directors by this time have acted on the dividend. Time seems to stand still. Why does one say time is always passing? Well, whatever it is has already happened, and there is no comfort in that. Can you imagine his state of mind?

"The telephone rings. It can be heard on the lawn. A servant comes. 'Mr. Moreau, please. Very important.' Moreau is calm. 'Say, please, I am not on any account to be disturbed.'

"He cannot help wondering why his brokers broke their instructions. It is an ill omen. Union Steel is going up! They have increased the dividend! He tries not to think of it. But he sees it. He experiments with the effort of thinking nothing, keeping the mind blank.

"The telephone rings a second time. 'The same party,' says the servant. 'The message is they can't help it, but they must speak to you one word.' Moreau is very calm. 'Tell them again I'm not to be disturbed to-day, and not to call any more.' An hour passes. A third time the telephone rings. Moreau calls to the servant, saying, 'Do not answer. Remove the receiver and leave it off so nobody can ring again.'

"At the other end Moreau's brokers are wild with anguish. Only it is not as Moreau fears. In the first place the Union Steel directors met an hour ahead of time, were in session only three minutes, and then announced that owing to the conditions of trade the dividend had been stopped. This happened before ten o'clock. Union Steel Common opened at a decline of five points, hesitated for a moment, declined five more, and a panic started

"There was never for an instant any danger of Moreau being ruined. But there was danger that he would lose a miraculous opportunity. After a break of ten points he ought to be making sure of his profits. His instructions were that if the stock declined his brokers were to do nothing. Therefore they were powerless to act, and profits, you know, will hardly ever wait. When the stock had declined fifteen points they couldn't stand it. They conferred and shared the responsibility of calling him on the telephone in spite of his injunction. No use. He had meant it. When the stock had declined twenty points they tried again, and when it was down twenty-five points they tried a third time, being now very desperate. No use at all.

"It was simply madness for a man to act like that. A profit of nearly a million dollars was hanging in the air. They had only to reach out and take it. One word from him was all they wanted. And he would not answer the telephone! The brokers were on the verge of lunacy. It is one thing to press your luck. That is dangerous enough. But to flout it! The market was likely to turn at any minute. There was no doubt at all that it would turn before the close. Half of Moreau's profit would probably be wiped out.

"None of them could leave the market. Their responsibility was too great. So they sent me, saying: 'Go to Moreau's house as fast as you can. Here's a hundred dollars. Go in a taxi. Get in! Break in! No matter what you do, only see him and say Union Steel is down twenty-five points and we want to take his profit in.'"

"And did you?"

He was rolling a cigarette to keep me in suspense. He went on slowly:

"They were brokers. They were too excited to think of anything but the profit Moreau would lose by waiting. Anyhow, they couldn't understand a man who would rather lose a million dollars than fudge on a promise to his mother.

"No, I didn't do it. I left the cab at the corner and walked by the house. They were still on the lawn. Moreau was walking round with his hands in his pockets, looking at the clouds. When he wasn't doing that he was sitting with his mother. I'm not ashamed. It made me feel a little misty in the eyes. I had the right hunch about it. This meant more to Moreau than money. It was for him to say what he wanted. It was his money, wasn't it? It was his party altogether, wasn't it? Nobody had any right to interfere."

"You didn't go in?"

"I couldn't do it. But I tried to think of some way to let him know, some way to lift the load from his mind without—you know what I mean—without throwing him off his part. For example, he couldn't help it if a newsboy passed with a bundle of extras calling out the headlines. He would hear and his mother wouldn't know what it meant. So I got a lot of old newspapers and walked by, shouting, 'Extra! All about the big panic in Union Steel!'"

"And he heard you?"

"I made sure he did. He sent a servant out to run me off the block. That was all I wanted. I went back and told the brokers one couldn't get in. Union Steel by that time was off thirty-five points! It had never stopped falling, and its closing price an hour later was 120, a total decline of forty points for the day.

"Now the point comes. It is this: If Moreau had been there himself, he would have begun to take profits too soon.

"After a decline of ten points he would have begun to buy. Probably when the decline had run twenty points he would have been all through, with a total profit of less than a million. But when he woke up the next morning and saw the stock down forty points he said: 'That's a profit too big ever to get away. I'll wait and let it run.' One could say that the next day. But one who had been watching the decline couldn't have waited.

"What was the result? Union Steel continued to fall, never again so violently, of course, but steadily for several months, and never stopped until it was 50. And Moreau, having waited, made on some of his contracts a profit of one hundred points, whereas on the day of the panic, if he had been there, he would have taken profits of ten and fifteen points. He made over five millions instead of taking less than one. Would you call that luck?"

"I would call it character. The luck was incidental," I said.

"Character," said Trueworthy—"that's it. I couldn't think of the word. It was character."

"Did he ever speak of your personating a newsboy?" I asked.

"Indirectly," said Trueworthy. "The next day he said to me, 'Nick, I like you—all but your voice. Go get it filed.' And with that he slipped me something very handsome."

"Do you see him often nowadays?"

"I never go to see him. He'd think I wanted something. Besides, I'd probably go too often. Two or three times a year we meet accidentally, like this morning, and he always gives me one of these."

He showed it to me guardedly lest one of the three at the ticker should see it—a bright, yellow one-hundred-dollar bill.

Look! then write your own title

THE siren scream on city street or the pound of hammer on the rural engine tire—both shout the same warning to all building owners, "*Look out for flying embers on your roof*," for every roof within earshot is in immediate danger—and even those that are well out of hearing are still within the fire circle once a fanned ember gets into the upper air currents. Jumps of one, two and even three miles are given in the fire records. So that the roof-communicated fire does not depend on the adjoining property for fodder. In the Atlanta conflagration three widely separated fire centers were noted shortly after the initial blaze – roof-communicated all; and $5,500,000 was the charge that the National Board of Fire Underwriters made against the inflammable roof in this one fire.

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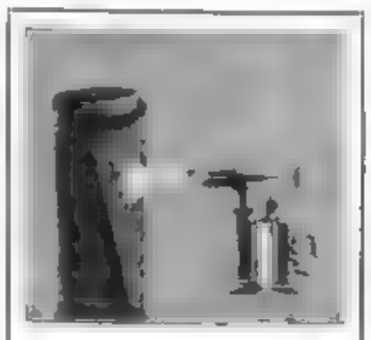

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Nature's own processes will heal a wound that is kept clean. New-Skin forms a waterproof protective surface and gives nature a chance.

The antiseptic properties of New-Skin aid in preventing infection. The protective film guards the newly formed tissues from injury.

In family medicine chests all over the country. Twenty years on the market. Sold in all parts of the world. Tested by millions of users.

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Be sure it is New-Skin not an imitation.

At Druggists—15 and 30 cents.

NEWSKIN COMPANY
New York Toronto London

BUILDING THE WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL WARSHIPS

(Continued from Page 24)

That meant the building of new shipyards and the enlargement of old ones; new plants to produce forgings, engines, machinery. Congress was asked to appropriate $350,000,000 more for destroyers and for creating the facilities to produce them. The act was passed October 9, 1917, and contracts for 150 were let immediately. In all 273 were ordered.

Never before had any country attempted to build anything like this number of destroyers, or any other fighting ships comparable with them, in such a limited time. Steel mills and engine factories, manufacturers of machinery and apparatus—all were put to work. Plans for the new ways and plants were ready, and ground was broken for some of them before Congress made the appropriation. It would require pages to recount even in a general way all that was done to put through this program. Almost every imaginable difficulty was encountered, but the task was done, and in half the time that many had estimated. The way that job was put through justified the motto that Rear Admiral Samuel McGowan, the paymaster general, furnished the Navy: "It can't be done, but here it is."

Our Submarine Chasers

A striking instance was the creation of the largest destroyer plant in the world at Squantum, Massachusetts. There a marsh was transformed into a modern shipyard, comprising a hundred acres, and six months after work was begun I had the privilege of assisting in laying the keels of six destroyers in one day. In former days from twenty months to two years were required to complete a vessel of this type. The Reid was finished at Squantum in 45½ working days from the laying of the keel, and was commissioned in 60 days. The Ward, built at the Mare Island, California, Navy Yard, was launched 17½ days after the keel was laid, and was put into commission in 70 days. These broke all records in construction. We have now a fleet of nearly 300 destroyers, more of modern type than any other navy.

The destroyers whose construction was provided for during the first six months we were at war aggregated 332,000 tons, with a total of 7,400,000 horse power. The total cost was estimated at $600,000,000, including $40,000,000 for the building of new yards, plants and ways. This amount was actually greater than the cost of all ships of the Navy available for service when we entered the war. Yet, despite the great increase in wages, prices of material and extra expenditure for facilities, these destroyers were built at an average of not over 50 per cent—and in some cases only 25 per cent—more than the prewar figures under fixed-price contracts.

The stanchness of our destroyers, the thoroughness with which they were built, was proved by the severest war service. Struck by a torpedo which exploded her depth bombs, most of the stern of the Cassin was blown off. The entire after portion of the Manley, including the after deckhouse, was blown away by the explosion of depth charges set off by collision with another vessel. The big liner Aquitania struck the Shaw and cut off her entire forward end, leaving only three-quarters of the vessel afloat. Yet all three of these destroyers were taken to port, repaired and put back into service.

During the war we built more than 400 submarine chasers, and these staunch little 110-foot wooden craft proved their worth abroad as well as at home. Built originally for harbor and coast patrol, nearly 200 of them were sent across the Atlantic; 130, manned by American naval personnel, operated in European waters. Fifty others were turned over to France, and twelve to Italy. A dozen of them, under command of Capt. Charles P. Nelson, took a prominent part in the joint attack on the Austrian naval base at Durazzo, October 2, 1918.

The commander in chief of the expedition, a British admiral, in an official dispatch said. "They screened heavy ships during the bombardments under enemy fire; also apparently destroyed definitely one submarine which torpedoed H. M. S. Weymouth, and damaged and probably destroyed another submarine. During the return voyage they assisted in screening H. M. S. Weymouth, and in escorting enemy hospital ship which was being brought in for examination. Their conduct throughout was beyond praise. They all returned safely without casualties. They thoroughly enjoyed themselves."

The Italian Naval General Staff expressed its highest appreciation of the work of our subchasers and "vivid admiration of their brilliant and clever operations which resulted in sinking two enemy submarines."

All our new capital ships will be propelled by the electric drive. This is one of the most important advances in marine engineering made in our generation, and it is a matter of pride that the United States Navy led in its adoption.

The first vessel equipped with electric drive was the collier Jupiter, built at the Mare Island Navy Yard. Tried out in competition with colliers of identical hull construction, the Jupiter demonstrated her superiority. The new system gave such promise that its application to capital ships was immediately considered. When the question arose as to the type of machinery to be installed in the battleships authorized by Congress in 1915, the electric drive was adopted after long and careful study and consideration. You cannot risk experiments with a $25,000,000 battleship, and we decided to put the new device to every test that could be imposed.

The Jupiter was recalled from Mexico, weathering an unprecedented storm, and upon its arrival in New York I went over to the navy yard with experts to examine the new electric drive, to reach a conclusion as to whether it was superior to other methods of propulsion. Not only in its voyage through heavy seas did it make good, but in another trial it made so good a showing that I authorized the battleship to be designed for electrical machinery, with the proviso that the Jupiter should be put in service under all conditions, so that if any possible weakness developed the machinery of the battleship could be changed. Fortunately this proved unnecessary. Our experience with the Jupiter was so satisfactory that the new method of propulsion was adopted for the California and the Tennessee, as well as the New Mexico, and when the last-named vessel was completed—the first capital ship ever driven by electricity—she demonstrated so thoroughly its superiority over the older methods in use that it was decided that the new system should be adopted for all capital ships.

Electric Drive Adopted

The next capital ships were the battleships and battle cruisers authorized in 1916. My decision to use electric drive in the battleships was accepted with little or no comment, but when it was announced that the battle cruisers, with their enormous power, would also be electrically driven, a storm of protest was raised by certain people who were interested in the adoption of another type of machinery. Telegrams and letters were sent to the President, to the Secretary of the Navy and to the naval committees of Congress reciting the dire fate that would be in store if electric drive were installed and begging that the matter be referred to a board of impartial experts.

One argument advanced was that the British Government was not using it, and that we should follow in its footsteps. As it happened, only the United States Navy had used this type of machinery afloat. Our experience convinced us that the electrically driven ship would have an enormous military advantage over one not so equipped. All my advisers in the Navy Department were unanimous in recommending it. They were officers of broad experience, with reputations to maintain, and I had no hesitation in adopting the new method for the big cruisers as well as the battleships. I was delighted that in this particular advance we were pioneers, and that our engineers were not wanting in either initiative or self-reliance. And it was very gratifying when I was in England to hear British officers of prominence express the opinion that this Government made a distinct advance in naval engineering when it adopted electric drive, and that the British Navy was in this respect several years behind us.

In the electric drive the steam turbine, instead of, as in the older system, actuating the propeller shaft either directly or through intermediate gearing, operates an electric generator, and the power thus generated is transmitted to motors attached to the propeller shafts, in much the same manner as electric power is transmitted on shore. In other words, the boilers, the turbines and the electric generators constitute the central power plant, the current from which actuates the motors on the shafts. One great advantage of this installation is that it makes unnecessary the use of a backing turbine, which must be installed with the straight turbine drive, as the motors themselves are reversible, and change in direction of rotation is accomplished with the same ease and certainty as prevail in any other electric-motor installation. This also comprehends another great advantage from a military point of view in that the full power of the turbines can be utilized in backing, whereas with all turbine drive only a comparatively small percentage of the power can be so used. The reason for this is that the space available in the ship does not admit of the installation of a backing turbine large enough to utilize full power. Besides this military advantage, electric machinery also requires less fuel—a matter of no small importance in these days of high-priced oil and coal.

Warships of the Future

What will be the character of naval ships to be built in the future?

That is one of the livest questions in the world to-day to all who believe that navies are not to be scrapped. In every navy department in every nation, in gatherings of engineers and constructors, the uppermost topic of discussion is: Are dreadnoughts through with supremacy—have they had their day and will they soon cease to be? Not long before his death Lord Fisher, of the British Navy, as outspoken and breezy as he was charming and able, startled the British Admiralty by declaring that no more money should be wasted on building giant armored fighting ships. He went further and said, "Scrap the lot." In 1919 he wrote: "Air fighting dominates future wars, both by land and sea. It is not my business to discuss the land, but by sea the only way to avoid the air is to get under the water. So you are driven to the internal combustion engine and oil. That's why I keep on emphasizing that the whole Navy has to be scrapped." Airships and submersibles would take their place, he declared.

To the same effect is raised the voice of Admiral Sir Percy Scott, who in a recent article in the London Times declares, what he substantially said in 1914, that "the submarine and aëroplane have revolutionized naval warfare; that battleships on the ocean are in great danger; that when not on the ocean they must be in a hermetically sealed harbor; that you cannot hide a fleet from the eye of the aëroplane; that enemies' submarines will come to our shores and destroy everything." He tells his countrymen that if the Germans had possessed at the beginning of the war "fifty more submarines they would now have been the rulers of the world, and we should have been a German colony."

After accepting the fact for a score of years that the big-gun big ship is the backbone of the navy, what if, after all, the naval authorities are wrong and these mighty floating offensives are not the sure defenders we have long believed them to be? Only a few days ago, in conversation with a distinguished diplomat from Europe, he declared that the real reason Great Britain did not complete the great ships of the Hood type was because the opinion was widely entertained abroad that no more millions should be invested in dreadnoughts.

"The war taught us that we had given too much weight to them," he said; "that they required too much pampering and protecting by squadrons of small craft, and that they really played no part of importance in the war."

On the other hand, the General Board of the American Navy, and the British Admiralty, and authorities of the highest

(Continued on Page 68)

GEE!—How good a pipe tastes with P. A. for the packing!

NEVER was tobacco like Prince Albert! Never was a smoke combination like P. A. and a friendly old jimmy pipe! And, you'll take the stand and *testify to that* just as pdq as you get in on the delights of Prince Albert's flavor and coolness; yes sir, just as soon as you *personally know* that P. A. can't bite your tongue, can't parch your throat. Both are cut out by our exclusive patented process!

Snap right into the situation like this: To get the glad ring of a joy'us jimmy all-jammed-full of Prince Albert is to land on the top rung of the smokeladder at one jump! *You're right there!* You've hit a winning streak that no twist of luck can turn! You're set on smokes for the future! *And you know it!*

Prince Albert is so friendly and true all the time! It meets your taste and your smoke disposition any and every hour of the day and night —*and keeps your* smoke appetite mighty keen for the next set-to!

Just as sure as anything you know, if you'll be a true-blue smokesport—*and get a pipe and some P. A.*—we'll say it right here that PRINCE ALBERT WILL DO THE REST!

And you can wager your week's wad on that!

For your particular pleasure and convenience you'll find Prince Albert awaiting your call in every place that sells tobacco throughout the United States! P. A. is universally smoked. Toppy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half pound tin humidors—and—that clever, practical pound crystal glass humidor with sponge moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition

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PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

Actual photograph of the tread of a Goodyear All-Weather Tread Cord Tire

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GOODYEAR

Now Traction Is Added to the Solid Truck Tire

TO that rugged strength which has been the outstanding merit of the solid tire in motor truck service, Goodyear now adds the final quality of positive traction.

The All-Weather Tread, for ten years the distinguishing mark of Goodyear Pneumatic Tires and the practical basis of their tractive ability, is now adapted to solids.

Besides insuring a more effective gripping surface, this improvement results in a solid tire of better appearance, greater cushioning ability and greatly increased capacity for wear.

The additional height of the new tire provides an oversize factor for cushioning and long life, while the All-Weather diamond blocks are as attractive as they are capable.

Immunity from chipping is gained by the Goodyear Tread construction, and freedom from shredding and annoying base troubles is, as always, an inherent quality.

So sure are the All-Weather Solids in their hold on slippery surfaces and in soft going that drivers report using them with entire success even in all-winter hauling.

The value of this latest Goodyear achievement has been demonstrated in more than two years of exhaustive tests, and also proved in actual duty of the severest nature.

Digests of the performance of Goodyear All-Weather Tread Solid Tires are furnished on request to The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, Calif. Ask your Goodyear Truck Tire Service Station about them.

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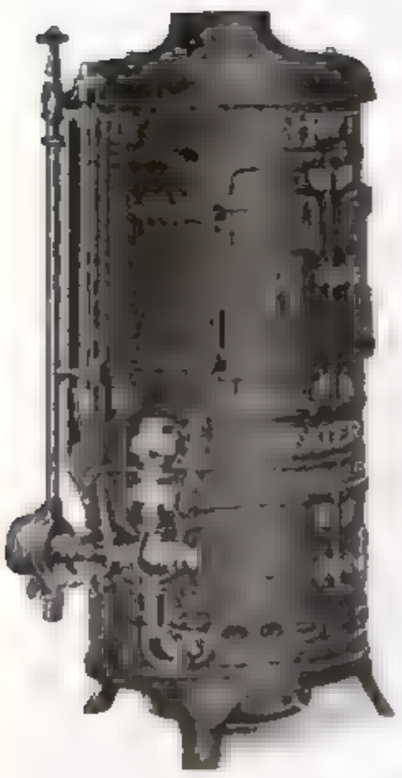
OPEN any faucet—day or night—and your Hoffman will provide an inexhaustible supply of steaming hot water. It will flow at an even temperature as long as you desire.

No annoying delays. No bother. No fuss. There's nothing to do but turn the faucet and revel in the joyous luxury of complete and abundant hot water service.

Then close the faucet and the gas is shut off automatically. No waste. No needless expense.

Remember that this daily necessity is available through the improved and simplified automatic heater. The Hoffman has *77 less parts*. Thus it is the dependable and efficient heater for you.

Hoffmans are made in several styles and sizes to meet every requirement. There's one for *your* home. Send the coupon for full information. Send it now, please.



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rank of other countries, charged with responsibility for naval strength, give their testimony to the fact that the battleship was during the war and still remains the strength and backbone of the fleet. They do, indeed, recognize the necessity of the craft which their critics say have put the giant ships into the discard. These navy experts do not deny that all the predictions of revolution in fighting craft may take place. They encourage inventors with dreams which a decade ago would have been called wild.

When told that the only navy of the future except undersea craft will be aircraft, the ablest men in the naval world frankly are deeply interested but not convinced. They show their interest in all that is new by asking the legislative branch for sufficient money to build ships that fly, larger than anybody suggested a year ago. And, what is more, they train men to fly these aërial ships, they experiment with bombs by means of which airplanes may destroy towns and cities and surface navies. But these naval statesmen, though leading in favoring all new craft that may be perfected and in encouraging daring thinkers and more daring experimenters, have an immediate task to perform which they may not postpone until something new has been perfected which can take the place of the dreadnought. For whatever else ships can or cannot do, the ability to hold the seas, to blockade an enemy fleet, to give and take punishment is still the requisite of naval strength which cannot be discarded until its successors have demonstrated their ability to do the things which constitute the paramount mission of a navy.

To be sure, there may be men in navies who are blinded by tradition and wedded to old weapons and old tactics and ancient practices. Nothing new appeals to them; but they are few in number, negligible in influence and belong to a vanishing race. Not long after I became Secretary of the Navy I was talking with one of these self-appointed and self-centered oracles of the sea, who believes the mantle of Mahan fell on him much as the mantle of Elijah fell on Elisha. A truly big thinker had proposed a certain change which he was confident would promote naval efficiency. Measured by old ideas it appeared somewhat revolutionary. With an open mind to innovations and a belief that in all things, material as well as spiritual, the best is yet to be, I suggested to this officer that it be adopted by the American Navy.

A Stickler for Precedent

He was surprised, if not shocked, by my suggestion, and replied with the tone of finality: "Why, Mister Secretary, that has never been done in the Navy."

The hopelessness of convincing him of a new and better way than he had practiced or discovered himself, after that answer, may be appreciated. He had apparently closed his mind twenty-five years before to every innovation on which his name had not been blown in the bottle. I ventured to say that because it never had been done in the Navy was no reason at all why it should not be done. I even ventured to point out that every naval hero in history had become a hero because he had done something new or something old in a new way, never known before, and that every new type of ship that drove its predecessors from the sea won its way over the dead bodies of doubters and obstructionists.

Did I abandon the new idea that had been suggested by a pioneer path blazer, if I may use that land term with reference to the sea or sea craft? Not at all. I turned to naval officers with open minds—and you will always find such. They went into the matter fully and sympathetically. They discovered both the strong and the weak points of the new thing. Applying technical knowledge and sound common sense—by the way, I have found that common sense is the most uncommon commodity in the world—they worked out a plan which, though adopting the new principle proposed, was so perfected as to make it of real value in the Navy.

Years afterwards the old salt, who had seen nothing good in it, had the graciousness to say to me: "Well, it worked out better than I thought. But," he added as if to support his rejection, "it had to be changed before it became usable."

Of course it did. Nothing yet was ever produced full-orbed and perfect by the brain or hand of man. Perhaps that is the reason why there are always many claimants for nearly every invention.

But to come back to the big ships, and what responsible governments say about them. In introducing his last navy estimate before Parliament, Mr. Walter Long, the First Lord of the British Admiralty, declared:

"We have been told in some quarters that the day of the big capital ship is over. All I can say is that, in the first place, that is not the view of my naval advisers at the Board of Admiralty, and it is not the view, so far as I can find out, of any other great naval country. There is no country which desires to have a strong navy which is not to-day actually laying down big ships, and the theory that the day of the big ship is over is one for which there is not really, if you examine the evidence, one shadow of foundation."

Could you imagine a stronger statement or a more sweeping denial of the claim that the dreadnought lingers superfluous on the stage?

Later he said: "The capital ship remains the unit on which the sea power is built up. It is possible that the present battleship will change to one of semi-submersible type or even flying type, but such types are visions of the far future, not practical propositions for the moment." And he added: "It is vital to this empire that it should not be carried away by hasty proposals into the belief that air power is already a substitute for sea power. That day may come, but it is not at present in sight."

The Iron Duke's Steaming Record

It may be, it probably is, too sweeping to say there is lacking even one shadow of foundation. Perhaps ten years hence Mr. Long might not be so sure, though to-day, in the light of naval advice, as a responsible administrator he would be unwise if he discarded the dreadnought. So eminent a seagoing man as Admiral Beatty, First Sea Lord of the British Admiralty, who has never been charged with lack of open-mindedness, has very recently made public statements of similar tone as that quoted from the First Lord.

Archibald Hurd, a well-known British writer on naval questions, agrees with most naval authorities. Writing recently he said: "The sea defense of a world-wide empire cannot, in the opinion of the highest authorities, be confided to either submarines or destroyers, and if judgment were otherwise the expense involved in creating and maintaining such a mosquito fleet of vast proportions would be so colossal as to rule out this solution of our national defense." He declares that "the Grand Fleet, unweakened by all the enemy's submarine craft, remained the decisive factor in the war." The new type of capital ship will, in his opinion, have "little or nothing to fear from submarine attack."

Answering the oft-printed statement that the immunity of the capital ship was due to the fact that it was little at sea and remained in protected harbors because it was afraid of the enemy's submarines, Mr. Hurd says: "Some time ago a track chart was prepared of the movements of the Grand Fleet during the war, and by the time the courses had been traced the whole of the upper part of the North Sea had been thickly covered with lines; the chart resembled nothing so much as a picture of the work of a very industrious spider. The mileage covered was enormous. I have the figures for the Iron Duke, Lord Jellicoe's Fleet flagship, during the time he was commander in chief—that is, from August 4, 1914, to the close of 1916; in that period she covered 44,680 miles, or a distance almost equivalent to twice the circumference of the world. That calculation takes no account of her courses during 'zigzagging,' tactical exercises or firing practice, but represents just her ordinary steaming. The record of the other capital ships of the Grand Fleet in the same period was at least as remarkable, and for the whole period of the war, four and a half years, I should estimate that each battleship of the Grand Fleet which served from the opening to the close of the struggle traveled a distance equivalent to nearly, if not quite, thrice the circumnavigation of the globe. So much for the fear of submarines on the part of the Grand Fleet, in face of the most determined efforts of the enemy submersible craft to weaken it. They hung round the bases, Scapa Flow, Cromarty and Rosyth, but without success."

(Concluded on Page 71)

Even men who are great advocates of efficiency in business still thoughtlessly let their wives do housework in the old back-breaking ways

Is the washing and ironing at home done by quill-pen methods?

HOW preposterous it would seem if Bob Cratchit still kept books with his old quill pen amid the thousand labor-saving devices of modern business.

And yet, with a myriad electrical household appliances at hand, men allow their wives to do housework by the methods of a past century.

Every wash-day a hamper of soiled clothes means aching backs, rough hands or expensive servants. Yet electric washing and ironing machines would do the work—at negligible cost, with little effort, with no confusion.

Clothes last longer when laundered electrically. They have the spotless white of the old days when they were bleached on the grass. Work is done in a fraction of the time and wives have more leisure for really important things.

Isn't it high time to stop quill-pen methods at home and get on a basis of modern efficiency there as well as in industry?

Just make it a point to examine some of the good electric washing and ironing machines that are sold all over the country.

Look for a G-E motor on the washing and ironing machines of leading manufacturers.

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Collegian Clothes

They *keep* you looking your best

CLOTHING which improves your personal appearance always pays big dividends. Collegian Clothes "*keep* you looking your best"—at a cost per year that is very low.

This Hanley for example, has a snappy style that is tailored-in permanently.

The Andover is a dressy Collegian Junior, especially designed for the boy at the awkward "colt" age.

Wear Collegians and look your best. Smart styles for every man of 17 to 70.

DAVID ADLER & SONS COMPANY, Milwaukee

Makers of stylish GOOD clothes since 1849

(Concluded from Page 68)

"The Germans came to attach so little value to submarines in their legitimate sphere that when they met the Grand Fleet off Jutland Admiral Scheer's force was not accompanied by any submarines. By that date it was evident that the submarine offered little menace to the well-handled battleship or battle cruiser. But the enemy had a superiority of destroyers, also armed with the torpedo.

"As Admiral Scheer has stated, 107 torpedoes were fired by these vessels during the battle under advantageous circumstances. How many hit? One; and that vessel was the Marlborough, in a battle line seven and a half miles long. She got back safely to port. So much for the value of the torpedo, whether carried by submarine or destroyer."

The American battleship squadron, under command of Admiral Rodman, cruised often in the North Sea, as did the other divisions of the Grand Fleet, and was several times attacked by submarines, but escaped unscathed. Our battleships were attacked six times by submarines, Admiral Rodman reported.

"On one occasion," he said, "a submarine rammed the flagship New York, dented the bottom and demolished the starboard propeller. But there is every reason to believe that the blows from the propeller sank the submarine. En route to drydock to make repairs and install a new propeller, three torpedoes in rapid succession were fired at the New York by hostile submarines. But again she avoided them by clever maneuvering, and escaped. Once when guarding or supporting a convoy of thirty or forty vessels on the coast of Norway in midwinter, a bunch of hostile subs fired six torpedoes at us. Again only our vigilance and instantaneous maneuvering saved us, but by a very narrow margin."

The General Board's Opinion

Our own General Board, composed of our wisest and most experienced naval statesmen, in December last thus gave expression to their conviction:

"Nothing that occurred during the World War has served to change the opinion of the General Board as to the vital importance in war of the battleship, the ship that can at once give and take heavy blows. There has been some speculation as to the future value of this type in view of the possible development of the offensive powers of submarines and aircraft. But it would be the height of unwisdom to pin our faith and change our practice upon mere theories as to the future development of new weapons. As yet the protected gun is the most generally effective weapon in existence for naval use. History shows the extreme value of 'ships of the line.' Upon the power of a fleet of such vessels is based all operations of lesser vessels."

Congress has recently appropriated millions to complete the construction of twelve capital ships of such large size that to distinguish them from the earlier dreadnoughts they are called superdreadnoughts. That is the deliberate approval by Congress of the dreadnought.

Their action is in line with the recommendation of the Secretary of the Navy and the General Board.

But Congress authorized no new construction. If it can be demonstrated that more and smaller ships in sky and sea and under sea will supersede the capital ships, the naval leaders and Congress will gladly drop the construction of other great and costly ships. There have always been men searching for something simpler, and especially cheaper, and with the development of every new weapon enthusiasts have claimed that the battleship has been rendered obsolete. It will not do for Congress and the Executive to accept the view now put forward until there is absolute certainty the Navy's power as the nation's defender will not be weakened.

Leaving the future types, therefore, to future experiment and discussion, the plain duty of naval authorities is to go ahead completing the big ships already begun, building aircraft carriers and new and better types of smaller craft designed to be auxiliaries.

If the battleship is to continue to be the backbone we show wisdom. If future construction and program make new types of air and small sea craft so efficient that they can displace the capital ship, then, when that time comes, we shall say good-by to the dreadnought as we did to the old ships of the line. But we are from Missouri; we must be shown.

For myself, my experience and conferences with the ablest naval thinkers at home and abroad have convinced me that for the present we must regard the dreadnought as the pièce de résistance of the fleet; or to put it in another way, it is the roast beef of the dinner, while the submarine and other craft make up the other essential parts of a well-arranged course meal. Of course you might get on without condiments and salad, but it would not be a well-rounded dinner that any host would call perfect. And as for leaving out the roast beef or other meat, it would be a dinner without the most important and health-producing element. This statement is not inconsistent with my belief that it is the impossible that always happens. But you must not jeopardize vital concerns before it does happen.

A prominent seedsman in the Mississippi Valley publishes each year in his catalogue a page or so of discussion, giving the facts as regards extravagant claims made by various seedsmen for floral and vegetable novelties. He does this under the heading of The Rainbow Chasers. One might well believe that many descriptions of the wonderful results to be expected in naval warfare from new weapons were written by the same people who each year write the seed-catalogue descriptions of the new vegetables.

Take the case of the torpedo plane, for instance. That is a wonderful idea. Instead of the torpedo-boat destroyer and submarine, which after painstaking development of years were a disappointment as regards results achieved against battleships during the World War, we shall have a swarm of aeroplanes materializing out of the air, swooping down upon the devoted capital ship, discharging their torpedoes unerringly, with nothing more to do except watch the sinking of their victim. We heard the same kind of thing when the torpedo craft were in the early stages of their development more than thirty years ago, and the adoption of such theories of the "Jeune Ecole" in France at that time marked the beginning of the decline of the French Navy to an inferior rank.

The Torpedo as a Weapon

What are the facts about the torpedo plane? The Germans had them, and at a comparatively early stage of the war they made a surprise attack one day upon some English merchant vessels and scored, sinking several. With all the German technical skill and their endeavors to develop further this weapon under the urgency of war, nothing more happened. The idea is being developed and patient engineers may make a success of it some day, but the technical difficulties in the way are great. Even a layman can realize them when he sees moving pictures of our experiments—sees a 30-mile-an-hour torpedo dropping from a 100-mile plane and promptly diving to the bottom, flying to pieces or chasing its tail in a circle.

Torpedoes as they actually are—not as they are in the imagination of the rainbow chasers—are full of delicate machinery. If they are dropped too far they are wrecked. If the plane drops them from too close to the water the violent splash is very apt to wreck the plane. The development of this weapon is for the engineer, not for the rainbow chaser, and inevitably as the weapon is perfected the defense against it will develop.

History shows that this is the invariable evolution.

The torpedo itself has been much improved of late years, but its supposed prey, the capital ship, has not taken this improvement of its enemy lying down, as it were. The torpedo is the weapon of the submarine, and when, at the beginning of the World War in 1914, the submarine accomplished some spectacular things, it was believed by many officers that it would be a more dangerous weapon against the battleship than subsequent experience showed. However, before the end of 1914 the United States Navy Department had undertaken to speed up and make more thorough experiments already under way looking to the development of improved forms of protection of the battleship against the torpedo. These were successful, and the protection of our latest ships has more than kept pace with the development of the torpedo.

The same applies to other nations, and it may be noted that although the British ships in the battle of Jutland did not have the latest form of the British type of anti-torpedo arrangements, the one capital ship struck by a torpedo remained in action.

The Rainbow Chasers

There are still rainbow chasers, headed by Sir Percy Scott in England, who proclaim loudly that the submarine has sounded the knell of the big-gun ship. Others are equally loud in proclaiming that aircraft have rendered obsolete the ship with the big guns. Experience in the war showed that, under the conditions, with most of the sea-fighting in narrow waters, the type of vessel which, all things considered, was most vulnerable to aircraft was the submarine. Most officers believe that this will continue to be the case. Of course the submarine may develop an adequate defense against the enemy in the air, but there seems little doubt that the seaplane in the future will go far to abate the submarine menace. One enemy of the ship with the big guns will kill off another enemy.

Do not believe for one moment that in its steady evolution the ship with the big guns is ignoring aircraft. When the torpedo was developed it soon appeared as an additional weapon upon the ship with the big guns. When torpedo craft began to threaten the capital ship the latter promptly annexed them as an auxiliary and escort.

Already the capital ship has seized upon the developments in the air to expand its powers. The limiting range of the battle of Jutland was about 20,000 yards. With its own aircraft attached to it and accompanying it as a pilot fish does the shark always in communication with it, whether within a hundred yards or a hundred miles, the experts already see their way to increasing the effective range at which a capital ship may fight, from 20,000 yards to 30,000 yards. This means that when the engineers and experts have done their work the rainbow chasers will awake to the fact that aircraft have more than doubled the area dominated by the ship with the big guns.

The ship with the big guns is a tough bird. We all hope that something cheaper, simpler and equally efficient may be developed, but most thinking naval officers believe that, carrying as it does the most powerful weapon wielded by man, the ship with the big guns will continue to seize upon the weapons so loudly acclaimed by the rainbow chasers, and convert them to its own purposes to increase still further its colossal power.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by ex-Secretary Daniels. The next will appear in an early issue.

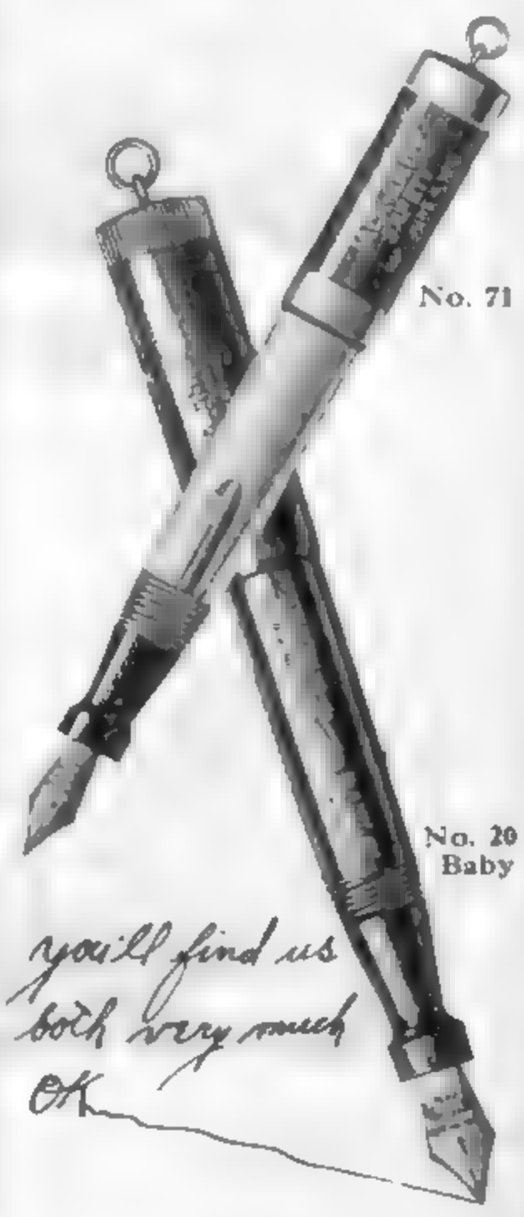
A Couple of Little Fellows

These little Parkers are about as big as a minute, but their popularity is as big as all day long. Their lot in life is to render big service to critical pen users.

Their usual abode is a handbag or a vest pocket or any place they happen to be put. And they know how to respect their surroundings. They never blot because they are Safety-Sealed — just like their big brothers.

They are sturdy, well made, reliable little co-workers, always willing to do a big job and all they ask is an occasional drink (of ink).

PARKER
LUCKY CURVE
SAFETY SEALED
Fountain Pens



No. 20 Baby
As illustrated $3.00. Without ring on cap $2.50. With transparent barrel $1.00 extra.

No. 71
As illustrated with transparent barrel, gold filled ring and band, $6.00.

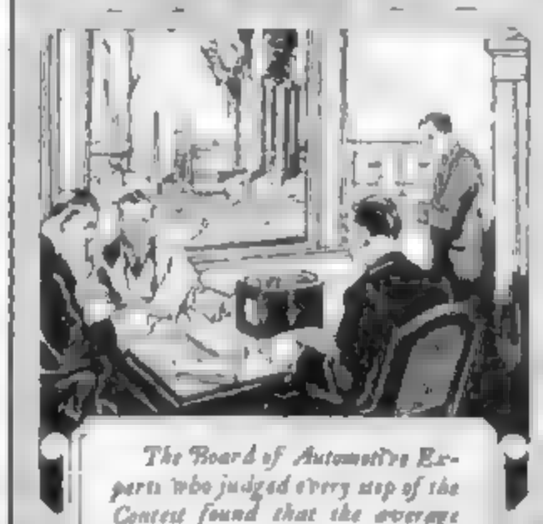
If you would like to become the fond parent of one of these little fellows, there are more than 20,000 dealers who would be glad to make that possible—druggists, jewelers, stationers, department stores. We made one for you,—no time like the present to get it.

The Parker Pen Company
Janesville, Wisconsin (20)
New York Chicago San Francisco
Boston Spokane

The $1,000 Battery

Unretouched photo of the $1,000 first prize winning battery in the Gould Endurance Contest. This record-breaking battery, owned by Mr. J. M. Tole, Dallas, Texas, was purchased in November 1915. In over five years it was never repaired, and was taken out of the car once for recharging.

The 40 Gould Batteries which qualified for the final judgings in the Contest showed an average service record of 4 years and 5 months



The Board of Automotive Experts who judged every step of the Contest found that the average service record of ALL ENTRIES *was 4 years and 1 month*

The Battery That Demonstrated

LONGEST LIFE BY OWNERS' RECORDS

NOT one, or two, or three, but *hundreds* of Gould batteries still "on the job" after four full years of service!

That's what the Board of Automotive Experts found who judged every step of the recent Gould Endurance Contest.

All of the entries showed *a national average service record of 4 years and 1 month!*

This National Average, registered by Gould owners in all parts of the country, tells a significant story of Gould power, Gould endurance and Gould economy.

To the motoring public, here is convincing evidence of what Gould owners have known for years—the exceptional long life and economical service of the Gould Battery with the Dreadnaught Plates.

—And now comes a *new* Gould Dreadnaught Battery—the super-service battery!

The New

Gould

DEALERS—tear off and mail

Gould Storage Battery Co., 30 E. 42nd St., N. Y.

Please send me full details of the "Gould Agency Plan."

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Address _____

And Now We Announce

THE NEW GOULD DREADNAUGHT BATTERY

A Super-Service Battery! A new Gould with all the rugged quality of the old Gould plus a new and exclusive feature—*the Dreadnaught Armored Separator.*

This notable Gould achievement is a *long life wood separator!*—the dream of battery engineers for years—made possible by a patented Gould process giving to wood the defensive property of high resistance to battery acid. A separator made of *wood*, long-recognized as the ideal material for battery separators. A separator that is to ordinary wood separators as Dreadnaught Plates are to ordinary plates.

The combination of Dreadnaught Armored Separators and Dreadnaught Plates means a super-service battery, even more economical and tenacious of life than its predecessor—the battery that demonstrated "Longest Life by Owners' Records."

You can get the new Gould Dreadnaught Battery in a size for your car at any one of 3,000 Gould Sales and Service Stations.

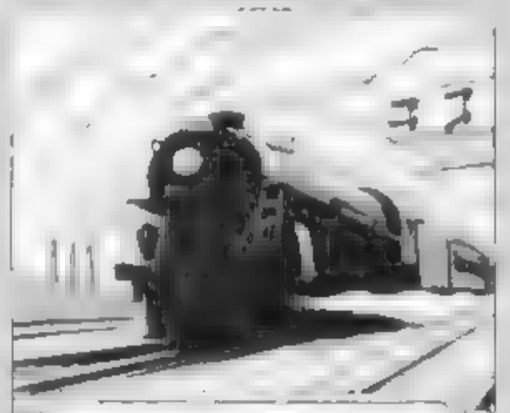
GOULD STORAGE BATTERY CO.
30 E. 42nd St., New York Works: Depew, N. Y.
Chicago Detroit San Francisco

Dreadnaught Battery

A Super-Service Battery

The new Gould Dreadnaught Battery with Dreadnaught Armored Separator is a super service battery, even more economical and tenacious of life than its predecessor—the battery that demonstrated "Longest Life By Owners' Records."

Dreadnaught Armored Separators are used in the giant Gould Batteries built for submarine service in the United States Navy.



Gould Batteries built for railway service, where dependability is vital, are equipped with Dreadnaught Armored Separators.

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Please send me free descriptive booklet and name of nearest sales and service station.
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National Bank of Commerce in New York

Foundation of Credit

Common knowledge regarding a firm's credit standing not only is beneficial to the firm but constitutes the foundation of the entire structure of credit.

The vast credit operations of the National Bank of Commerce in New York are safeguarded by virtue of a highly organized research of those conditions and facts which justify or limit credit.

The benefit of our extensive credit experience is shared with our friends.

NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE IN NEW YORK 1839

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits Over Fifty-five Million Dollars

SQUEEZE IN AND FREEZE OUT

(Continued from Page 11)

Vicksburg, the proposition for Jodie Ruggles' parade was going strong, capering like a frolicsome calf that jerked the rope and burnt Criddle's hands until he turned it loose to the finance committee, now holding their powwow in his office.

Virgil took no part in this discussion; he only hung around to catch the latest news before catching the next train. Yet it gave him a sense of uneasiness when Criddle referred to the parade committee, and informed the meeting that he didn't know who would be chosen for grand marshal.

"Possible dey mought 'lect our 'stinguished young frien', Parson Custard. Den he kin pay off."

At this sinister suggestion Virgil got busy with a stack of gold-fringed collars, and kept his mouth shut; he didn't propose that Criddle should unload the responsibility on him.

"My way to pay off," insisted the satchel-mouthed Jim Bunt—Jim being porter in a bank was ex-officio chairman of the finance committee—"my way to pay is wid a check. Dat's bizness. I marches to church wid dat check, in my new uniform ——"

"Shet up, Jim Bunt!" the contentious Cissy Coleman sawed him off. "You jes aims to 'splay yo'self. Dat ain't my way. I wants dat benefit to look gran'. Let Rev'ren' Criddle pay it in gol' money, on a black-satin piller, an' lay dat piller on de pulpit, an' den, an' den ——"

And then Mrs. Ruggles burst in with her hat on cranksided and drowned out Cissy Coleman with her demand, "Criddle, gimme seventy-five dollars right quick. De 'stallment man won't let Jodie Juny have his furnicher onless ——"

"Jes ax Parson Custard over dere," Criddle answered her blandly, with a wave of his fat hand. "Parson Custard's got charge o' dis peerade."

"Ax dat little pop-eyed nigger?" Sis Ruggles snorted. "He ain't got charge o' nothin' for me. I needs seventy-five dollars ——"

Cissy Coleman was a foot shorter than Mrs. Ruggles, but her tongue was just as long; and Cissy had spunk enough to stand up against anybody. So when Cissy and the Ruggles woman collided Virgil Custard slipped from between them and made his get-away through the back door.

"Dar now!" he grunted as the brightness of his raiment went fluttering along the alley. "I knowed dat Criddle was aimin' to git me mixed up in dis. But I'll jes travel 'long wid Mister Harry an' taste some o' dat good ole country air."

According to appointment it was 2:30 sharp when the corduroy figure of Harry Madison stepped from his car at the Carroll Hotel, and half a second later when Virgil Custard slid off the front seat, and hurried towards Washington Street.

Madison spied his deserter, and called out, "Here, Virgil. Don't get away."

"But, Mister Harry, I aims to see a man down on de Levee."

"No time for that. Our train leaves in fifteen minutes and you'll miss it."

"Miss dat train? Not me. I'd ketch dat train ef she'd done already lef'."

The crafty Virgil had no intention of missing his train; yet he did intend to miss a certain bunch of negroes at the corner where Madison's car must turn down to the Y. & M. V., and to avoid a public demonstration at his departure. However, not even Sis Ruggles would dare annoy him whilst he was riding with the white folks. And such white folks!

"Dat mus' be de big boss!" Virgil stared in reverence upon Mr. J. Ben Grimshaw, who dressed the part of expansive and unconsidered wealth—brown-checked knickerbockers and cap to match, thick woolen stockings with plaid tops, and shinily polished shoes. Heretofore the pop-eyed parson had gathered his notions of dress from the fashions at Tallulah and Vicksburg. Now the metropolis sent him broader vision, and Virgil devoured it with crawfish eyes.

"Con," the big man laughed most jovially, "here's a dandy place to sit and play our game."

"It certainly is," Vantine agreed. "Lots of negroes passing."

Their car rolled northward on Washington Street until Virgil could see the wrangling committee at Criddle's door, and idle negroes hanging about the corner. He gave no sign of seeing anybody, keeping both eyes fastened upon the road.

"Yonder go Parson Custard!" Cissy Coleman shrilled out as he passed; but the modest Virgil failed to acknowledge her ovation.

While Harry Madison was settling his guests on the observation platform Virgil stuck close to the white folks. Some fool nigger might come pranking with him if he went into the colored coach.

"Here, Virgil, quick!" Madison held out a quarter. "Run to the newsstand and get a couple of Memphis papers."

"But, Mister Harry, dis train's fixin' to travel."

"Run! The conductor'll wait for you."

Virgil's pop eyes spied around most warily before he ventured off; then he skipped like a grasshopper into the waiting room.

"All aboard!" a brakeman called, and Virgil came rushing out with the papers. He should have seen Sis Ruggles. Black as she appeared on the white concrete walk, Sis Ruggles showed up plainer than a cockroach scuffling across a boarding-house plate. But Virgil did not uncover her ambuscade until she had grabbed his collar and yanked him backwards from the already moving train.

"Lemme go! Lemme go! I'm travelin' wid white folks!"

"You ain't travelin' wid nobody. I wants my seventy-five dollars."

"Lemme go. Criddle 'tends to all dat."

"Criddle say you'll 'tend to me; an' I'm holdin' bofe of you."

Virgil wriggled and tried to pacify her. "I'm comin' right back."

"You ain't comin' back, 'cause you ain't gwine no place."

In turning and twisting Virgil's papers fell, and his gaudily banded hat, and Sis Ruggles' umbrella.

"Get on, Virgil! Climb aboard!" Harry Madison called as his platform passed.

With one supreme effort the pop-eyed parson wriggled like an eel and squirmed loose, abandoning hat and papers to Sis Ruggles while he clung to the rear railing until Madison hauled him aboard.

"Huh!" he grumbled. "Wimmins sho do pester me a heap."

Three days in camp had smoothed the kinks from Virgil's soul, and his feathers from their ruffling. Waiting on the white folks, broiling the savory venison, squatting around a fire and making those New York gentlemen laugh their heads off—three such blessed days and nights had brought the peace which passeth all understanding.

"Ugh!" Virgil grunted the fullness of content. "Dis sho is a heap better dan hustlin' roun' Vicksburg, jes three seconds ahead of a fit."

Virgil settled himself amongst the white limbs of a sycamore trunk which had fallen into the water, and jiggled his pole to attract the bass. Skipjacks flashed on the still lake; lazy gars turned their yellow bellies to the sunshine; a kingfisher perched on a snag where mud turtles lay basking in the heat.

At the top of the sloping bank he could see his mirror of fashion, Mr. J. Ben Grimshaw, lounging against the same magnolia tree where he always sat whilst Mr. Vantine went with Lawyer Madison and the timber cruisers to estimate the cypress.

But in spite of a cap pulled low above his eyes, and a cigar that continually went out, Mr. Grimshaw was not asleep. He was wide awake and thinking hard. This deal had developed into a far bigger proposition than he had anticipated. And the more Grimshaw considered a rapidly advancing market the less reason he found for dividing so fat a hog with a sucker like Vantine. But how to freeze out the sucker was a problem. Madison had already discouraged his suggestion without seeming to comprehend what Grimshaw was driving at. No, he must put Vantine in a hole, and above all, keep up the front of lavish good humor just between friends.

Presently Virgil observed Mr. Vantine and Mr. Madison coming back to camp and taking their seats beside Mr. Grimshaw.

"Well, Con," the big man asked, "how does she stack up?"

"Bully!" the enthusiastic boy replied. "Mr. Pryor thinks the brake will not run less than twenty million feet."

(Continued on Page 77)

Grinnell Gloves

"Best for every purpose"

Grinnell Dress Gloves—the touch of correctness

Last to be donned, your dress gloves are the completing touch of your attire. Whatever the occasion, they must be correct, they must fit perfectly, they must express the proper style as well as good taste. It is in these essentials that Grinnell Dress Gloves give the touch of distinctiveness to your appearance.

The guarantee of Grinnell Gloves is sixty-four years old—through all these years the standards and ideals of Grinnell materials, Grinnell workmanship and Grinnell quality have been steadfastly maintained. The value, dependability and satisfaction of Grinnell Gloves—for dress or any other wear—are assured.

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What your piston rings mean in mileage

A car that will run 14 miles to a gallon with LEAKLESS *rings, will go only 8 miles, or even less, if the rings leak. Leakless piston rings mean more mileage.*

IF you could only look inside your motor while it is running and *see* the handicaps from leaky piston rings, you wouldn't stand for them a single minute.

If you should figure just how much they cost you *every day*, through wasted power and low mileage, you would install leakless rings at once—in self-defense.

Engineers' tests show that in any cylinder equipped with leakless piston rings a *pressure* of 275 to 300 lbs. per square inch at the time of explosion is a fair average.

Take identically the same sized cylinder but equipped with leaky rings—with the resulting carbon deposit, pitted valves and dirty plugs. You will do well to get 180 lbs. pressure. The remainder of the power *leaks past the piston rings*, or through the pitted valves, or is entirely lost in mis-firing.

Translating this into miles traveled—a car that will go 14 miles to a gallon with leakless rings, will go only 8 miles, or even less, if the piston rings leak.

Figure up your own fuel bill at present high prices and then estimate what you could save in one month—in even a week, or a day—with *leakless* rings.

American Hammered Piston Rings are made permanently leakless by our special automatic hammering process. Your garage man has them or can get them for you quickly.

American Hammered Piston Rings

AMERICAN HAMMERED PISTON RING COMPANY, Baltimore, Maryland

Export Department: 47 Broadway, New York, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 74)

Quantities and values seemed matters of indifferent weight to Grimshaw, who shifted the subject with a gesture.

"Look at Virgil. Why can't we have sense enough to enjoy life instead of chasing dollars?"

"Yes." Madison smiled indulgently. "Virgil's happy. If the fish don't bother his line, then he isn't bothered by having to pull them out. So he goes to sleep."

For a few moments they sat gazing at the drowsy negro, then Grimshaw remarked, "I've been watching him for two days; and he's just about due to fall off."

"No chance." Vantine shook his head.

"Bet you he does," Grimshaw bantered. "Just between friends I'll bet you five hundred, or any part, that Virgil does fall off his log within the next fifteen minutes."

"Take you for a hundred."

Conny snapped the bait and put up the cash as Grimshaw rose with his watch and said, "It is now 11:46. I'll allow him until noon."

But fourteen minutes is a long time to sit around and wait for action. While Grimshaw kept one eye on Virgil his interest shifted to a piled-up pan of frog legs.

"Mr. Madison, where did you get these?"

"Out of the lake. Virgil gigs them at night."

"Finest I have ever seen."

"Ah, man! But wait until you taste them fried. That young negro beats creation when it comes to frying frog legs. Virgil! Oh, Virgil!"

Momentarily the lawyer had forgotten their bet, and shouted. At his rousing cry the sleeper jerked himself upright, like a sobering souse. He clutched at a dead branch of the sycamore, then wabbled drunkenly and tumbled in.

"Look! I told you so!" Grimshaw exclaimed, and ran to help him out.

The fall of a sparrow might have passed unnoticed; but this opportune tumble of Parson Custard set Vantine to thinking. And in the mid-afternoon, when he unexpectedly came back to camp for his gun, he caught the indolent Mr. Grimshaw carrying a surveyor's tape and measuring from the magnolia tree to a boat stake near the water's edge.

"That's peculiar," thought Vantine, keeping himself hidden while Grimshaw set down some figures in his notebook, replaced Hec Pryor's tape and hurried away. "Wonder what he's up to?"

All during his hunt Vantine kept wondering. At sundown the big operator was still absent from camp. Virgil had long since pulled in from the lake and tied up his skiff when Grimshaw appeared, arguing with Madison and the timber cruisers.

"But," Grimshaw kept insisting, "it must be a case of hit or miss to estimate a brake of this magnitude."

"Not so much as you think," the veteran Pryor explained. "Joe Langstaff goes ahead of me with his compass and runs a line. I follow Joe, and estimate the contents of every tree for fifty feet on either side of his line. That gives me a swath of one hundred feet."

"Ah! Just my point," Grimshaw argued. "After all, it is a mere guess at the hundred feet. But some men have an innate faculty for judging distance, and ——"

Vantine smiled to see where Grimshaw was steering the conversation, and it did not surprise him for the big man to inquire, "Con, how far would you say it is from here to that boat stake?"

"Oh—possibly eighty, or maybe a hundred feet," Vantine answered.

"That's where you are wrong. I'll bet a thousand, or any part, that I can guess nearer than you—by five feet."

Conny rose and walked to the edge of the slope, ran his eye over the ground and said, "You're on. For five hundred."

"Good sport!" Grimshaw applauded. "Get quick action. Write down your guess, from this magnolia to the boat stake, and let Mr. Pryor decide."

Quick action was what he wanted—and got. The lawyer held their money and guesses, while Grimshaw composed himself in a camp chair and awaited vindication. He smoked unconcernedly as Pryor stretched his tape down the slope, with Madison and Vantine following.

But Virgil suspended all activities in the nature of scaling perch and hustled after the white folks just in time to see Mr. Pryor straighten up and announce, "The line reads one hundred and sixty-one feet, eight and seven-tenths inches."

"What!" Grimshaw bounded up and came running. "Let me see!"

"There it is. Look for yourself." And Pryor proved it.

For once in a sure-thing career Mr. J. Ben Grimshaw was jostled off his aplomb, and seemed to be studying about something else while Madison opened the folded guesses and read, "Mr. Grimshaw, one hundred and forty-eight feet, three inches. Mr. Vantine, one hundred and sixty feet, nine inches. Good eye, Mr. Vantine." And the stakeholder delivered the cash.

When Madison and Pryor had sauntered back to the magnolia Grimshaw remained, mopping his fat jaw and observing Virgil Custard, who stepped off four deliberate paces up the hill, and halted at a hole in the ground.

"Dat makes it," Virgil satisfied himself. "Mr. Grimshaw, yo' guess would ha' been jes right ef I hadn't moved dat stob."

"You—moved the stake?"

"Yas, suh," Virgil assured him. "I moved it dis very evenin'. 'Cause when I pulled in an' tried to tie my skiff, bein's as de water's got so low, my rope fell kinder short. Den Mr. Vantine hollered to me, 'Virgil,' he say, 'pull up dat stob an' set it fo' steps nigher de lake.' I done so, an' you kin medjer de fo' steps for yo' own self."

"Don't want to measure it!"

The snarling Grimshaw left them, and Virgil lowered his voice to say, "Mr. Vantine, you kinder outguessed him dat time. But it he'ped some when you medjered dat stob atter I moved it."

"Hush, Virgil! Hush!"

The shrewd Mr. Grimshaw swallowed his boomerang medicine without gagging. Whatever suspicion might have festered in his mind, no trace of it showed upon his firelit features when he settled himself for an after-supper cigar and his customary gossip with Virgil. Even a high-class con man from New York might learn a few short cuts by heeding Virgil's tales of the wily Criddle.

"You jes oughter see dem niggers march, wid ondertaker's gloves an' reegalia. Dey'll jam dat church plum full."

Then Harry Madison broke in with a suggestion.

"That'll be a novelty to you gentlemen. We'll go to see the paying off. Virgil, what time does your parade start?"

"Nex' Sunday at fo' o'clock."

Saul Jordan was acting as preliminary master of ceremonies, and his watch showed three o'clock when the dairy hostler appeared, leading a decorated white charger for the equally embellished Virgil. The north end of Washington Street lay sizzling beneath a September sun. Members with spears and cotton gloves sweated happily in a strip of shade to witness the function of Parson Custard's uphorsing.

At the curb in front of Saul Jordan's barber shop two active brothers in good standing lifted their grand marshal upon a chair and held him ready to straddle the hurricane deck of his steed.

"Shove him nigher, Sam!"

Saul pulled on the bridle as the hostler braced himself and pushed. The old horse shifted a hind leg and gazed rearward in disapproval of the frivolous lingerie that flirted from his tail; then he backed one ear and cocked the other forward, tossing his head to get rid of a rosette that was twisted in his forelock.

"Hol' him, Sam," Virgil cautioned. "Brudder Spraggins, ketch his bridle."

"Huh," sneered a malicious profane, "dat hoss ain't got a notion to run away. He considers he's pullin' de milk waggin, an' somebody mought say 'Whoa!' widout his hearing it."

A red sash drooped diagonally from Virgil's shoulder, and a "Grand Marshal" badge adorned his breast. He balanced himself upon the rickety chair while Sam slapped the horse's rump to make him sidle nearer.

"Leetle mo', Sam," Virgil beckoned. "Leetle mo'. Now."

One strong-armed brother flung the marshal's leg across, while another boosted him from below.

"Gimme dem reins," he ordered. "Now! Han' me de bat."

A grinning black page passed up the marshal's baton, twined in spirals like a stick of candy, with colored ribbons that dangled from both ends.

Thereupon the pop-eyed parson sat up stiff, in the attitude of General Jackson, and commanded, "Let him go, Sam. Turn him loose."

The noble charger seemed unconscious of his freedom, but stood waiting as if at the gate of a customer.

"Stick a cocklebur under his tail," suggested the profane person. "Dat'll injuce him to prance."

Up to this moment Criddle had completely wiped himself from the slate of these proceedings. Now he moved ponderously across the street to Virgil, bearing a fat envelope, sealed with the red seal of the order.

"Mister Marshal," he announced in a sonorous voice, "render unto ev'y man his due. Go thou an' do likewise wid dis money for Sis Ruggles."

Dozens of possible witnesses heard him, and saw Virgil stuff the envelope into his pocket. But Virgil wasn't happy. If that envelope did not actually contain five hundred dollars Sis Ruggles would skin him alive at the altar. And he dared not break the seal to make sure, for if the cash showed up short, then Criddle would say he stole it. And, furthermore, it disconcerted Virgil to learn that Criddle, instead of riding in the lead hack, which was the Criddle prerogative, had assigned his own position to the very tail end of the parade. The thought that Criddle was going to beat him galled Virgil in his soul, and his saddle galled him in his seat. Yet, with everybody looking at him, the dignity of a grand marshal demanded that Virgil should ride forth with his baton and direct the marchers.

Virgil Custard had not aspired to shine as grand marshal of this parade; unwise friends had elected him in his absence, and he couldn't renege. He didn't hanker to be on top of that big white horse, but there had never been a dog's chance for Virgil to keep off. Criddle saw to that. Since Friday afternoon, when Henry Madison had dumped him into Vicksburg like a helpless pig into the packing house, Virgil had seemed to get tangled in a machine which rushed him on and on, until he found himself riding straight for calamity.

Within the brooding twilight of the Coffin Club, Criddle sat half sidewise so that he might watch his gathering legions on the street and also watch the back door. His mind seemed intent upon the door, which opened softly. A Carroll Hotel baggageman peered in and beckoned. Criddle immediately retired to the rear room, into which the baggageman smuggled Mr. J. Ben Grimshaw from the alley, then stood guard outside.

For the second time in human history these two great luminaries confronted each other. Both of them dropped their philanthropic masks and got down to brass tacks.

"Criddle," said the white man briefly, "you can do what you said last night?"

"Yas, suh; for two hundred dollars."

"You are going to lead these colored people?"

"No, suh; Parson Custard leads 'em."

"But Virgil told me at the camp that you were going to be grand marshal."

"Dat's what he thought," Criddle grinned. "But 'twas managed different."

"Who controls the line of march?"

"I does, suh."

"And they'll go where you say?"

"Same as a drove o' mules."

"Then we can trade. Now listen. I want to view your parade, comfortably, without getting jammed in the crowd."

"Sholy, mister," Criddle nodded; "I sees yo' p'int. In de summertime dese members don't smell like no bunch o' jewraniums."

"When do you intend to start?"

"Fo' o'clock, suh, or nigherhouts."

"Good! That puts you past the Carroll about 4:10. Here's the first hundred that I promised. Hold your procession until I send you word to move."

"Hold 'em!" Criddle grabbed the cash. "Mister, nary one o' dem niggers won't git away from me."

"Then march up Clay Street, past the Carroll, and I'll give you the other hundred."

"Yas, suh. I'll be in de las' hack, an' step off for de money."

"Very good," said Grimshaw, turning. "I'll send this baggageman to tell you when to start."

"On de dot, suh; on de dot."

Criddle did not question why this rich white man should go out through the back alley. Nor could anybody suspect a collusion between the loafing baggageman who deposited himself upon a doorstep opposite the Carroll and Mr. J. Ben Grimshaw who strolled into the lobby and joined Vantine.

(Continued on Page 80)

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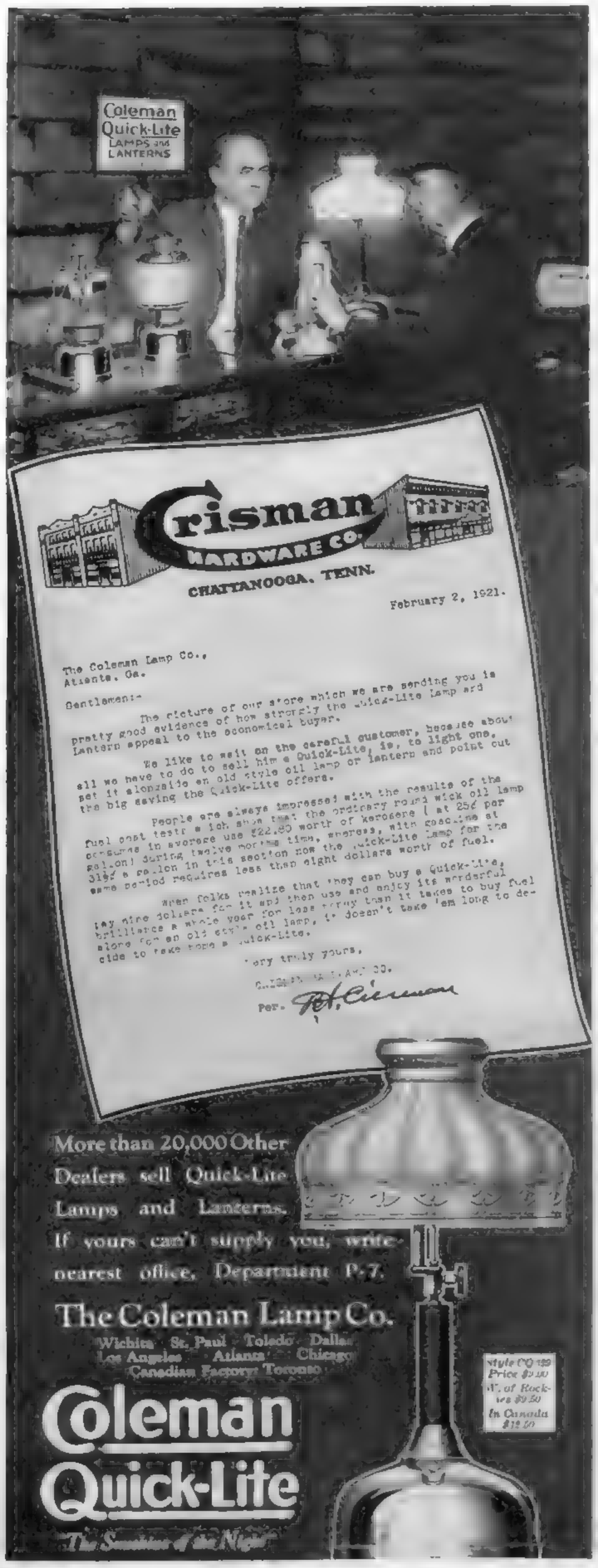
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Quick-Lite
The Sensation of the Night

(Continued from Page 77)

"Well, Con," he demanded, "have you made up your mind?"

Vantine shook his head.

"It just amounts to this." Grimshaw stated the point with finality: "Mr. Beauregard and Madison come here at four o'clock to sign the option. I refuse to consummate this deal for the Reliance on a small commission, when I can steer it to somebody else at a fat profit."

"But," Conny protested, "I'm in honor bound to the Reliance."

"I'm not. And business is no affair of honor."

There they stood, just where Grimshaw had long been planning, at a deadlock. Their payment for the option amounted to much more than Conny was prepared to meet; he had not foreseen that the brake would run nearly thirty million feet, and now lacked funds to pay his half. Grimshaw had further made him believe that the deal must be closed this afternoon, otherwise a Swedish-American representative would show up to-morrow morning and outbid them both. These supposed facts he had cunningly withheld until Sunday, when Vantine could not reach his principals by wire. Yet Grimshaw feared that the straightforward Madison would object if he again proposed the elimination of Vantine. He must get Vantine's consent, and get it now.

"Conny," he argued, "you haven't got the money and I have. Your chance is gone, but I won't take underhold. Just between friends I'll give you an even break."

"Even break?" The boy looked up.

"Yes, a fifty-fifty bet. I'll cut you high card, I'll flip a penny —— No, no! Here's the idea: We'll play nigger-up-or-nigger-down at five dollars per. Put up a thousand each."

"A thousand?" Conny's lips paled a trifle, and he listened intently as Grimshaw went on.

"We'll place the terms of our bet in this envelope, five dollars on each negro up or down. And whoever scores the most points controls the option in his own name. That's my proposition. Take it or leave it."

The jig was up, and Conny could not help himself. He rose from his chair, paced the lobby, and then stood gazing out upon the street. A baggageman, sitting on the opposite doorstep, meant nothing. It was 3:38 when Conny glanced at his watch.

"Talk quick," urged Grimshaw at his elbow. "We have only twenty minutes."

"Can you wait five minutes?" Conny asked. "Let me run around to the telegraph office. If there's no wire I'll take you up."

It was nearer a quarter of an hour when Vantine returned to the lobby and said, "Nothing doing. I might just as well let the hide go with the horns and tallow."

During Vantine's absence Grimshaw had written out their agreement, and now inclosed with it one thousand dollars in currency from his dropsical roll. To this Conny added four hundred cash, his check for six hundred, and his name. They had scarcely signed and sealed when Harry Madison entered, introducing his client, Mr. Beauregard.

"Here's your document," said the lawyer, "ready for signature. Let's get done with it, then go and see what happens at Pleasant Waters Church."

"Good! Good!" The genial Grimshaw took charge of negotiations. "Sit down, gentlemen. A slight diversity of opinion has arisen between Mr. Vantine and myself as to the handling of this transaction. And just between friends we have agreed to settle it by a little game of nigger-up-or-nigger-down. Bully sport. Ever play it?"

"No," Mr. Beauregard answered wonderingly. "What's it like?"

"Pure skill," Grimshaw laughed. "For every negro who goes down this street Mr. Vantine scores one point; and for every negro who passes up, I score. Here are the written terms. Mr. Madison will act as referee and stakeholder."

"That sounds fair," the lawyer nodded, taking the envelope and glancing from one man to the other for confirmation. "But are there any house rules that your referee should understand?"

"None," Vantine assured him. "Score a point for Mr. Grimshaw when a negro passes up, and one for me when a negro goes down. Keep tab and announce the result."

"We begin at 4:10," Grimshaw added. "And call time at 4:30—fast play for twenty minutes. Suit you, Conny?"

"Sure," the boy agreed.

"Very well, gentlemen," Madison started out. "Let's sit on the sidewalk and not miss a trick."

As Grimshaw passed through the doorway he nodded imperceptibly to the baggageman on the opposite steps, who rose, slouched towards Washington Street, turned the corner and ran like the devil.

The referee took his seat in one of those chairs marked For Guest Only which ornament the Carroll sidewalk, and suggested, "Mr. Vantine, will you and Mr. Beauregard please keep track of negroes that go down? Mr. Grimshaw and I will tally those that go up. That simplifies our count. Time! Begin!"

Each man held his pencil and sheet of paper, "One down," "Two up," "Four up," "Three down"—the score running neck and neck with scant advantage. Grimshaw sat facing sidewise towards Washington Street, while Vantine cast his anxious glances eastward.

Presently they heard a band from somewhere. Music would enliven their game. Out of his left eye Grimshaw watched the corner of Clay and Washington, around which the parade was now due to appear. With each second he expected to see Virgil Custard on his white horse, leading a horde of blacks.

He kept his eye glued to that corner until Beauregard sprang up, pointed in the opposite direction, and shouted "Look! Look!"

At the planter's cry Grimshaw whirled, to face an advancing rabble of small boys—black boys, yellow boys, kinky-headed boys—who streamed around from Walnut Street. Behind them—he couldn't believe it—had that fat black Criddle misunderstood him?—behind them rode Virgil on his decorated steed.

"Criddle's parade!" Madison exclaimed.

"Don't forget to count 'em, Mr. Madison!" Vantine shouted above the noise of the band. "You count this sidewalk. Mr. Beauregard, please count the street." And Conny himself dodged in front of the procession, crossing to the north sidewalk.

As they rounded the corner at the Jewish Club, Parson Custard halted and waved his baton for the band to execute its famous right wheel. On and on the negroes followed, in myriads, multitudes and mobs, in swarms and flocks and droves. To the bewildered eyes of Mr. J. Ben Grimshaw it seemed that every black tribe of the earth was migrating past the Carroll.

When Virgil came abreast of the hotel he bowed with special graciousness to Mr. Grimshaw. His teeth gleamed like the pickets on a whitewashed fence, and his lips moved. Grimshaw stood up, clutching the back of a chair, shook his fist and shouted. The veins swelled in his neck. His face turned purple. He shouted louder; his voice was smothered by a belaboring black giant with a drum.

Considering the high cost of his private box Mr. Grimshaw enjoyed very little of the parade. He could see only a confused jumble of long-legged negroes in short breeches, and short-legged negroes in long breeches, of fat women and scrawny women, marching down, down, down, as sneering demons swirl past in evil dreams.

Grimshaw dropped flabbily into his seat, while the referees, with pencils flying, tried to make a tally for every negro. It was sickening, and he failed to hear when Madison called "Time! Stop!"

The slaughter was ended; the vote was taken; the polls were closed.

"Exciting game that you proposed, Mr. Grimshaw!" Madison slapped him on the back. "Now we'll go inside and count our tally sheets."

From a conservative estimate when all returns were in, their recapitulation showed six hundred and seventy-four solid votes for Mr. Vantine, as against twenty-eight scattering for Mr. Grimshaw.

"Gee-rusalem! What a landslide!" The lawyer laughed. "Worse than the presidential election. Now we'll open the envelope."

Grimshaw did not laugh, either at the landslide or at the reading of their bet, from which Madison looked up and queried, "According to this, you gentlemen have agreed to take Mr. Beauregard's option in the name of Conway M. Vantine?"

There it was, written in his own hand, which Grimshaw could not dispute.

"And, in addition, Mr. Grimshaw pays to Mr. Vantine a little more than three thousand dollars."

Before the sullen Grimshaw had time to answer, the unctuous and oily Criddle

(Concluded on Page 82)

What! Ready to iron so soon, Hannah?"

"Yes'm. This heah new A B C 'lectric washlady sho' does beat my 'customed time."

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(Concluded from Page 80)

oozed through the doorway. Grimshaw raised his hand and rushed at him, when Madison stayed the uplifted arm.

"Don't hit him, Mr. Grimshaw! Don't hit him! What's the matter?"

"I didn't mean no harm, Mr. Madison." The astounded Criddle was backing off and apologizing. "Dis gen'leman tole me to drap by atter de peerade an' c'lect my other hundred."

"You don't get another cent!" Grimshaw continued to threaten. "I told you to lead that parade up the street, not down."

Madison gazed from the maddened promoter to the still-explaining Criddle, who was trying to tell how he first instructed Virgil, and then stood at the corner to send the parade up Clay Street; but Parson Custard went wrong and turned up China Street instead.

The lawyer could scarcely believe it as he inquired, "Mr. Grimshaw, is it possible that you arranged to have Criddle lead his negroes up this street, knowing that you had this bet with Mr. Vantine?"

For answer Grimshaw stuck both hands into his pockets and stalked away. And Madison could not comprehend why young Vantine should let out such a mirthful laugh when Virgil Custard fluttered into the lobby with his gay baton.

"Hello, Virgil." Conny spoke loud enough for everybody to hear. "How much do I owe you?"

"Fo' bits apiece, suh," Virgil grinned; and the rabid Criddle glared.

"Yes" -Vantine kept on laughing—"I know it's fifty cents for each negro; but how many did you lead?"

"Jes say a million, suh." Virgil cocked one eye upward at the ceiling and made a closer calculation. "O' co'se dere was twixt three an' fo' niggers more'n a million—but jes say a million, suh, an' be right."

Vantine could afford to keep smiling, and he handed Virgil one hundred bucks, which he could also afford.

"All right, Virgil, take this hundred on account."

"That he will not, Mr. Vantine, not until I know what it is for!" Madison shoved back the tendered cash, while Virgil pleaded for it.

"Mister Harry, please, suh! I got to git dis money an' cut off my peerade on Cherry Street."

"Answer me, Virgil!" Madison shook him by the shoulder. "Did Mr. Vantine also bribe you to march those negroes past this hotel?"

"Mister Harry, it come up like dis: Las' night I seen Mr. Grimshaw conferrin' wid Criddle, an' knowed what 'twas about from de way he talked wid me in camp. Dey never 'spected I was in de club, an' I heared Mr. Grimshaw promise Criddle two hundred dollars ef he'd lead dat peerade pas' de Carroll. An' Mr. Grimshaw come dere ag'in dis evenin' to see Criddle. Atter dat Mr. Vantine ——" He glanced at Conny.

"Tell it, Virgil; tell it straight," Vantine urged.

"Mr. Vantine he comes runnin' down jes befo' us started an' 'grees to pay me fo' bits per each nigger ef I'd turn de peerade up Cniny Street an' march 'em down pas' de Carroll. Lemme go, Mister Harry; please, suh, lemme go."

"That's perfectly true, Mr. Madison," Vantine corroborated. "And I'm glad to tell you, in Grimshaw's presence, that he was trying to hog me out of my half interest in this option."

"Yes," the lawyer now remembered, "he also approached me with that proposition."

"And when Virgil fell into the lake Grimshaw had arranged that beforehand, and paid him five dollars to win my hundred. I also caught him measuring the distance to the boat stake before he proposed that bet. But I had Virgil move the stake twelve feet, and then measured it myself. So when he suggested this game of nigger-up-or-nigger-down I suspected a trap, and beat him to it. Here's three hundred and fifty dollars, Virgil. That's about right, and it's paid out of Mr. Grimshaw's money."

"Thankee, suh. Thankee, suh." Virgil stuffed fives, tens and twenties into every pocket he possessed. "Come 'long, Mister Harry. Come 'long an' watch me pay off."

"In a minute. Wait. Mr. Vantine, you've saved Mr. Beauregard from dealing with the kind of man that he'd never touch with a pair of tongs. I shall advise him to give you the option, alone."

"But," Conny admitted frankly, "I can't raise the seventy-five hundred to-night. Perhaps to-morrow ——"

"That'll be all right. To-morrow you can get in touch with your firm by wire."

"Come 'long, Mister Harry, come 'long!" The excited Virgil kept tugging at the lawyer's elbow.

"You's fixin' to git me late."

"That makes no difference," Madison laughed. "They'll get along without you."

"No, suh, dey can't, not now. I'm de main man now in dis Coffin Club. Criddle never gimme but two hundred dollars. Now I got plenty to pay off. When Elder Kates quits preachin', den I steps forrard an' produces ten dollars from dis pocket, an' twenty out o' dis'n, an' fifty mo' from my breeches, till dem niggers thinks I'm lousy wid money. Atter I done paid Sis Ruggles, den I lif's my voice an' calls on de Rev'ren' Baltimo' Criddle to lead de congergation in prayer. I'm de main man in de Coffin Club. Hurry up, Mister Harry, hurry up!"

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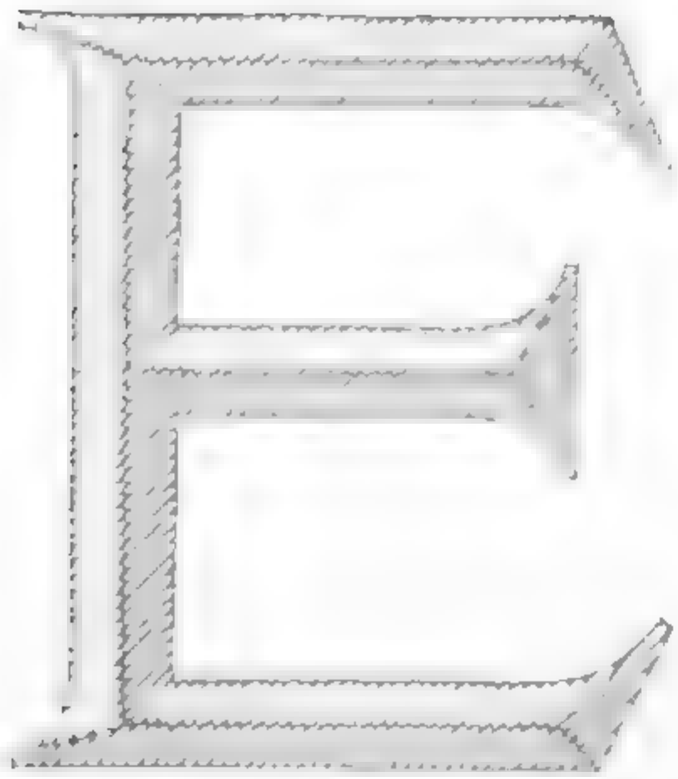

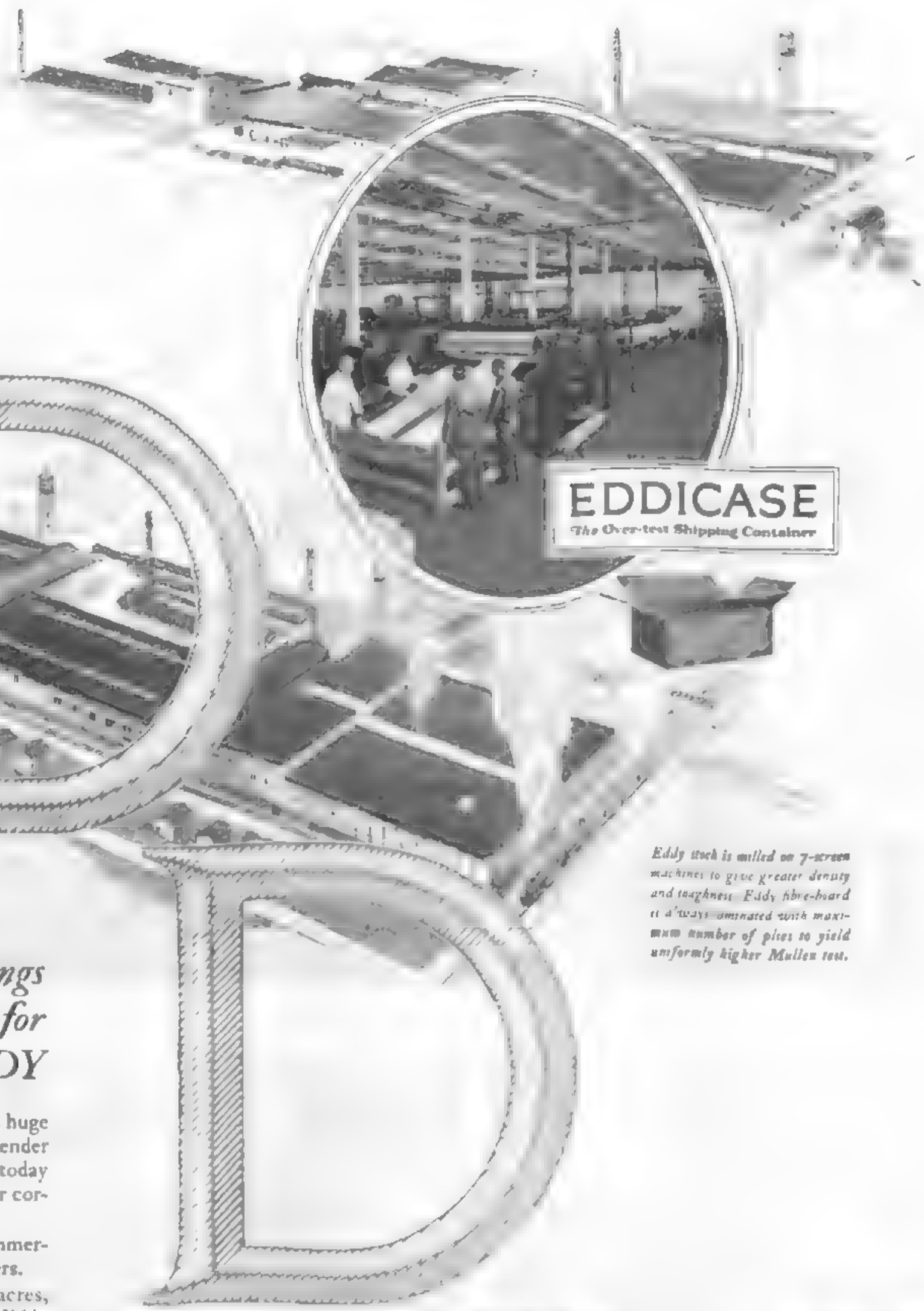

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A DANGEROUS GAME

(Continued from Page 13)

going to be so hard—not to be good! You'd think there'd be some nice and easy way!"

III

FOR the next few days Marion was quiet, her misadventure with Loved and Lost having quelled her spirit a little. But that, of course, didn't stop her from reading the society news, and on the second day she came across a notice of a fancy-dress ball to be given at Fleury's for the benefit of the Armenians.

"That's the one!" thought Marion. "Next Tuesday night—and while they are all having a good time I shall have to stay home and go to bed early, like a good girl!"

The more she thought about it the more it rankled in her.

"It isn't fair!" she cried to herself. "If other girls can have pretty costumes and go to things like that, why can't I?"

Which was, of course, a hard question to answer, especially when asked with the proper degree of indignation—and it didn't make her feel any better when the Egyptian costume came on Monday afternoon.

"Oh!" exclaimed Marion to herself after she had carefully opened the box. "Isn't that beautiful?"

She lifted out the headdress, rich with cloth of gold and surmounted by a small cock pheasant. Then came the chiton, of white silk with a deep blue hem. The cape, also of blue, was alive with iridescent spangles, and the girdle matched the headdress with its cloth of gold. The costumer had made a thorough job of it, and in a separate box Marion found a mask of white silk with a blue border, armlets, wristlets, breastlets, anklets and ear pendants of such a size that one might suspect that now and then an Egyptian lady held her head on one side, if only to rest her earrings on her shoulders.

"Now," said Marion, locking the hall door as carefully as she had opened the box, "I'm going to try this on—I don't care what anybody says. It'll only take a few minutes."

It was nearly half an hour, though, before the door of her room opened and out came a young Egyptian queen. With slow, graceful steps she made her way to the study at the other end of the hall, her ornaments gently jingling with every move, her arms held in the traditional manner of Egyptian art. Reaching the study, she bowed to the mummy in the corner, rearranged the vases, pretended that one of the fragments of papyrus was a love letter from old Cheops, and otherwise enjoyed herself almost to the top of her bent. Almost—yes—for in spite of the fun she was having, she was always vaguely aware that a picture so stunning and a show so good was worthy of an audience, someone to say, "Doesn't she look beautiful?" and later yet, "You did look beautiful!" and later yet perhaps, "You looked so beautiful that I'm afraid I fell in love with you!"

"Well," sighed Marion at last, "I suppose I'll have to take it off; or somebody may come and catch me." And, giving herself one last, long look, she added: "If Cleopatra had a dress like this, I really don't wonder—that Antony stayed so long!"

She had hardly got it off and the boxes tied up again when the bell rang, and the hall boy left a letter for her father, a letter in a fashionable-looking envelope and a monogram on the back—"N de P."

"That must be Miss de Peyster," thought Marion. "How funny—just as I was trying her dress on! Perhaps I had better open it. It may be something that needs attention right away." The letter read:

"*Dear Professor Wilmer:* I've been called out of town for a few days, and will send for the dress when I return. Sorry I can't wear it to-morrow night.

"Faithfully,

"NANCY DE PEYSTER."

"What a shame!" thought Marion. "Perhaps there won't be another fancy-dress ball this winter."

She was going round doing her work about half an hour later, thinking of this and that, when suddenly she paused and pressed her hand against her cheek.

"Oh, I couldn't!" she whispered to herself, but whatever it was that she couldn't do, it certainly left her cheeks rosier and her eyes brighter just for thinking about it.

Now until that moment she had been trotting round and humming to herself blithely enough, but her steps began to lag and her hum died away, and although she did once shake her shoulders with that frowning wriggle which is a girl's way of saying, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" she only did it once, and soon afterwards found herself in her father's study, dusting round the box which held the beauty that was Egypt and the glory that was Thebes.

"I suppose that anybody could get in," she mused, "if it's for the Armenians. The tickets couldn't be so dreadfully dear, and I've got twenty dollars of my birthday money yet."

Which was as far as she got that time.

"And it isn't as if anybody would know me," she continued. "I'd have that silk thing over my face, and I'd only be there for a little while. Imagine! Fleury's! The most fashionable place in New York! To go there and dance and have a good time! Yes, and maybe meet somebody who would grow to care for me—you never can tell!"

Whereupon that still small voice spoke up again. "Marion!" it exclaimed. "You? Professor Wilmer's daughter? Appear at a public ball in that immodest costume, which doesn't even belong to you? You, who have always been such a good girl?"

"Oh, shut up!" snapped Marion, snatching up the box. "I'm only going to have another look at it. There isn't any harm in that, is there?"

IV

THE next night at a quarter to nine Professor Wilmer was seated in his study reading an absorbing account of how the Babylonian clay tablets dug up at Tel-el-Amarna fixed Khu-n-Aten's reign at about 1430 B. C., when he became dimly aware that Marion had come out of her room and was speaking to him.

"I'm going out," she said. "I may go over to the library. I'll be back in an hour or so."

Thus rudely roused from the past, the professor caught the words "going out," "library," "hour or so," and as vaguely perceived that his daughter was dressed in her long fur coat, which was closely buttoned round her.

"All right," he nodded, and was back among the old clay tablets almost before his head had come to rest again.

Stopping in her room for a minute to put on the Egyptian headdress, which she carefully covered with one of those light-blue scarfs which our grandmothers used to call fascinators, Marion quietly let herself out, and in less than a minute she was in a taxi headed for Fleury's.

At first she was too breathless with excitement for consecutive thought—and perhaps the ease with which she had started upon her adventure partly relieved her—but as the cab drew nearer to its destination she began to feel a growing sense of uneasiness at the size of the undertaking upon which she was now so definitely embarked.

"If I only had someone with me," she thought, "it wouldn't be so bad! But all alone like this ——"

Nevertheless, she was not without a certain amount of preparation. That afternoon, at the College Book Shop, she had accidentally come across an old novel—The Masked Ball—one of those dreadful affairs which begin with a murder, and although she had shuddered at that, she had extracted a certain amount of information which she hoped would help her.

"The next character to make his appearance," she had read, "was Carrington in his mirth-provoking clown suit. 'Hoopla!' he cried as he ran out on the floor and was greeted by a salvo of applause."

"If it had only said something about a costume like mine," thought Marion as the cab kept rolling inexorably on, "or something about a girl who went to the ball all by herself! Oh, dear, I've a good mind to turn right back!"

And such is the cumulative power of fear that she was about to tap the glass when the cab stopped near a canopied entrance and waited for a limousine in front to discharge its passengers. Then, almost before she knew what was happening, Marion had stepped out and was paying the driver; and a moment later she was following the limousine party into the foyer of a beautiful building, her knees feeling so wabbly that she had to hold them stiff for fear they would buckle under her and never get straight again.

It was a large party—the one that had come in the limousine—and, as Marion went up in the elevator with them, the attendants upstairs seemed to take it for granted that she belonged to the party too. So, following the line of least resistance, she presently found herself in a dressing room where a maid checked her coat and another one helped her put her sandals on and adjust her gorgeous headdress. The dressing room was nearly filled, but it didn't take Marion long to see that no one there had a costume which was half as striking as hers. Glances of admiration and envy began to play upon her; and, to use one of those old expressions which it is so difficult to improve, Miss Marion Wilmer began to feel her oats.

"Are you ready?" asked the maid.

"Yes," said Marion, breathing more quickly.

"Then if you'll let me put your mask on—you'll find it more comfortable in the ballroom."

"Where is it?"

"Right through those double doors where the old witch is standing with her lantern."

A moment later the doors swung open to let her in, and closed behind her again as though to shut her into fairyland. And, oh, but that was a scene! The gallery was hung with evergreens and flowers. Japanese lanterns of the most wonderful colors and shapes hung everywhere and threw their multicolored hues upon the costumes below. An orchestra in Pierrot costumes, with faces painted in black and white to make them look sentimental, was playing sentimental strains. And on the floor was a dancing, turning, gliding kaleidoscope of Richard the Lion-Hearts, Little Bopeeps, Ching-Ling-Fus, Painting by Gainsborough, Poor John Barleycorn, knights in armor, Mary Queen of Scots, milkmaids, Pilgrim Fathers, Geisha girls, Roman emperors, monks, Christian slaves, jesters, clowns, medieval maidens, Columbines, and everyone else, one might have thought, who had ever worn a picturesque dress in which to pass through the pages of history. The newcomers, Marion noticed, were kept in a group near the door; and when the dance was over each was introduced to the assembly by a herald and obliged to walk across the dancing floor to the chairs on the other side.

"Madame Pompadour!" cried the herald.

A stout woman with white-powdered hair and panniered skirts started over the floor, a spotlight in the gallery trained upon her and the orchestra keeping time to her step.

"Napoleon!" announced the herald.

The little Corsican, with his hand thrust between the buttons of his waistcoat, stalked after Pompadour.

Marion came next, and after she had whispered her part to the herald, he straightened himself, blew a blast upon his horn and loudly cried, "Cleopatra, Queen of the Nile!"

The spotlight shone upon her, the orchestra played for her, and as she slowly advanced across the floor, the different colored lights bringing out the beauties of her costume, first an admiring silence fell, then came a single handclap, and the next moment from all over the room arose the sounds of clapping and approving comment.

"Greeted with a salvo of applause!" thought Marion, her heart beating high, and, rising to the occasion, she placed her arms and hands in the postures of Egyptian paintings, her right palm held in front of her and her left palm held behind her, as though it were Cleopatra passing Mark Antony on her birthday and holding out for a present both going and coming.

"There!" thought Marion as she finally reached a chair on the other side of the floor. "As long as I live, I shall never forget that!"

Drawing deep breaths, it seemed to her that she had suddenly been lifted into another, more beautiful, world than the one she had known—a world of harps and violins, gallantry and beauty, romance and poetry, shaded lights of orange, red and opal. A voice at her side interrupted her—one of those deep, low voices which seem to be specially tuned for the ears of beauty.

(Continued on Page 88)

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(Continued from Page 85)

"Pardon me," said the voice, "but may I have the next dance?"

Marion turned, and slowly, then, she smiled.

It was thus, perhaps, that Cleopatra smiled when first she saw Mark Antony. It was thus, perhaps, that Cinderella smiled when first she saw the prince.

V

HE WAS a minstrel boy with a haversack on one side of his belt and a guitar over his shoulder; and after a low bow to Marion he unslung his guitar, lifted his face to an imaginary moon and gave her the opening thrums of Schubert's Serenade.

"This is the first time—to-night"—he said, "that I ever appreciated the advantages of a college education. I used to belong to the glee club."

"I think you play very nicely," said Marion, "but I wish you had played it all."

"I'll play it for you later if you like," he said, and through his mask Marion could see that his eyes were smiling. "But in the meantime—you hear?—the dance begins! Are you ready?"

As Marion arose she noticed a tall young Carmen staring at her.

"I seem to know her, somehow," she uneasily thought. "I wonder who it is." She followed the minstrel boy, but looked back as soon as they reached the floor. "The same walk and everything," she thought. "I know! It's the tall girl who came to the house with Miss de Peyster, and perhaps she thinks she recognizes the costume."

The thought put a damper on her pleasure. The music didn't sound quite so heavenly or the lanterns look so wonderful, and she even thought the minstrel boy had a rather coarse mouth.

"You are very quiet, Cleo," he said as they danced.

"Yes," she said. "I was thinking."

"You shouldn't do that. Look here, seeing that you are in Oriental costume, don't you think we ought to shimmy? It will be a change from the thinking."

Whereupon, his eyes still smiling through his mask, he started shimmying. They were on the side of the floor, under the observation of an interested audience in the chairs, and Marion felt her face and ears grow hot with shame and humiliation.

"Stop that!" she said—she, mind you, who didn't want to be good!

"I like it," he said.

"You do it again and I shall stamp on your foot!"

He did it again and she stamped on his foot.

"Ouch!" said he. "All right, I'll be good."

A little later, dancing with a slight limp, he said: "You're a funny Cleopatra, though. You ought to have come as Mary—and have brought your little lamb."

At that Marion relented a little, but she still felt warm and looked warm, and was glad when the dance was over.

"Shall I get you something to drink?" he asked.

At first she felt like ignoring him, especially as the tall young Carmen had seen him shimmying and was now watching them again, but his manner was so disarming, and she felt so thirsty. Besides, this was more like The Masked Ball to sit there, sipping an ice—"Sated by the pleasures of the dance, she sat there, sipping an ice."

"All right," she said to the minstrel. "I think it would be nice."

He returned a few minutes later bearing two large glasses in which floated bits of ice and orange and pineapple and cherries; in short, a noble-looking refreshment. Marion took a good deep drink.

"Do you like it?" he asked.

"Yes," she said. "I don't think I ever had anything that tasted any nicer. What is it?"

"Can't you guess?" he asked her in his low, deep voice.

Marion tested it for the second time. There was an elusive something about it. She tried it again, and nearly arrived at the bottom of her glass.

"You'll have to tell me," she said. "At first I thought it was fruit lemonade, but it's something better than that."

"You're right, Cleo," he said, confidentially leaning toward her. "I put a good big kick in each of the glasses—and it wasn't home brew, either," he laughed.

The last words told the story—that and the queer feeling which was now passing over her in a series of warm waves. Instinctively trying to get away from it, she handed him her glass.

"No, finish it," he said. And in another confidential statement he tapped his haversack and said: "I've got the biggest part of a pint left yet. Shall I fix you up another?"

He couldn't see her expression because of her mask; and, taking her horrified silence for consent, he started off again, walking like a minstrel whose affairs were prospering and thrumming his light guitar.

"Oh!" gasped Marion, feeling as though she were in the clutch of some terrible nightmare. "I must go home—while I can. I—I wonder if I can walk!"

Whether or not it was imagination, her head felt light and the dancers on the floor looked like the figures of a fever. Her costume added to the general effect of unreality, and as she made her way round the side of the room toward the double doors through which she had entered she fancied that every eye was on her and that every glance said "Shame!"

"If I can only get home!" she kept thinking—this girl who didn't want to be good. "If I can only get home—before I fall down, or do something awful!"

In the dressing room the maid who had checked her coat was busy, and, afraid that the minstrel boy might follow her even there, Marion didn't wait.

"There's my fascinator," she thought, stepping through the wicket, "and here's my coat, and now I'll just slip away while nobody's looking."

While waiting for the elevator she arranged the scarf over the headdress, and an attendant helped her with the long fur coat. A minute later she was down at the sidewalk getting into a taxi that was about to drive away. The door closed, the cab started, and after a long minute of suspense, in which Marion looked as though she were going to sneeze, she suddenly buried her face—as well as she could—in a very small handkerchief and started to cry as though her heart would break.

It was thus, perhaps, that Cinderella cried when the clock struck twelve and she found herself among her ruined dreams.

It was thus, perhaps, that Cleopatra cried upon the hills of Alexandria long ago.

VI

ONE of the windows of the cab was open, and through this blew the clear, cold air of the night.

"That feels good," thought Marion when at last her tears were stopped; and, moving over so that she could get more of it, she had one of those thoughts which come to us all now and then. "I wonder if coldness and goodness go together," she thought. "Somehow I don't believe that people are ever very wicked when they are cold. If it hadn't been so warm up there ——"

And as the memory of her own wickedness began to weigh upon her again she had her first dim insight into the great truth that there is a comfort in being good—a foundation for the feet, a straight road to travel, serenity, heartsease, and never a single glance behind to see if old Constable Nemesis is going to tap you on the shoulder and utter, "Come with me!"

"If I can only get to my room without anybody seeing me!" she thought as the cab continued to roll up Fifth Avenue. "Wouldn't it be awful if dad saw me like this!" And, another disturbing reflection suddenly arising to teach her that the way of the transgressor is hard, she added: "I wonder—I wonder—if anyone could smell it—on my breath!"

To this, however, she had to go without an answer; and, as nearly always happens in a case like that, she promptly feared the worst.

"Oh, if I had only stayed home!" she mourned. "If I had only stayed home and been a good girl! I'm sure something dreadful is going to happen. Perhaps mom has come home unexpectedly, and she'll be there to see me stagger in and take my coat off."

She had hardly finished the thought when a noise like a shot seemed to go off almost in her ear. The car checked its speed and slowly turned into a side street, where the driver dismounted and hastily examined his tires.

"It's a blow-out," he told Marion. "You can take another cab if you like, but I won't be more than a minute or two changing the tire."

"All right," she said, "I think I'll wait." And to herself she added: "It's probably just what I want. The air will do me good."

(Continued on Page 91)

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(Continued from Page 88)

Poor Marion! And yet, if she had only known, the minstrel boy had boasted more than he had performed. Marion's glass had been too full of fruit lemonade to receive anything else, and when he had tried to pour some of the contents of his flask into her glass, he could only manage a few drops, which fell upon a large slice of orange and became absorbed in the fruit. So that, you see, was the extent of Marion's dissipation. She had smelled it on the orange; imagination had done the rest; and now you will better appreciate the richness of her next thought—the one which followed the reflection about the air doing her good. "It—it will give me a chance to—to sober up," she thought, and had another, but a gentler, shower of tears.

By the time this was over the tire was done, too, and a few minutes later the car stopped in front of her house. There was another taxi waiting there, Marion remembered later.

"Now if I can just slip in quietly," she thought, "and get to my room for a few minutes, no one will ever know."

But in this she reckoned without Nemesis, that grim old constable aforesaid, for when she reached her apartment she found the door open a few inches, and inside her father was talking to two excited women—that is to say, he was listening to them, which is much the same thing.

"Whoever the thief was," said one of the excited callers, "I could swear she was wearing Miss de Peyster's costume. I saw it at the dressmaker's the day before yesterday, and I'm sure there's not another one like it—not in all New York."

"That's the tall girl who was dressed as Carmen," thought Marion in the hall. "I knew she recognized me. But what does she mean about a thief? I didn't steal anything! I only borrowed it!"

"She was seen to take the coat!" continued the voice of the tall girl. "The maid was busy at the time, but one of my friends saw her. Not only that, but an attendant helped her to put it on—a real sable coat, worth twenty-five thousand dollars—and there you stand as though it were nothing, even though you admit that you cannot find the costume and that your daughter is out!"

"A sable coat?" muttered Marion. "Do they think I stole somebody's coat? Why, this is my old black ——"

Looking down at herself, her eyes suddenly became quite glassy, and she could feel the cold perspiration coming out on her in a sort of ooze. "Oh, oh," she thought. "I must have been so excited that I took the wrong coat!" When next the voices came to her through the partly open door they sounded like the voices of ghosts coming from a distant mausoleum.

"One moment, please," her father was saying. "That is the second time you have mentioned my daughter. I have told you once—and I shall not tell you again—that my daughter went out about nine o'clock to go to the library. I believe that it closes at ten, and she will be back at any moment."

"Professor Wilmer," said the tall girl, "I am sure you believe what you are telling me, but now I am going to tell you something else. Miss Wilmer was at the Armenian Ball to-night in Miss de Peyster's costume. I recognized her instantly."

"What?" cried the professor. "My daughter in that—in that—in that ——"

"Yes!" said the other promptly. "Your daughter in that! Now if you're sure that she'll be back at any moment, do you mind if we wait a few minutes?"

In a sort of instinctive horror, Marion had taken off her scarf and had slipped off the coat, which she was now holding inside out over her arm, as though to hide its sable qualities.

"What shall I do?" she asked herself in a growing panic. "If dad ever sees me like this ——"

Again she was recalled by the voices through the door.

"I think I'll run downstairs, Peg," said one of the callers, "and tell the taxi to be sure and wait. I'll be back in a minute."

What Marion did next was the instinct of a trapped animal, pure and simple. First she pressed herself into the doorway of the next apartment—the one where the two students lived—as though she would squeeze herself into such a small compass that no one would see her. But realizing that this wouldn't do, she tried the knob, remembering that the students sometimes left the door unlocked for each other. To her utter relief the knob turned, the door opened, and she had only just passed through it and closed it again when she heard determined footsteps coming out of the apartment next door and making for the elevator.

"She nearly caught me!" breathed Marion, and felt as though she would have fallen if the wall hadn't been there to hold her up.

For the first time, then, she became conscious that a dim light was streaming on her from a room near the door, and the next moment she was staring into the startled eyes of the theological student, who was seated at his desk with a droplight over his book and a green shade over his eyes, and who had been trying to work out for himself that knotty problem which is sometimes briefly described as predestination.

And still the student stared at this magnificent figure of ancient Egypt which had suddenly appeared before him—at the gorgeous headdress surmounted by its young cock pheasant, at the girdle, the earrings, the shimmering chiton, the sandaled feet, and finally at the pale face and darkly appealing eyes which were staring back into his. Pushing his book aside, he half arose to his feet; and if you had been there then it might very well have occurred to you that even Saint Anthony himself, in his most tempted moment, had nothing whatever upon this young theological student with his mouth now partly open and the green shade over his eyes.

VII

"WHY!" he exclaimed, the light of recognition suddenly flooding his face. "It's Miss Wilmer!"

Marion breathlessly nodded, and it seemed to the astonished student that the pheasant on her headdress breathlessly nodded too.

"I couldn't imagine ——" he began, taking off his eye shade the better to rub his forehead with his handkerchief. "For a moment I thought ——"

Again Marion breathlessly nodded, for there was a look in his eyes of such wonder and admiration—yes, and awe as well—that for the second time instinct spoke to her that night.

"Is it a masquerade?" he asked.

"Yes," she said; and, hearing the returning footsteps of the woman who had gone down to speak to the taxi driver, she placed her finger on her lip and whispered, "Sh-h!"

"What's the matter?" whispered Allan as soon as he thought it safe to speak again.

"Oh, I'm in awful trouble!"

"What is it? Can I help you?"

His readiness was so apparent that an idea which had vaguely been forming in her mind now assumed definite shape. Even then she hesitated.

"Still," she thought, "it's the only thing I can do, and I've got to do something!" So aloud she said, womanlike even in the face of necessity, "Would you—will you do something for me, Mr. Whitney?"

"You bet I will!"

"Well, then—I've been to a dance—and when I came away I took the wrong coat by mistake, and I wonder if you'd go back and change it, or they might think I was trying to steal it—or something like that."

"Ha!" he laughed. "You steal a coat! That's a good one!"

"Sh-h!" whispered Marion, her finger on her lip again in a moment, her eyes anxiously looking at the partition wall between the two apartments. "I'll tell you about it later," she said, "but if you could run right over with it—and take a taxi—I'll pay you for it later—and here's the check for my coat—and oh, please do hurry, Mr. Whitney! You've no idea how important it is to me!"

He took the sable coat and was off the moment she had given him the address.

"It won't take him more than ten minutes to get there," she thought, "and after that, no matter what happens, they won't be able to say that I tried to steal their old coat!"

At first she sat quietly enough, but as the minutes passed she showed signs of increasing nervousness.

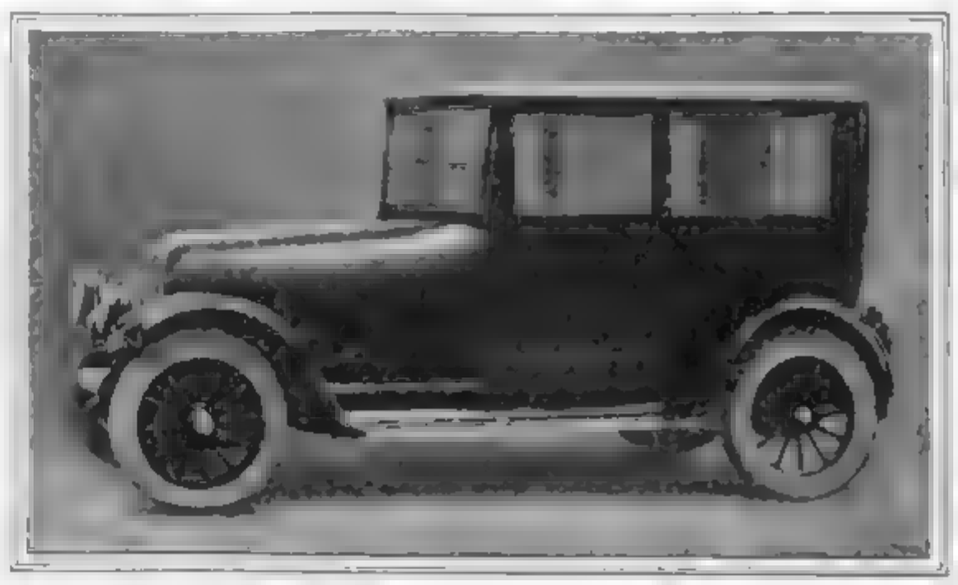
"Wouldn't it be awful if they arrested him," she thought, "and then came to fetch me!" And after that, of course, every time the elevator door clanged she imagined they were coming to fetch her.

"Perhaps if I move round a little," she thought, "it will help to stop the fidgets."

She went to the dresser first, and after a woebegone glance at herself she took off Cleopatra's headdress and straightened her hair.

(Concluded on Page 93)

The FRANKLIN



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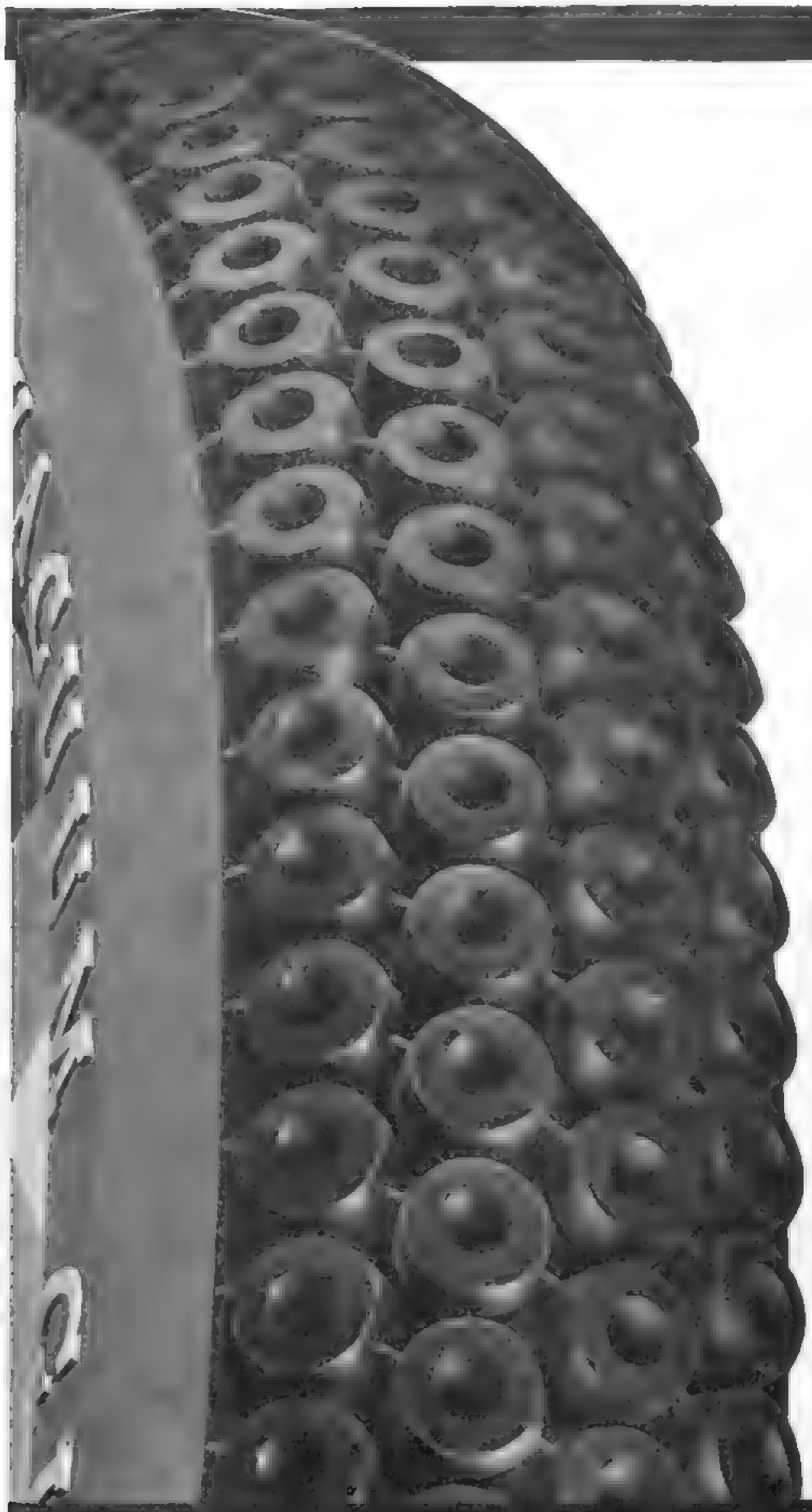

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(Concluded from Page 91)

"I'll hide this thing under my coat when I go in," she thought. "If I had some good long pins I could pin it to the lining."

She looked for a pincushion, but could see none. On one side of the dresser was a box of Japanese lacquer ware

"Perhaps he keeps his pins in there," she thought, and after a moment's hesitation she opened the box —which was, of course, an utterly indefensible thing to do—and found herself looking at a girl's handkerchief, a hairpin and a small piece of printed paper carefully folded.

"He has a girl, then," thought Marion, and, in spite of her troubles, for some unaccountable reason she found it possible for her heart to feel a little heavier than it had felt a moment before. "There's a monogram on the handkerchief," she continued. "I wonder what her name begins with."

It was a hand-stitched monogram of unusual design, and consisted of two initials, one above the other. The top letter was "M" and the bottom one was "W."

"Why," breathed Marion, "I do believe it's one of the six that Aunt Hattie sent me for Christmas! Yes—it is! I lost it, and I remember now that I always thought I dropped it in the elevator. He must have picked it up!"

With that as a clew, it didn't take her long to identify the hairpin, an almost invisible bit of crimped wire.

"That's mine!" she thought. "I'm always dropping hairpins—but what's this bit of paper?"

It was a clipping from the College Hebdomadal, and showed a half tone of Ye Editorial Staffe. Now when you hear that Marion's picture was in the lower left-hand corner, perhaps you can understand how Miss Marion Wilmer felt when she closed the box and went back to her chair by the side of the desk. She was still thinking it over when, on the other side of the party wall, she heard the telephone bell ringing, and after a few moments her father's voice came thinly through the wall.

"What's that you say?" he asked. "The coat has been returned? Thank you! Good-by!" And after a very spirited hanging up of the receiver she heard him evidently speaking to his two callers, who were as evidently waiting in the front room.

"I have the honor to inform you, ladies"—thus Professor Wilmer—"that this coat about which you have been pleased to give me so much of your time and attention is at present waiting for you where you left it."

There was quite a duet then in soprano and alto.

"Please do not mention it," said the professor's voice next. "As an instructor of the young, I am only too well accustomed to annoyance and impatience. But as for the aspersions which you cast, either advertently or inadvertently, upon the common honesty and the—er—modesty of my daughter Marion ——"

Again the duet arose, pitched in the key of contrition, and presently the door opened and shut and the elevator clanged.

"There!" thought Marion, nodding with approval. "I'm glad he spoke to them the way he did! It served them right—and it didn't give them time to think about Cleopatra's costume."

VIII

WHEN Allan returned with Marion's own coat, he found a very thoughtful young Egyptian waiting for him.

"The cloakroom girl said you checked these, too," he told her, drawing a pair of low shoes from his overcoat pocket.

"I was in such a hurry to come away that I forgot them," she said, and her face was anything but pale then.

Stooping down behind the privacy of the desk, she slipped off the sandals and was soon in her right footwear again. There was one disagreeable thing, though, that still had to be done.

"You know my father, don't you?" hesitated Marion.

"I know him well," he proudly answered. "We often walk over to college together and have great old chats."

"Well," said Marion more slowly than before, "I want you to promise me—not to say anything—to him—about to-night. He doesn't know I was there, and I don't want him to know—ever!"

Allan looked puzzled, and yet, if you can catch a subtle effect in expression, he looked satisfied, too—that mixed look of a young man which sometimes seems to say, "You've certainly got me guessing, young lady, but if you are satisfied—well, then, I'm satisfied too." Which is, of course, one of the nicest compliments that a young man ever pays. But then another thought seemed to strike him, and his look of bewilderment grew.

"Suppose he asks you where you've been?" he said. "What are you going to tell him?"

"That's the worst of it," she miserably nodded. "I told him that I might be going over to the library, and I hoped that he would think that I had met someone ——"

"Too late for the library now," frowned Allan, looking at the clock on his desk.

And then his glance swept over the rows of books upon his shelves—Alliott's Psychology and Theology, Newman Smyth's Religious Feeling, Janet's Final Causes, and all that glorious company—and his frown grew deeper and deeper. But then he lifted his glance and looked at Marion, and after that he frowned no more.

"Of course you know there are libraries and libraries," he said. "This is my library, for instance, and you have certainly been here; and as for meeting someone, you have certainly met me. So, if you like, I will go with you as far as your door, and then ——"

Again he put on his hat and coat.

"You'll want a book to carry," he said; and, taking one of the volumes from his shelves, he placed it under her unresisting arm. They were naturally very close together then, and they looked at each other for as long as it might take a somewhat backward person to count three.

"You—you are awfully good to me, Mr. Whitney," said Marion. Then, dropping her eyes, "I—I'll tell you all about it some day."

"Oh, that's all right, Miss Wilmer," he said, blushing to his eyebrows. "I'm going to tell you something—some day—too. Er—er—are you ready?"

They quietly let themselves out into the hall, and a moment later Marion was ringing her own doorbell, Allan standing by her side. Professor Wilmer opened the door.

"Back at last," he said with obvious relief. "I was beginning to wonder if anything had happened to you."

"No," said Marion. "I met Mr. Whitney, and we started talking—and—and he picked out a book for me ——"

With a smile, the professor reached for the book under his daughter's arm. "'Bradley's Ethical Studies,'" he read. "Rather a heavy tome, I should say," he added with a twinkle in his eye, "but possibly this young man will be able to lighten some of its mysteries for you."

They both pleasantly colored then—Marion and Allan—and a moment later Allan excused himself and went back to his own apartment. On the other side of the partition the professor led the way down the hall, and Marion meekly followed him to his study.

"You hadn't been gone long," he said, "when some strange people called about a lost coat; but it seems they found it again. That Egyptian costume seems to be mislaid, too, but I fancy it will turn up again, the same as the coat."

Marion looked at him.

"I see you've done your hair a new way," he said.

"Just for to-night," she told him. "I shan't do it this way again—ever!"

"I wouldn't, my dear," he said, and Marion thought she saw a troubled look pass over his face—a look that went to her heart. "The older you grow," he continued, "the truer you'll find it—that the old ways are best, my dear; the beaten paths the safest."

It must have surprised him a little—the sudden intensity with which Marion threw her arms round his neck and kissed him.

IX

WHEN Mrs. Wilmer came home she returned a full day before she was expected. Marion was out at the time, but the professor was in—as deep as ever in Egyptian lore.

"And Marion—how is she?" asked Mrs. Wilmer as soon as the connubial greetings were over. "Is she well?"

"Oh, yes!" said the professor; "oh, yes!" And somewhat absently he added: "She and that young man next door—the one who is going to be a minister—seem to be getting—er—rather fond of each other."

Mrs. Wilmer beamed.

"Do you know, Rufus," she said, "I wouldn't be a bit surprised—something always told me that Marion would marry a man like that. She has always been such a good girl!"

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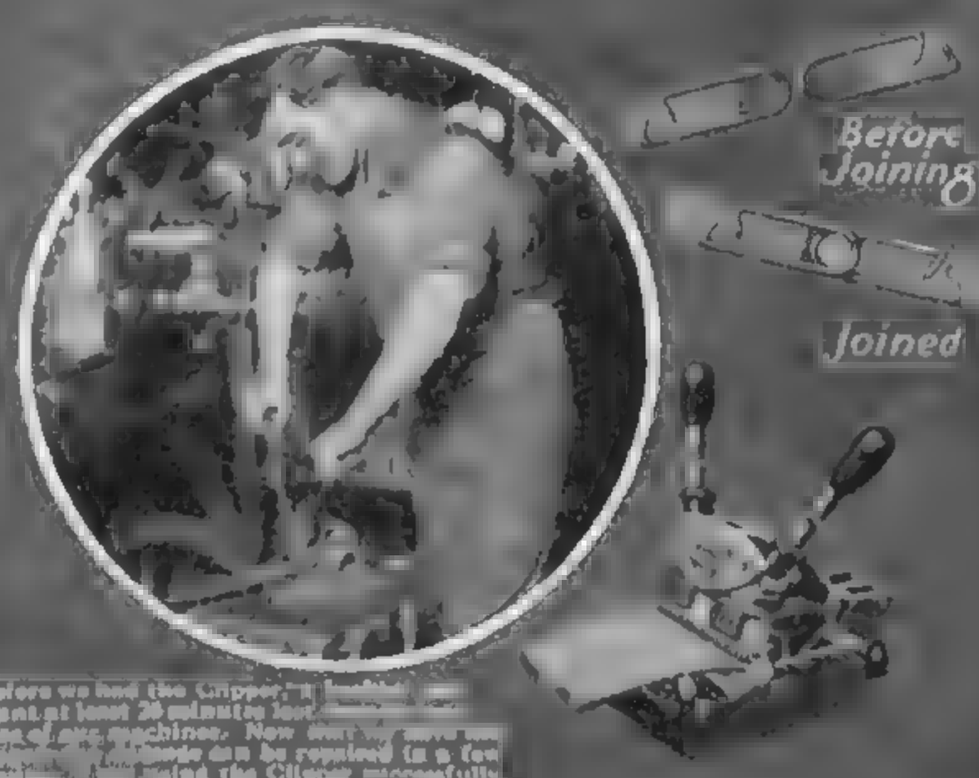

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THE SALVAGING OF CIVILIZATION

(Continued from Page 4)

has no precedent in the world's history; it is a new kind of occurrence. Such a community could not have come into existence before, and if it had it would, without railways, have certainly dropped to pieces long before now. Without railways or telegraph it would be far easier to administer California from Peking than from Washington. But this great population of the United States of America has not only grown outrageously; it has kept uniform. Nay, it has become more uniform. The man of San Francisco is more like the man of New York to-day than the man of Virginia was like the man of New England a century ago. And the process of assimilation goes on unimpeded. The United States is being woven by railway, by telegraph more and more into one vast human unity, speaking, thinking and acting harmoniously with itself. Soon aviation will be helping in the work.

Now this great community of the United States is, I repeat, an altogether new thing in history. There have been great empires before with populations exceeding a hundred millions, but these were associations of divergent peoples; there has never been one single people on this scale before. We want really a new term for this new thing. We call the United States a country, just as we call France or Holland a country. But really the two things are as different as an automobile and a one-horse shay. They are the creations of different periods and different conditions; they are going to work at a different pace and in an entirely different way. If you propose—as I gather some of the League of Nations people propose—to push the peace of the world along on a combination of these two sorts of vehicle, the peace of the world will be subjected to some very considerable strains.

Let me now make a brief comparison between the American and the European situation in relation to these vital matters, locomotion and the general means of communication. I said just now that the United States of America owes most to the revolution in locomotion and has felt it least. Europe, on the other hand, owes least to the revolution in locomotion and has felt it most. The revolution in locomotion found the United States of America a fringe of population on the sea margins of a great rich, virgin, empty country into which it desired to expand and into which it was free to expand. The steamboat and railway seemed to come as a natural part of that expansion. They came as unqualified blessings. But into Western Europe they came as a frightful nuisance.

No Room for Expansion

The states of Europe, excepting Russia, were already a settled, established and balanced system. They were living in final and conclusive boundaries, with no further possibility of peaceful expansion. Every extension of a European state involved a war; it was possible only through war. And while the limits of the United States have been set by the steamship and the railroad, the limits to the European sovereign states were drawn at a much earlier time. They were drawn by the horse, and particularly the coach horse, traveling along the highroad. If you will examine a series of political maps of Europe for the last two thousand years you will see that there has evidently been a definite limit to the size of sovereign states through all that time, due to the impossibility of keeping them together because of the difficulty of intercommunication if they grew bigger. And this was in spite of the fact that there were two great unifying ideas present in men's minds in Europe throughout that period, namely—the unifying idea of the Roman Empire and the unifying idea of Christendom. Both these ideas tended to make Europe one, but the difficulties of communication defeated that tendency. It is quite interesting to watch the adventures of what is called first the Roman Empire and afterwards the Holy Roman Empire in a series of historical maps. It keeps expanding and then dropping to pieces again. It is like the efforts of someone who is trying to pack up a parcel, which is much too big, in wet blotting paper. The cohesion was inadequate. And so it was that the eighteenth century found Europe still divided up into what I may perhaps call these highroad and coach-horse states, each with a highly developed foreign policy, each with an intense sense of national difference, and each with intense traditional antagonisms.

Then came this revolution in the means of locomotion, which has increased the normal range of human activity at least ten times. The effect of that in America was opportunity; the effect of it in Europe was congestion. It is as if some rather careless worker of miracles had decided suddenly to make giants of a score of ordinary men, and chose the moment for the miracle when they were all with one exception strap-hanging in a street car. The United States was that fortunate exception.

Now this is what modern civilization has come up against, and it is the essential riddle of the modern sphinx, which must be solved if we are to live. All the European boundaries of to-day are impossibly small for modern conditions. And they are sustained by an intensity of ancient tradition and patriotic passion.

Vexations of Travel

The citizens of the United States of America are not without their experience in this matter. The crisis of the national history of the American community, the war between Union and Secession, was essentially a crisis between the great state of the new age and the local feeling of an earlier period. But Union triumphed. Americans live now in a generation that has almost forgotten that there once seemed a possibility that the map of North America might be broken up at last into as many communities as the map of Europe. Except by foreign travel the present generation of Americans can have no idea of the net of vexations and limitations in which Europeans are living at the present time because of their political disunion.

Let me take a small but quite significant set of differences, the inconveniences of travel upon a journey of a little over a thousand miles. They are in themselves petty inconveniences, but they will serve to illustrate the net that is making free civilized life in Europe more and more impossible.

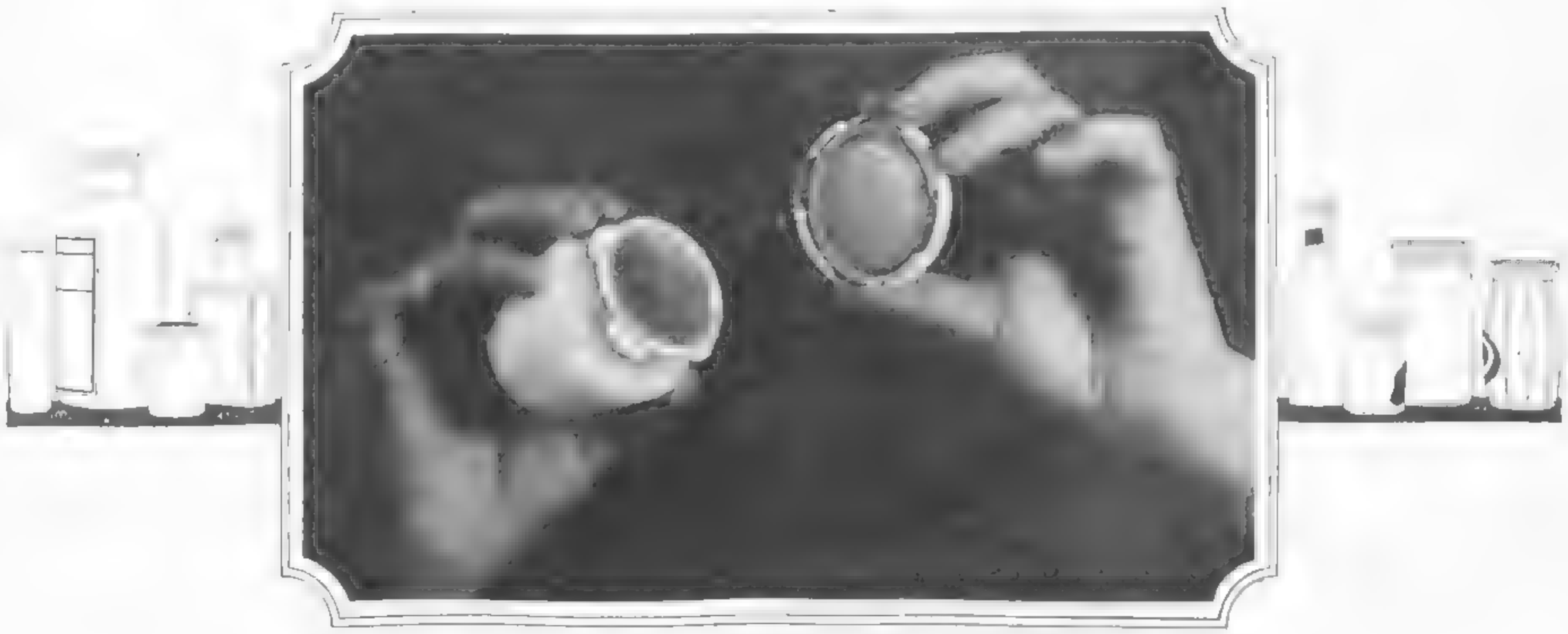
Take first the American case. An American wants to travel from New York to St. Louis. He looks up the next train, packs his bag, gets aboard a sleeper, and turns out at St. Louis next day ready for business.

Take now the European parallel. A European wants to travel from London to Warsaw. Now that is a longer distance by fifty or sixty miles than the distance from New York to St. Louis. Will he pack his bag, get aboard a train, and go there? He will not. He will have to get a passport, and getting a passport involves all sorts of tiresome little errands. One has to go to a photographer, for example, to get photographs to stick on the passport. The good European has then to take his passport to the French representative in London for a French visé, or, if he is going through Belgium, for a Belgian visé. After that he must get a German visé. Then he must go round to the Czecho-Slovak office for a Czecho-Slovak visé. Finally will come the Polish visé.

Each of these indorsements necessitates something vexatious—personal attendance, photography, stamps, rubber stamps, mysterious signatures, and the like, and always the payment of fees. Also they necessitate delays. The other day I had occasion to go to Moscow, and I learned that it takes three weeks to get a visé for Finland and three weeks to get a visé for Esthonia. You see you can't travel about Europe at all without weeks and weeks of preparation. The preparations for a little journey to Russia the other day took three whole days, cost me several pounds in stamps and fees, and five in bribery.

Ultimately, however, the good European is free to start. Arriving at the French frontier in an hour or so, he will be held up for a long customs examination. Also he will need to change some of his money into francs. His English money will be no good in France. The exchange in Europe is always fluctuating, and he will be cheated on

(Continued on Page 97)



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Sunshine Biscuits

Sunshine Orbit Biscuit with Grape Juice

Top each glass of iced grape juice with a generous spoonful of delicately flavored whipped cream. Serve with Sunshine Orbit Biscuit, which are coconut flavored.

Sunshine Advocate Creams with Prune Whip

Run cooked prunes through strainer Add ½ cup sugar; cook 5 minutes. When cold gradually add 5 egg-whites beaten stiff. Then add ½ tablespoon lemon juice. Pile lightly on buttered baking dish. Bake 20 minutes in slow oven. Serve with boiled custard and Sunshine Advocate Creams.

From the Thousand Window Bakeries

(Continued from Page 94)

the exchange. All European countries, including my own, cheat travelers on the exchange—that is apparently what the exchange is for.

He will then travel for a few hours to the German frontier. There he will be bundled out again. The French will investigate him closely to see that he is not carrying gold or large sums of money out of France. Then he will be handed over to the Germans. He will go through the same business with the customs and the same business with the money. His French money is no further use to him, and he must get German. A few more hours and he will arrive on the frontier of Bohemia. Same search for gold. Then customs examination and change of money again. A few hours more and he will be in Poland. Search for gold, customs, fresh money.

As most of these countries are pursuing different railway policies he will probably have to change trains and rebook his luggage three or four times. The trains may be ingeniously contrived not to connect, so as to force him to take some longer route politically favored by one of the intervening states. He will be lucky if he gets to Warsaw in four days.

Arrived in Warsaw, he will probably need a permit to stay there, and he will certainly need no end of permits to leave.

Now here is a fuss over a fiddling little journey of eleven hundred miles. Is it any wonder that the bookings from London to Warsaw are infinitesimal in comparison with the bookings from New York to St. Louis? But what I have noted here are only the normal inconveniences of the traveler. They are by no means the most serious inconveniences.

The same obstructions that hamper the free movement of a traveler hamper the movement of foodstuffs and all sorts of merchandise in a much greater degree. Everywhere in Europe trade is being throttled by tariffs and crippled by the St. Vitus' dance of the exchanges. Each of these European sovereign states turns out paper money at its own sweet will. Last summer I went to Prague and exchanged pounds for kronen. They ought to have been twenty-five to the pound. On Monday they were 180 to the pound; on Friday, 169. They jump about between 220 and 150, and everybody is inconvenienced except the bankers and money changers. And this uncertain exchange diverts considerable amounts of money that should be stimulating business enterprise into a barren gambling with the circulation.

Between any two of these compressed European countries the movement of food and labor is still more blocked and impeded. And in addition to these nuisances of national tariffs and independent national coinages at every few score miles, Europe is extraordinarily crippled by its want of any central authority to manage the most elementary collective interests—the control of vice, for example; the handling of infectious diseases; the suppression of international criminals.

The Seeds of War

Europe is now confronted by a new problem—the problem of air transport. So far as I can see, air transport is going to be strangled in Europe by international difficulties. One can fly comfortably and safely from London to Paris in two or three hours. But the passport preliminaries will take days beforehand.

The other day I wanted to get quickly to Reval, in Esthonia, from England, and back again. The distance is about the same as from Boston to Minneapolis, and it could be done comfortably in ten to twelve hours' flying. I proposed to the Handley-Page Company that they should arrange this for me. They explained that they had no power to fly beyond Amsterdam, in Holland; thence it might be possible to get a German plane to Hamburg, and thence again a Danish plane to Copenhagen—leaving about five hundred miles which were too complicated politically to fly. Each stoppage would involve passport and other difficulties. In the end it took me five days to get to Reval and seven days to get back. In Europe, with its present frontiers, flying is not worth having. It can never be worth having—it can never be worked successfully—until it is worked as at least a pan-European affair.

All these are the normal inconveniences of the national divisions of Europe in peacetime. By themselves they are strangling all hope of economic recovery. For Europe is not getting on its feet economically. Only a united effort can effect that. But along each of the ridiculously restricted frontiers into which the European countries are packed lies also the possibility of war. National independence means the right to declare war. And so each of these packed and strangulated European countries is obliged, by its blessed independence, to maintain as big an army and as big a military equipment as its bankrupt condition—for we are all bankrupt—permits.

Since the end of the Great War nothing has been done of any real value to insure any European country against the threat of war, and nothing will be done, and nothing can be done, to lift that threat so long as the idea of national independence overrides all other considerations.

And, again, it is a little difficult for a mind accustomed to American conditions to realize what modern war will mean in Europe.

Not one of these sovereign European states I have named between London and Warsaw is any larger than the one single American state of Texas, and not one has a capital that cannot be effectively bombed by aëroplane raiders from its frontier within five or six hours of a declaration of war. We can fly from London to Paris in two or three hours. And the aërial bombs of today, I can assure you, will make the biggest bombs of 1918 seem like little crackers. Over all these European countries broods this immediate threat of a warfare that will strain and torment the nerves of every living man, woman and child in the countries affected. Nothing of the sort can approach the American citizen except after a long warning. The worst war that could happen to any North American country would merely touch its coasts.

Contrasting Conditions

Now I have dwelt on these differences between America and Europe because they involve an absolute difference in outlook towards world-peace projects, towards world states, and the like, between the American and the European.

The American lives in a political unity on the big modern scale. He can go on comfortably for a hundred years yet before he begins to feel tight in his political skin and before he begins to feel the threat of immediate warfare close to his domestic life. He believes by experience in peace, but he feels under no passionate urgency to organize it. So far as he himself is concerned, he has got peace organized for a good long time ahead. I doubt if it would make any very serious difference for some time in the ordinary daily life of Kansas City, let us say, if all Europe were reduced to a desert in the next five years.

But, on the other hand, the intelligent European is up against the unity-of-Europe problem night and day. Europe cannot go on, European civilization cannot go on, unless that net of boundaries which strangles her is dissolved away. The difficulties created by language differences, by bitter national traditions, by bad political habits, and the like, are, no doubt, stupendous. But stupendous though they are, they have to be faced. Unless they are overcome, and overcome in a very few years, Europe, entangled in this net of boundaries and under a perpetual fear of war, will, I am convinced, follow Russia and slide down beyond any hope of recovery into a process of social dissolution as profound and disastrous as that which closed the career of the Western Roman Empire.

The American intelligence and the European intelligence approach this question of a world peace, therefore, from an entirely different angle and in an entirely different spirit. To the American, in the blessed ease of his great unbroken territory, it seems a matter simply of making his own ample securities world-wide by treaties of arbitration and such like simple agreements. And my impression is that he thinks of Europeans as living under similar conditions.

Nothing of that sort will meet the problem of the Old World. The European situation is altogether more intense and tragic than the American. Europe needs not treaties, but a profound change in its political ideas and habits. Europe is saturated with narrow patriotism like a body saturated by some evil inherited disease. She is haunted by narrow ambitions and ancient animosities.

It is because of this profound difference of situation and outlook that I am

An Announcement

of great economic importance to every man or woman who pays a shoe bill

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It makes the shoes wear twice as long
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Keeps children's feet dry
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Every one of these claims has been proved by thousands of trials of WonderWear, made by shoe users under every conceivable condition of actual hard wear.

Each fifty cent package will treat at least three pairs of men's shoes—more of women's and children's.

WonderWear is as good for the finest women's and children's shoes as for the heaviest lumberman's boots. It is as invaluable to the banker as to the postman or office worker.

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Look for this package in blue and orange, at your dealer's

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Go to your dealer. Ask him for WonderWear. If he is not yet able to supply you, send us his name and 50c for full sized can sufficient to thoroughly treat at least three pairs of shoes. This offer will be withdrawn, immediately we have arranged for local dealer distribution.

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Until your jobber is able to supply WonderWear, we will gladly ship and bill you quantities of 1 dozen and upwards, provided you give us your jobber's name with order.

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It is our aim to do business only through regular trade channels. We cordially invite your immediate enquiries regarding WonderWear.

Fill This Bowl With LIGHT!
Fill it to overflowing, for the cost is little. Let it pour out its abundant smiling radiance, upward and downward. Watch the room smile back again, in restful beauty. Mark the absence of glare and shadows; the coming of comfort to eyes and nerves.
Is this too much to expect from the evening light in the home? Not when that light is GAS LIGHT, distributed in the modern semi-indirect way from a
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convinced of the impossibility of any common political cooperation to organize a world peace between America and Europe at the present time.

The American type of state and the European type of state are different things, incapable of an effectual alliance; the steam tractor and the ox cannot plow this furrow together. American thought, American individuals may no doubt play a very great part in the task of reconstruction that lies before Europe, but not the American Federal Government as a sovereign state among equal states.

The United States constitutes a state on a different scale and level from any Old World state. Patriotism and the national idea in America is a different thing and a bigger-scale thing than patriotism and national idea in any Old World state.

Any league of nations aiming at stability now would necessarily be a league seeking to stereotype existing boundaries and existing national ideas. Now these boundaries and these ideas are just what have to be got rid of at any cost. Before Europe can get on a level and on equal terms with the United States, the European communities have to go through a process that America went through—under much easier conditions—a century and a half ago. They have to repeat, on a much greater scale and against profounder prejudices, the feat of understanding and readjustment that was accomplished by the American people between 1781 and 1788.

As you will all remember, these states, after they had decided upon independence, framed certain articles of confederation; they were articles of confederation between thirteen nations, between the people of Massachusetts, the people of Virginia, the people of Georgia, and so forth—thirteen distinct and separate sovereign peoples. They made a union so lax and feeble that it could neither keep order at home nor maintain respect abroad. Then they produced another constitution. They swept aside all that talk about the people of Massachusetts, the people of Virginia and the rest of their thirteen nations. They based their union on a wider idea—the people of the United States.

Now Europe, if it is not to sink down to anarchy, has to do a parallel thing. If Europe is to be saved from ultimate disaster Europe has to stop thinking in terms of the people of France, the people of England, the people of Germany, the French, the British, the Germans, and so forth. Europe has to think at least of the people of Europe, if not of the civilized people of the world. If we Europeans cannot bring our minds to that, there is no hope for us. Only by thinking of all peoples can any people be saved in Europe. Fresh wars will destroy the social fabric of Europe, and Europe will perish as nations, fighting.

A Modern Ocean State

There are many people who think that there is at least one political system in the Old World which, like the United States, is large enough and world-wide enough to go on by itself under modern conditions for some considerable time. They think that the British Empire can, as it were, stand out of the rest of the Old World as a self-sufficient system. They think that it can stand out freely as the United States can stand out, and that these two English-speaking powers together have merely to agree together to dominate and keep the peace of the world.

Let me give a little attention to this idea. It is, I believe, a wrong idea, and one that may be very disastrous to our common English-speaking culture if it is too fondly cherished.

There can be no denying that the British imperial system is a system different in its nature and size from a typical European state, from a state of the horse-and-road scale, like France, let us say, or Germany. And equally it is with the United States a new growth. The present British Empire is indeed a newer growth than the United States. But while the United States constitutes a homogeneous system and grows more homogeneous, the British Empire is heterogeneous and shows little or no assimilative power. And while the United States is all gathered together and is still very remote from any serious antagonist, the British Empire is scattered all over the world, entangled with and stressed against a multitude of possible antagonists.

I have been arguing that the size and manageability of all political states are finally matters of transport and communications. They grow to a limit strictly determined by these considerations. Beyond that limit they are unstable.

Let us now apply these ideas to the British Empire.

I have shown that the great system of the United States is the creation of the river steamboat and the railway. Quite as much so is the present British Empire the creation of the ocean-going steamship—protected by a great navy.

The British Empire is a modern ocean state just as the United States is a modern continental state. The political and economic cohesion of the British Empire rests upon this one thing—upon the steamship's remaining the dominant and secure means of world transport in the future. If the British Empire is to remain sovereign and secure and independent of the approval and cooperation of other states it is necessary that steamship transport—ocean transport—should remain dominant in peace and invulnerable in war.

Well, that brings us face to face with two comparatively new facts that throw a shadow upon both that predominance and upon that invulnerability. One is air transport; the other the submarine. The possibilities of the ocean-going submarine I will not enlarge upon now. They will be familiar to everyone who followed the later phases of the Great War.

The Air Power of the Future

It must be clear that sea power is no longer the simple and decisive thing it was before the coming of the submarine. The seaways can no longer be taken and possessed completely. To no other power except Japan is this so grave a consideration as it is to Britain.

And if we turn to the possibilities of air transport in the future we are forced towards the same conclusion—that the security of the British Empire must rest in the future not on its strength in warfare but on its keeping the peace within and without its boundaries.

I was a member of the British Civil Air Transport Committee, and we went with care and thoroughness into the possibilities and probabilities of the air. My work on that committee convinced me that in the near future the air may be the chief, if not the only, highway for long-distance mails, for long-distance passenger traffic and for the carriage of most valuable and compact commodities. The ocean ways are likely to be only the ways for slow travel and for staple and bulky trade.

And my studies on that committee did much to confirm my opinion that in quite a brief time the chief line of military attack will be neither by sea nor land, but through the air.

Moreover, it was borne in upon me that the chief air routes of the world will lie over the great plains of the world, that they will cross great stretches of sea or mountainous country only very reluctantly.

Now think of how the British Empire lies with relation to the great sea and land masses of the world. There has been talk in Great Britain of what people have called all-red air routes—that is to say, all-British air routes. There are no all-red air routes. You cannot get out of Britain to any other parts of the empire, unless perhaps it is Canada, without crossing foreign territory. That is a fact that British people have to face and digest, and the sooner they grasp it the better for them. Britain cannot use air ways even to develop her commerce in peacetime without the consent and cooperation of a great number of her intervening neighbors. If she embarks single-handed on any considerable war she will find both her air and her sea communications almost completely cut.

And so the British Empire, in spite of its size and its modernity, is not much better off now in the way of standing alone than the other European countries. It is no exception to our generalization that, apart from all other questions, the scale and form of the European states are out of harmony with contemporary and developing transport conditions, and that all these powers are, if only on this account, under one urgent necessity to sink those ideas of complete independence that have hitherto dominated them. It is a life-and-death necessity. If they cannot obey it they will all be destroyed.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of six articles by Mr Wells. The next will appear in an early issue.

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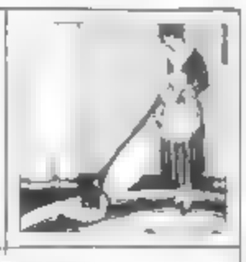

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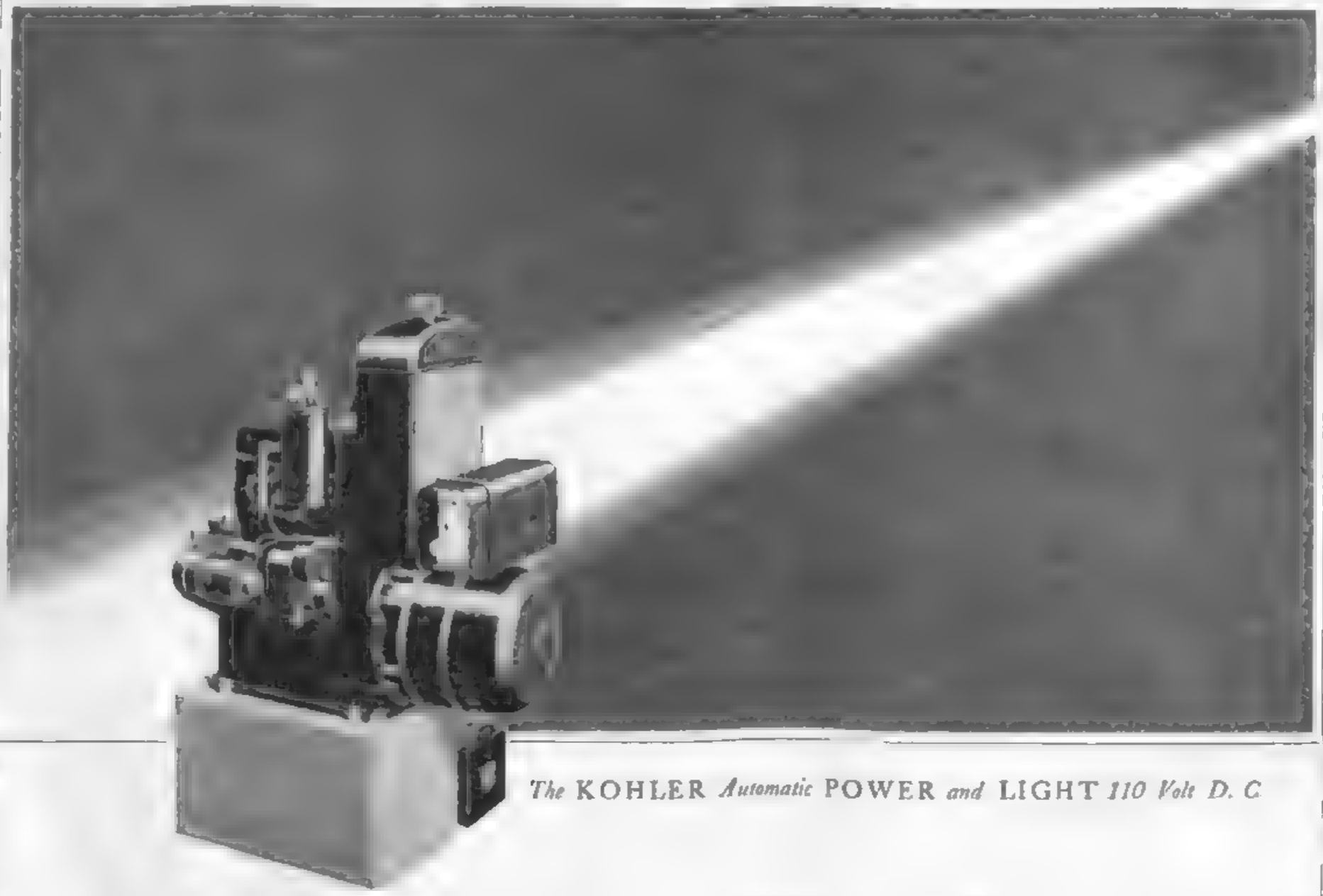

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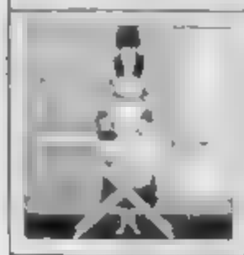

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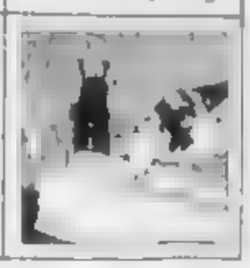

ALSO MANUFACTURERS OF KOHLER ENAMELED PLUMBING WARE

INSIDE THE RAINBOW

Continued from Page 16

was a double-header that day—"and see if old Dusty can't catch him?"

The Texan man thought pretty well of the idea. I went around the stand tipping everybody off that McCarren, the manager, had bet a Texan man $500 that old Dusty could catch a jack rabbit. This, of course, was not true, but everybody got steamed up over it immediately.

Until we got in the pitcher's box to start that race I never knew that a jack rabbit could look so long and gangly and have so many legs. I held old Dusty till the jack got started. I might as well be holding him yet for that matter.

When Dusty started with a yelp that long-legged jack kind of looked around as if he had heard a strange noise and went hopping to the outfield on three legs. Evidently he was looking for a hole in the fence—and he took his time about it. Dusty was going like a steam engine, with the crowd egging him on. Without putting that fourth leg down, the rabbit kept fifty yards ahead of the dog.

Finally Dusty got him hemmed in a corner, but Mister Jack Rabbit simply jumped right over his head, loped up to the bleachers and waited for something to happen. Old Dusty promptly trotted up to the lemonade stand and lay down. To this day I don't believe that rabbit ever knew he was being chased.

It was the best laugh the baseball crowd had that summer. Anyway, it got the crowd talking about fast dogs—like greyhounds—and that was what I wanted.

You see, I had conceived the idea of putting on a jack-rabbit tournament at the ball park when the team was gone. We would allow the entry of any dog that an owner wanted to start, and would hang up prizes. The Texan man assured me he had plenty of jack rabbits to accommodate all comers. He went in with me, and for furnishing the rabbits was to get 25 per cent of the profits. Being the main promoter, I was to rent the park, pay all expenses and furnish the publicity. The Diamond Dust column made that easy. Now you would think that a dandy scheme, wouldn't you?

There were advance stories in the papers every day. The park cost me $100, which included the ticket takers. I kept the lemonade privilege. A general admission fee of twenty-five cents was charged.

Everybody in town, it seemed to me, was asking his neighbor, "Are you going out to see Red's jack-rabbit race?"

I reckon everybody thought the other fellow was, and that that would be enough.

Sports Promoters

On the afternoon of the big tournament the gates yielded less than twenty-five dollars. Before the first race started—and that proved a joke—the Texan man and myself were arrested for cruelty to animals, and the biggest jack-rabbit race ever attempted stopped dead in its tracks.

Of all the sporting events I ever staged that was the biggest bust. And it had looked like such a cinch!

Of my $200 capital I had exactly twenty-five dollars and a sore guy from Texas left. To this day, though, I believe my showman's instinct was correct. It only goes to show that in sports things are not always what they seem.

There is a fascination about managing and exhibiting professional sports that does not exist in any other line of showmanship. It is that very fascination that makes men put out more money than they ever get back. Sporting events, you know, are of legitimate public interest and have a news value that no other form of amusement—theaters, for instance—may ever hope to have. The promoters see themselves exploited in the news columns as public characters, and that makes them eager to excel. They often step far beyond their limit in making financial offers because they like to read of themselves as famous sportsmen who are in the game for sport's sake only.

The explanation of the ease with which professional sports get space in the news columns, of course, is because there is a contest. The public likes to air opinions on these things in advance, and then buy papers to see who won and how.

With theaters it is different. Mighty few people ever read the newspapers next day to see which actor won.

After my jack-rabbit failure my Barnum instincts of necessity took quite a rest. But they were not dead—just dormant. I organized a semiprofessional baseball league around the town and did so well that eventually I got in as one of the owners of a regular minor-league club. When I had learned the ropes of that I grew restless, sold out at a big profit and took myself North and East

Since then I have been interested, one way and another, in every big sport in the country. I have made some busts in which I invested as much as one hundred thousand dollars—just as complete as my jack rabbit classic. Also I have made occasional ten-strikes out of events that were started as a joke.

Before going into detail let me say right here that the big profits you hear about in professional sports, as a rule, do not exist. The best a sporting promoter ever gets in the long run is a legitimate profit, about like that of a merchant or a banker. Often he steps in too deep for that. To illustrate, how many men can you recall who ever got rich out of baseball, fighting, racing or any other sport, and retired?

Strictly Business

Before asking that question I tried to figure out an answer myself. In all my acquaintance, which extends throughout the United States, I can recall right now but three men who really grew independently wealthy out of sports. Two of those are baseball-club owners and the other is a race-track owner. I know of no very wealthy man in the fight game. It is doubtful if there are any more rich race-track owners. With public betting cut out, there is no longer a daily levy on the bookmakers.

I was even surprised myself the other day while consulting some other promoters to gather the facts I am about to present to find that the rarest cases do not show a net profit of 10 per cent on the receipts.

Sport promotion is purely a business, and works out pretty much like any other business. The same laws of supply and demand govern it. Get-rich-quick plunges excite the public, but do not usually pan out. To be successful a sporting man must forget the big figures that appear in the newspapers and figure on a legitimate profit by the application of legitimate business methods. I have failed by not keeping that balance, and I have watched others do likewise.

A man must play the game with chips—not money. If you get what I mean, he must set in his stack to back his sound judgment just like a poker player does his chips. Forget what they represent, but don't go crazy with the heat just to show that you are game. No poker player, I believe, would play his hand so freely and with such good judgment if he played with actual money instead of chips.

Some baseball clubs never get anywhere because they look at the $10,000 for a player as if it were yanked out of the family sock and piled right up in front of them. Anxiety makes them parsimonious, even if they know it should be a winning move. If they simply shoved in a stack of chips, playing the hand as it should be played, they would get bigger results, and the results, after all, are just so many chips in the bank.

I speak of baseball familiarly because I have been more intimately associated with that sport than any other. It was my first love. I have dabbled in and out the fight game, making some big plunges in my day, but in reminiscing my first thoughts naturally turn to baseball. That and fighting are the two main commercial sports in this country, and the others can be judged in proportion. The business system is the same.

I ran a baseball club in a minor league one year within the last decade and cleaned up $50,000 in real money. But it is pretty hard to do that now, even if one is lucky in having good players to sell, as I did. The business of the game has become so standardized, and its ramifications so familiar to everybody, that it is very difficult to earn more than a small profit on an investment. The expense touches so close to the receipts that the margin is mighty narrow.

I have in mind the case of a friend who owns a valuable franchise in one of the

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The "Echo" —Style M-67. Spring Booklet "Styles of the Times" on request.

major leagues and who is supposed to have made a barrel of money. In the past ten years his club has won two pennants and has taken part in the World's Series. The attendance at his park one of those championship years aggregated 500,000.

This club owner, who really loves the game and has been in it since its infancy, started the custom a few years ago of sending out Christmas presents to some of his sporting friends and the baseball writers. One year he would send souvenir gold knives; other years engraved carafes, canes, umbrellas, and so on. He dearly loved to do this and it got to be sort of an annual event to be anticipated.

One Christmas the old club owner's presents were a little late. Sporting writers in good-natured, humorous quips reminded him of the tardiness. This was especially noticeable in view of the fact that his club had had a most prosperous season. Little did they know, though, how few laughs those little shots got out of the old man. After drawing 500,000 people that year, he had to borrow the cash temporarily to send out those Christmas presents—actually had to borrow it!

I never have had enough money at one time to buy a big-league ball club, but always I have had a hankering to do it. Frankly, I like the glamour of it, that place in the limelight. I have been able, though, to interest others. Having taken a silent part in some of the negotiations, I am able to discuss the financial side of the game with a certain amount of first-hand knowledge.

The average expense of operating a major-league ball club is $300,000 a year. A few clubs go beyond that. Some of the weaker teams of necessity get along on less, due to having acquired their real estate years ago and having added no costly improvements.

With that much overhead it should be plain that a ball club must be a contender for part of the season, at least, to keep from going broke. The attendance falls off as soon as a team begins to lose regularly.

A ball club usually figures to make all its money at home. A high-salaried team is very fortunate to make much more than its expenses on the road. For instance, one of the clubs in the fight for the pennant last year played a series in the city of a tail-ender, taking in a total of $160 for the four games. This was not enough to pay the railroad fare, a distance of 100 miles, to say nothing of hotel bills.

Baseball Finance

Now as a ball club has but seventy-seven games at home in a season, they have got to get up and dust. Though they have seventy-seven games, they do not always have seventy-seven days. Eight games, on the average, are postponed on account of rain, being played off in double-headers later. Each club must play 154 games in a season.

The highest priced seat in a ball park, outside of the private boxes, is one dollar. The great bulk of fans occupy seats costing fifty and seventy-five cents. Those prices are fixed by baseball law and cannot be changed by individual owners. Seventy-five cents was the top price before the war. There is a war tax of 15 per cent on each ticket, but the prices have been so arranged that the public pays most of that now.

A crowd in most major-league parks averages sixty cents a ticket. In the Polo Grounds at New York, most imposing of all grounds, the average is a little higher, due to the preponderance of high-priced seats.

You see, therefore, a crowd of 20,000, we'll say, means in cash $12,000. Of that the visiting club gets one-half the price of general admission, usually fifty cents. The visiting club, in other words, is paid twenty-five cents for each spectator. The extras charged for covered stands, reserved seats, and so on, are the profit of the home club. That is a time-honored practice of baseball, and holds good in every city in the United States.

Now after paying off the visiting club that crowd of 20,000 nets the home club $7000. And, mind you, 20,000 is one whale of a crowd. The average ball club doesn't have many 20,000 crowds in a season. The published figures of baseball crowds are often exaggerated in the newspapers, because the official figures are rarely given out except at a World's Series. Then it is compulsory. From these official announcements it is known that Braves' Field in Boston has the largest seating capacity. In a World's Series game played there in 1916 the official count showed a crowd of 42,620, which is the record.

That will give you the grain of salt with which to take the reported crowds of 50,000. It can't be done.

With some clubs the salary list will run as high as $150,000. With others, of course, this item is much smaller. They have fewer and cheaper players and they have fewer and cheaper officials. They also have fewer crowds.

With such an expense some of the weaker sisters would go broke in the middle of the season. As a result, they remain weak clubs—second-division teams they are called.

Those fellows who never get a crack at the big pots do not play with chips. They look upon the money when it is green and counted out in packages. They manage to stick along by drawing to cinches and taking no chances. But they rarely get anywhere. These losing clubs do not draw big crowds at home, but manage to scrape along by furnishing opposition for the contending clubs.

Second Divisioners

One of these tail-end clubs, unable to pay more than expenses on the home grounds last summer, due to its position in the race, was given a check for $20,000 for its share of the receipts in a four-game series at New York which took in Saturday and Sunday and drew enormous crowds. The New York club later went to the town of the weak club and got $500 for its share in a four-game series.

See how it works? There must be some losers or there could be no winners, and the losers eke out an existence on the crumbs from the rich tables.

The costly trips of the topnotch clubs are a meal ticket for weaker ones. These second divisioners, in a way, are the Patsy Bolivars of baseball—the fellows who are paid to be beaten up by the contenders.

Next year the worm may turn, but there are some ball teams that remain in the rut from year to year. To revive them takes a financial upheaval—new blood, new money.

The best emergency method of lifting a club out of the rut is to spend some spectacular sum for a star player, provided such a deal—they are very difficult—can be swung. The less fortunate clubs have sensed the danger of accepting these big offers. Eventually, they fear, it would mean that the rich clubs would have all the star players and the weaker teams nothing. As a result there would be no race. The American public will not pay to see an event that is no contest.

The rich man who thinks baseball a gold mine and gets into it by investing a big bank roll usually has pretty hard sledding to make more than he would by investing in good securities. It is the glamour of it, the ever-growing ambition to develop a pennant-winner, that holds him.

Like the public, the players frequently get a distorted idea of the money to be made out of baseball. They forget the inevitable overhead expense. As a result all of their efforts to run the game themselves on a coöperative basis have been failures.

Ball players sometimes have a very hazy idea of finance. Only the other day I was told of one—a star—who was given a check for $25,000 as advance payment to appear in a big moving-picture feature. So pleased was he with this check, according to my informant, he kept it in his pocket to show to friends. After two or three months' work the picture turned out a bust. The finances ran short and the player had held the check so long and so tightly that when he went to cash it there were no funds in the bank.

The practice of paying fabulous sums for prize fights got its real start at Goldfield, Nevada, when Battling Nelson fought Joe Gans for the lightweight championship ten or twelve years ago. Having put on an automobile race on the coast out of which I made a little money—not much—I was in Goldfield when the idea started. Tex Rickard, a mining prospector, recently returned from Alaska, saw in the fight a chance to put the town on the map. After he had talked with the business men in town, and they had agreed to guarantee part of the necessary cash, the sporting world was startled by an offer of more than $20,000 for the championship bout at Goldfield. People who had never heard of Goldfield began rustling around for maps, and really did put a marker on the spot.

(Continued on Page 105)

Designs that graced Justinian's Shrine Endure today — in Wadsworth Cases

Portraying the Wadsworth art of fashioning cases for the leading watch movements

An enlargement illustrating minutely how Wadsworth has woven into watch cases the rare ornaments of an ancient civilization
A woman's wristlet that tells the story of a great monument of old

WHEN the Emperor Justinian, in the year 532, conceived his plan of erecting at Constantinople a church "that should be the grandest monument ever built by man," he ordered the governors of even his most distant provinces to ransack Rome for her richest art fragments.

Vast shiploads of costly relics were borne from every corner of the empire. For six years ten thousand men toiled night and day upon this mammoth project, exhausting the royal treasury and the emperor's private purse.

Hagia Sophia, thus conceived, has become a Mohammedan mosque, its treasured decorations lost to view beneath many coats of whitewash.

Reproductions of some of the great ornaments which graced this earliest monument of pure Byzantine style have been preserved—and are reflected today in the products of the Wadsworth artists. So do the watch cases shown above portray the art of an ancient civilization.

Here are examples of the way Wadsworth fashions for the men and women of today watch cases of rare beauty, watch cases that combine that grace of line and exactness of fit found only in the products of supreme artists. Among the Wadsworth masterpieces there is a case for every taste, a case for every purse.

The watch—a product of two industries

With great skill the movement maker constructs your "movement" or "works," an intricate mechanism for the measurement of time. But, for the completion of the watch he now turns to the case maker, who employs such artistry in the designing of the case as will make the completed watch a beautiful article of personal wear.

Thus it is that for thirty years Wadsworth cases have dressed and protected the watch movements of leading manufacturers and importers. Many of the most popular designs with which you are acquainted are Wadsworth creations.

Containing true chronometer at Line with an exactness of fit that our case reflects the artistry of an ancient time

When you buy a watch, select a movement that your jeweler will recommend, and insist that it be "dressed" in a Wadsworth case. The Wadsworth name is your assurance not only of correct design but of the finest material and workmanship.

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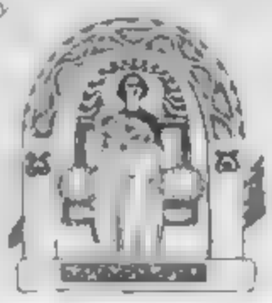

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S W P gives that service. Its 50 years' record proves it. It "covers the earth," from the tropics to the arctic, on more than a million homes.

S W P is so durable that it gives the least expensive paint service you can buy. It covers so much greater area that it is the cheapest gallonage you can buy.

S W P covers 360 square feet per gallon, two coats, against 200 to 250 square feet for cheaply made paints. The S-W dealer will gladly put you in touch with a painter.

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gives protection just where home wear and exposure are most severe—on porches and steps. It prevents wear and warping and improves appearance.

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is a powerful wood preservative which adds years of life to shingled roofs and sidings. All S-W Preservative Shingle Stain colors are permanent.

S-W REXPAR *Exterior Varnish*
weathers year round exposure on doors, porch ceilings, store fronts, boats, club houses, etc. It is waterproof, and resists the severest weather.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PRODUCTS

PAINTS, VARNISHES, DYES, WOOD PRESERVATIVES, CHEMICALS, INSECTICIDES AND DISINFECTANTS

(Continued from Page 102)

The main cost of this venture, aside from the money to be paid the fighters, was a big grand stand. Work on this began within a few days after the Goldfield proposition had been accepted.

The big bout was as much a novelty to the people in the mining country as the mining country was to the people who came from cities all over the country. The whole idea was romantic, and consequently proved a financial success. The promoters took in $69,000 at the gate. The expenses aggregated around $40,000. After paying back the citizens the money they had put up as a guaranty, the promoter cleared around $10,000.

After that purses grew rapidly too rapidly. Promoters began to vie with each other as to who could offer the most money. Prize fighters were in clover, and have been ever since.

The largest sum of money ever taken in at the gate for a sporting event within my knowledge was $450,000 for the Willard-Dempsey fight at Toledo. Of this Willard and Dempsey got $127,500.

That was an immense undertaking, and netted but a fair profit—less than 10 per cent. The huge grand stand alone cost $126,000. The lumber in it later was sold for $25,000—a net loss of $101,000.

After taking in $450,000 and paying off all expenses—the incidentals were enormous—the promoters had less than $40,000 left. In other words, these men who assumed a liability of considerably more than $250,000—the purse to the fighters, the stand and incidental expenses—realized less than a third of the money paid to Willard and Dempsey.

There was no profit whatever on the big Jeffries and Johnson fight in Reno, but quite a sum of money was afterward realized on the moving pictures, which could then be shown legally. They cannot now.

The largest building devoted to indoor sports in America is Madison Square Garden, in New York. This has a possible seating capacity of 14,000, varying with the arrangements of floor seats. In the old days of boxing practically every event of national interest was held there for the simple reason that the promoters were able to take in more money.

Since the recent legalizing of professional boxing in New York by what is known as the Walker Law, Madison Square Garden has come into its own again. It has been leased by a group of sporting men, led by one of the most prominent promoters in the country, and is used primarily for staging fights. On off nights it is rented for such affairs as the six-day bicycle race, the circus, automobile shows and public speakings. The customary rental is $1000 a day.

New York Price Limits

Last winter Jack Dempsey and Bill Brennan fought there for the heavyweight championship of the world. For this Dempsey was paid $100,000 and Brennan $25,000. The natural inference is that willingness to pay such sums as that indicate big profits for the promoters. As a matter of fact, but a small sum was realized—less than $10,000—and that was turned into the general fund for offsetting nights that are lean.

In the future it will be impossible to pay out that much money for attractions, because it cannot be taken in at the gate. The State Boxing Commission of New York has placed a limit of fifteen dollars for tickets to any boxing match. That is why the proposed championship match between Dempsey and Carpentier may have to be decided in Europe.

An old friend of mine who provides the attractions—the matchmaker, in other words—assures me that it is impossible to break more than even on fights at the Garden in a year's run, due to the heavy overhead expense. The only possible profit is in the subrental for other events such as the circus and the six-day race.

To begin with, the annual rental of the Garden to these promoters is $200,000. The property taxes amount to $75,000 and the insurance $13,000. Federal and state amusement tax eats up another $75,000. So, you see, there is a fixed expenditure of $363,000—about $1000 a day—outside of current expenses such as salaries of officials, attendants, advertising, and so on. Fights are held about once a week. To get over that is some climb. The books show the fighters to have received approximately 50 per cent of the gross receipts.

The biggest gate the Garden has had so far—and there is no chance of a bigger one—was at the fight between Benny Leonard and Richie Mitchell for the lightweight championship. The amount was $135,745.60.

This fight was promoted by Miss Anne Morgan for the benefit of the sufferers in the devastated regions of France. Instead of the usual benefit, in which there is nothing at stake for the boxers or the public and which consequently draws a small crowd, Miss Morgan conceived the idea of putting on a regular championship fight and giving the profits to the sufferers. The fighters were paid $40,000 and $20,000 respectively. The Garden people contributed the arena and services of attendants.

The novelty of the affair—a boxing match staged by a woman of the Four Hundred—proved a big success. Miss Morgan allowed herself to be photographed with the boxers and received as much applause as they.

That fight being a topnotcher, a study of the number of tickets sold and the prices paid may be enlightening as to the possibilities in receipts and profits:

2,483 at	$ 3 30	$ 8,193.90
1,4[illegible] at	7.50	11,484 70
370 at	10 00	3,700 00
3,336 at	11 00	36,696 00
805 at	15 00	12,075 00
385 at	20 00	7,700 00
2,182 at	25 00	54,550 00
Total		$135,745 60

These figures are exclusive of the free list, composed of press representatives, telegraph operators, officials and so on.

Taking a Loss

Aside from the $60,000 paid the fighters this was net profit. Those figures cannot be repeated unless the law is changed. With a fixed top price of fifteen dollars and the others graduated accordingly it will not only be impossible to get that much money in the house again, but the high price of fighting wages will also have to come down. Even if the fight promoters had got that money instead of the French sufferers they would have to pull off many such events in a year to overcome their overhead. No, the fighting business is no gold mine. But for the limelight, the enjoyment of sport atmosphere, few would stick to it. To earn a fair profit the best of business methods must be employed. All of the figures I have given are based upon absolute honesty and efficiency on the part of the attendants. They are not always honest. I'll say they are not, and I say it from unhappy experience.

Even in my years of apparent discretion and experience I have made busts as complete as the jack-rabbit tournament of my boyhood. A few years ago when the fighting laws were more stringent than now a big fight was proposed, but there was no hall in a big city in which it could be legally held. We got a hunch that it was about time to put on another big outdoor affair. Some associates agreed to go in, and our big offer got the bout.

Near one of the cities we erected temporary stands in a sort of race track, figuring on a seating capacity of 35,000.

I hate to think of that fight. As a drawing attraction it was an unqualified success. To this day I am sure that we drew more than 30,000 people. Still, when we counted up we didn't have enough money to pay the fighters their guaranty. We made good, though—took the loss, and came clean.

We had been careless in the selection of attendants. Fight fans stormed the gates, in hundreds of cases walking by without paying anything at all. In other cases we found that ticket sellers had closed up their booths after selling out and had gone their way rejoicing. Some of them we have never seen to this day. Nobody got the seats called for—or very few—the whole thing winding up in confusion. It was a real jack-rabbit bust.

I got my first clear notion of what had happened when an old-time hanger-on a few weeks later told me his experience. This fellow had been anxious to see the fight, but as usual was broke. A former fighter offered to stake him to a five-dollar seat with the understanding that they were to meet at the booth where tickets of that price were sold. My old fight friend took no chances and got there early. For half an hour he stood around the entrance anxiously looking up and down the sidewalk and occasionally glancing at his watch. His

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RUDDY CHEEKS, clear eyes and healthy bodies are found in homes where sunlight, fresh air and cleanliness are the rule.

Housewives appreciate these three necessities and are learning the value of adding a little Creolin-Pearson disinfectant to the scrub-water when cleaning.

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ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR—

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For infants and invalids

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Cooling, soothing toilet powder

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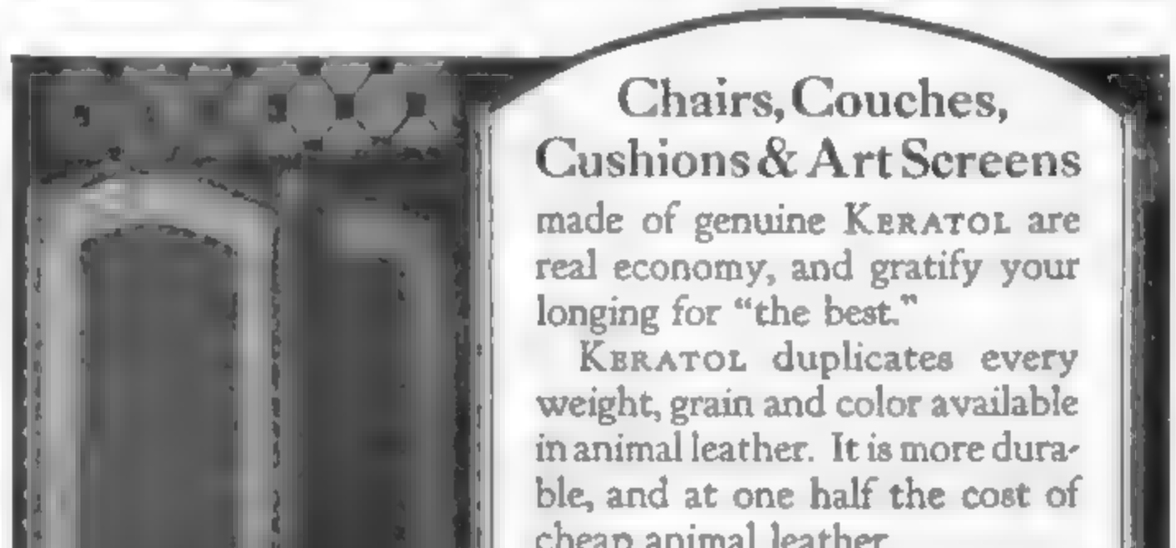

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KERATOL duplicates every weight, grain and color available in animal leather. It is more durable, and at one half the cost of cheap animal leather.

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The Right Cap for Real Men
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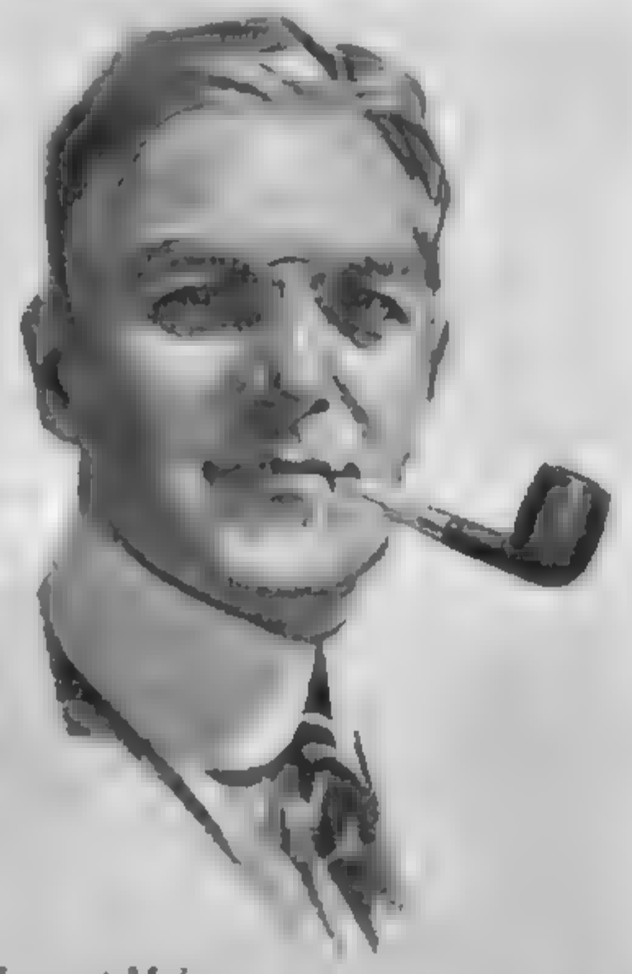
WM. DEMUTH & CO.
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World's Largest Makers of Fine Pipes

WDC

actions and the general cut of his jib were enough to arouse suspicion.

"I was just beginning to figure that I'd been hung up by my pal," he said, smiling as he told it, "when the guy in the ticket office, who'd been giving me the up-and-down—probably thought me a heel for some politician—slips out of the box and comes over to where I am standin'.

"'Say,' he says to me in a low voice, 'this is as far as I can go for the minute. It's all right, though.' And he slips a roll of bills into my hand.

"I am wise in a minute, and begin countin' the money by peekin' at the corners of the bills, pretendin' to be businesslike.

"'Exactly 182 iron men,' I cracked at him. 'You'll have to come stronger than that.'

"'Oh, sure,' he says. 'When things speed up a little I'll be back. Everything's all right.'

"I am still standing there and givin' myself a laugh when my pal who was to take me in comes along.

"'Keep your mouth shut and act like I do,' I tips him off. He is also wise in a minute. We don't have to wait long. Seeing two of us there, the guy comes out again.

"'Here's the rest of it,' he says. 'That squares it, don't it?'

"I counts the dough again, and there is exactly 300.

"'All O. K.,' I says. 'That's the amount.'

"With that I pockets the 300 and goes in to see the scrap. Pretty soft, eh?

"Still," he added, "I'd like to know what that stick-up guy says to the real heel when he comes along for his bit."

That sort of thing often happens at even the best regulated fights. It's no cinch for a promoter to get all the money that comes in over the counter.

Mistakes in judgment often have broken me, but I still love to take a chance. The sight of my first airplane aroused in me a new idea of showmanship. Why not get some of those fellows to give an exhibition? In those days people were crazy even to say they had seen an airplane. There was great commotion when one flew over a community. I mulled this over in my brain and finally got in touch with some of the flyers. That was before the war, and they were nearly all professionals, most of them having been racing automobile drivers. They quickly fell in with my scheme to get some money.

The thing looked inexpensive to me, because to start with it was unnecessary to lease the air in which they were to fly. It was necessary, though, to build a grand stand, a place where we could take in the money.

The public officials decided there was no precedent for charging a license, as it was sort of an educational affair. But we had to do some advertising.

We finally got the little grand stand built out in a big field and were ready. From the big stories in the papers it looked like a cinch. The flyers had agreed to work on a percentage basis, thinking, of course, they would get the best of it.

Thousands came out in their cars to see the show. But right there is where we made our slip. They stayed in their cars. The few hundred who paid admission to the grand stand found it impossible to twist their necks far enough to see what was going on. Those who stayed in their cars and watched the flying from a distance had a good view and a free seat.

To make the affair appear impressive we had put a guard over the gate to the grand stand to prevent people from getting excited and running over the field. In a few minutes after the start some of those people were slipping tips to the guard so that they could get out and find a seat in somebody's automobile so as to watch the show. That was a bust de luxe. We spent the entire receipts on one good feed and called it a day.

Can you imagine nowadays a little wooden stand being erected in the middle of a great plain for the purpose of watching airplanes that were flying all over the surrounding country?

There are two ways of making money out of the horse-racing game, neither of which is very successful. One is the horseman who runs his thoroughbreds for the purses and the other is the man—or company—that operates the track.

In the old days the track owners made big money. On an investment much smaller than that now put into baseball they could buy real estate in the country, erect a plant and do well. The money taken in for admission to the track usually more than paid for the purses, and there was a lot of clear profit in the rake-off from the bookies. With public bookmaking stopped by law, any profit has to come from the gate receipts. That is not large, even with the grand-stand prices raised to three dollars.

When all is said and done, about the best a sports promoter can do is run his little fight club, his baseball club and his wrestling shows in a businesslike way, watch everything closely and be content with a living profit. The big affairs of national interest are spectacular, but that's about all. And the funny thing about it is that a world of experience does not teach a man much, once he has been bitten by the sporting bug.

It's no cinch that I wouldn't fall for that jack-rabbit tournament to-morrow—if it was new.

A Correction

THROUGH an error the poem entitled A Boy Went By, quoted in Mary Brecht Pulver's story, The Mother and Her Boy, was attributed to Hilda Hall. The correct name of the author is Hazel Hall.

Show Herd of Buffalo—Yellowstone Park

"What! My Car?"

"Yes! Skidded—and it's up to you. You failed to provide the chauffeur with Tire Chains. Only good luck saved your wife from paying the supreme penalty for your negligence. She's on the way to the hospital, painfully injured, but the doctor thinks she'll pull through."

How strange it is that disaster must come to some men before they realize that all tires will skid on wet pavements and muddy roads when not equipped with Chains.

The time to provide against accidents is before they happen. Don't wait until after the first skid. Put Weed Chains on all four tires at the first indication of slippery going and you will have quadruple protection against injury, death, car damage and lawsuits.

Weed Tire Chains

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The Complete Chain Line—All Types, All Sizes, All Finishes—From Plumbers' Safety Chain to Ships' Anchor Chain

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DISTRICT SALES OFFICES: Boston Chicago Philadelphia Pittsburgh Portland, Ore. San Francisco

Douglas Fir
Northern White Pine
Idaho White Pine
Western Soft Pine

Western Hemlock
Washington Red Cedar
Red Fir and Larch
Norway Pine

TAKING THE GUESSWORK OUT OF THE SELECTION OF LUMBER

IN the early days, the use of soft wood in this country was largely confined to one or two species. They happened to be good all-purpose woods.

Toward the close of the last century a number of new woods, which had up to that time been used only locally, came into the general market.

These woods are of many kinds, with numerous grades of each kind.

As the new woods came along they were used everywhere that the older known species had been used. For some purposes the new woods proved the equal of the old; for certain very important purposes, superior; where they failed, it was because they were used in the wrong service.

Out of the experience of the last twenty years there has accumulated a scientific knowledge of the fitness of the different woods for particular uses that can be helpful to every user of wood.

Today we know how much weight various kinds of timber will bear; what woods will last longest when exposed to the weather and in contact with the soil or moisture; how preservative treatment affects the life of woods; which woods have a tendency to warp and which "stay put."

We know the relative merits of the different woods as railway ties, as flooring material, as pipe staves, as tanks, in car construction, and so on through all the varied uses to which wood can be put.

The selection of wood has ceased to depend on guesswork. Experience, observation, research and experiment have placed it on a scientific basis.

What we advocate is conservation and economy through the use of the right wood in its proper place.

To this end we will supply to lumber dealers and to the public any desired information as to the qualities of the different species and the best wood for a given purpose.

This service will be as broad and impartial as we know how to make it. We are not partisans of any particular species of wood. We advise the best lumber for the purpose, whether we handle it or not.

From now on the Weyerhaeuser Forest Products trade-mark will be plainly stamped on our product.

When you buy lumber for any purpose, no matter how much or how little, you can look at the mark and know that you are getting a standard article of known merit.

Weyerhaeuser Forest Products are distributed through the established trade channels by the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company, Spokane, Washington, with branch offices and representatives throughout the country.

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COLUMBINE TIME

(Continued from Page 19)

wore the splendid red-and-gold helmet of authority, and he waved a bronze speaking trumpet. Like outriders ran Jim Dugald, city marshal, and two deputies, their black corded G. A. R. hats marking their authority. They were waving their formidable forty-five-caliber revolvers as a warning to all and sundry who would interfere with the fire department.

Tommy did not wait to see the passage of the distanced John W. Sabin Hook and Ladder No. 2, whose gong was sounding far down the street. He fell in beside the hose company, sprinting with them. He could see the situation now. Three cabins, only a vacant lot away from Sipple's, were roaring furnaces. Another just beyond was breaking into flames. The crowd before the fire fell open at the clang of the gong and the menacing shouts of Jim Dugald; the hose team curved to a graceful stop, and its puffing steeds set themselves to unstrip buckets.

"You can't save them cabins," roared John W. Sabin. "Wind's shifting—bucket chain, boys, and rustle! Root hog or die!"

The hook and ladder had now curved into position. As John W. Sabin said, the wind was shifting. Sparks began to batter upon the dry inflammable clapboards of the big store. Up went the ladders; up clambered the bucket chain. A shout from the crowd hailed the arrival of a water wagon, another that of an express wagon laden with two slopping whisky barrels.

John W. Sabin mounted the lowest rung of a ladder.

"Water—all the water ye can git!" he bellowed through his speaking trumpet at the crowd. In buckets, in more whisky barrels, in pans, the water began to arrive.

The red-hatted firemen monopolized the positions on the ladders and roof and at the windows of Sipple's store. Certain plain citizens not in uniform rushed forward to help; they were driven back by the menace and majesty of Marshal Jim Dugald, established at the foot of the ladder. Tommy, who had been among these, joined a group of plain ununiformed miners filling and passing buckets from the whisky barrels, and set violently to work. As they puffed, grunted and wielded buckets the miners gossiped among themselves.

"Started in Old Calamity's cabin, I hear," said one of them. "He was biled proper before supper. Bet he kicked over his coal-oil lamp."

"Jest as well shet of him," commented another. Then he paused, his bucket poised at the edge of the whisky barrel. "Say, did he git out? Has anybody seen Old Calamity?"

"Bet you he didn't," said Tommy, thrilled by the prospect of action, and already bored with passing buckets. "Let's look!"

Forthwith that squad dropped buckets and pans, to be replaced by eager volunteers from the crowd. Tommy, sprinting out before, rounded the burning cabins, the middle one in the group of three now fallen to a bright furnace. The shift of wind, which was blowing sparks in showers against Sipple's store, made them approachable from the rear. Tommy vaulted the palisade fence, still unburned, which set off the yard of the cabin at the right, approached as near as the heat allowed. Certainly, he reflected, if that notorious town drunkard, Old Calamity—so called because of his loud pessimism when drunk—were in there now, it was an end of him.

Tommy by now had lost his companions; he was turning back to find them when he nearly stumbled over what appeared like a bundle of rags against the fence. A rising spurt of the flame revealed the bloated unshaven face and bald head of Old Calamity, lying inert. Tommy stooped down. It was impossible, what with the crackling of the fires and the roar of the crowd, to find if he were still breathing, but something about the feeling of him told Tommy's intuitions that he was alive.

Just then the cutting, uncertain wind of the peaks veered again; sparks preceded by choking smoke began to blow in his direction. Whereupon Tommy kicked open the door of the palisade fence, gathered in his arms the unsavory upper parts of Old Calamity, and half carried, half dragged him round the fire toward the crowd, where someone more expert on smoke asphyxiation than he might attend to the case. As he made his last turn the wind gave another whirl and shift. Smoke and sparks blew across his course for a moment, so that he emerged coughing.

In the meantime, Mrs. Bates and her daughter had been dining with John W. Sabin at the newly opened Maison Riche Restaurant, on Main Street—dining in exceptional state and luxury. A wagonload of canned cove oysters had arrived in camp that afternoon; the first fruits of this consignment came to John W.'s special table. Moreover, Steinlen, the butcher, had just cut up a cinnamon bear, killed a day before at Copper Lake. The choicest steaks had been sent to John W. with Mr. Steinlen's compliments. Finishing off this luxurious feast was cherry pie, made, as John W. particularly explained, not from canned cherries but from a box of fresh ones—the genuine California product—the first ever to arrive in camp.

They were lingering over the cherry pie when the stern tocsin of the Methodist Church sounded the alarm.

Waiting only to assure the ladies that he would see them after the fire was out, and to put them in the care of Bill Duffy, the proprietor, John W. Sabin had sped to the firehouse and action. But every moment the clamor grew louder and louder, the shuffling, trampling feet outside sounded a more rapid beat.

An excited voice from the crowd came in at the open door, where the waiters were gathered: "The hull camp's goin'!"

At this Mrs. Bates could restrain her human curiosity no longer.

"Come on, Nellie!" she said, and reached for her mantle.

They would have been blocked by the crowd a hundred yards away had not Deputy Marshal Simpson spied them. He was thinning out the rear ranks, and he was not unaware of the favor of these two in the eyes of John W. Sabin. He took them in hand, cleared majestically a way for them, set them in the front ranks as near the smoke and flame as safety allowed, and just where they could behold the expert work of the fire companies. Being only a male man, with the gallantry but also the stupid inconsiderateness of that species, he failed to notice their environment. He had dropped them down, in fact, near a group of three other women, hatless, painted, the youngest in pink skirts, high-heeled pink shoes and very low corsage; the others in shawls thrown over fat shoulders and Mother Hubbard wrappers. At the moment they were silent, watching fire and firemen with eyes that showed hard amusement. However, Mrs. Bates being experienced in mining camps, found herself dreading the time when conversation should begin.

"This way, dear," she began, and was already edging her charge out from the forefront of the crowd when a louder clamor of voices heralded a new excitement.

The two ladies turned toward that point indicated by all eyes and gestures. And this is what they saw: Out of the smoke screen before them staggered a man, young and stalwart, as his motion showed. He was carrying in his arms another man, whose feet dragged and bumped as they proceeded, whose head lolled weakly, inertly, against his shoulder. He seemed, as he emerged into view, to stagger with the weight, and he emitted a choking cough. At a point not ten yards away from the little pointed feet of the Bates ladies he stopped as though exhausted, dropped his man, who flopped like a half-filled sack, and stood coughing violently again. That was the affair as the crowd saw it, including Nellie Bates. At the moment when the young rescuer stood erect and faced them she emitted a little "Oh" which had more in it than fright and surprise. Her mother turned quickly upon her.

"It's all right, Nellie"; and then: "Oh, the ninnies!" For the crowd, having taken in this tableau, was running toward the group so dramatically outlined against the flames, was pressing and shoving so that the ladies involuntarily went forward. But almost as soon John W. Sabin was on the scene; he and Jim Dugald, the law in Carbonado, had pushed a way and were yelling in commanding tones, "Get back—all of you—get back!"

The crowd gave way.

"Is there a doctor present?" came in John W.'s stentorian tones from the speaking trumpet.

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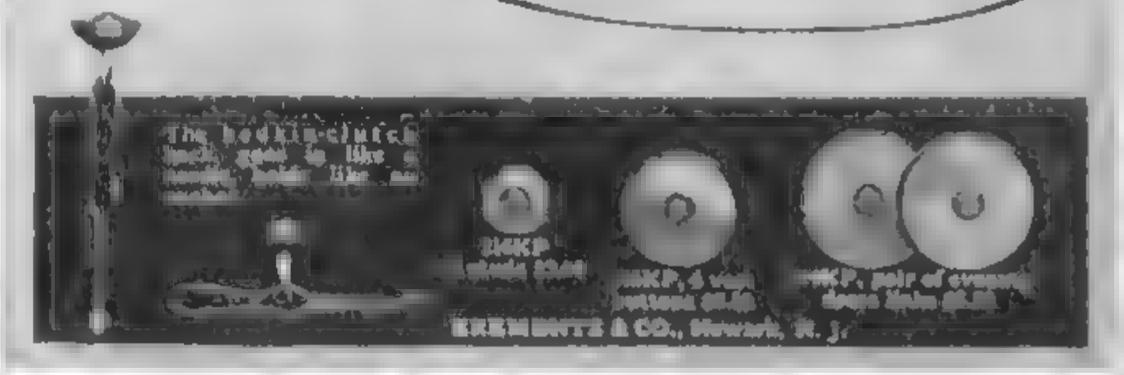

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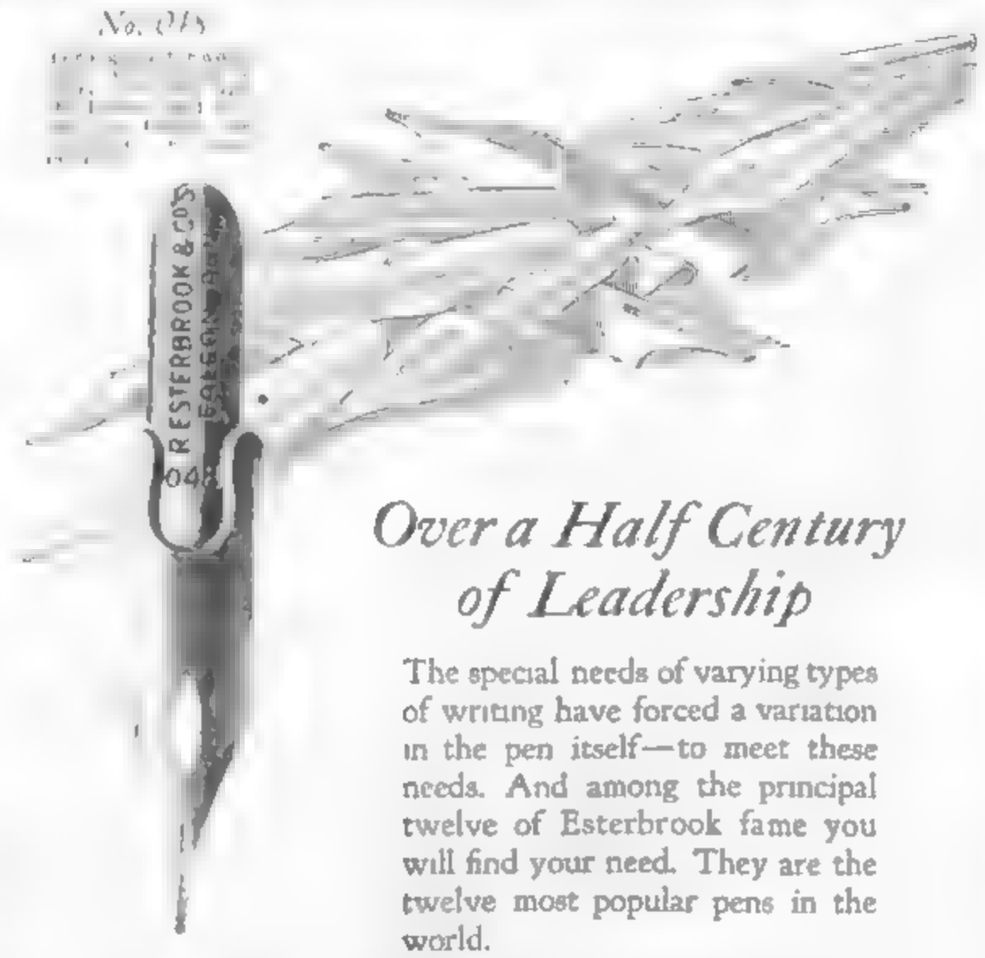

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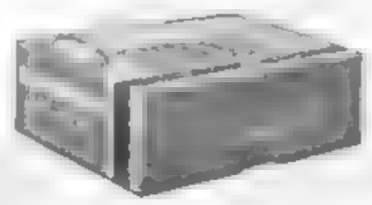

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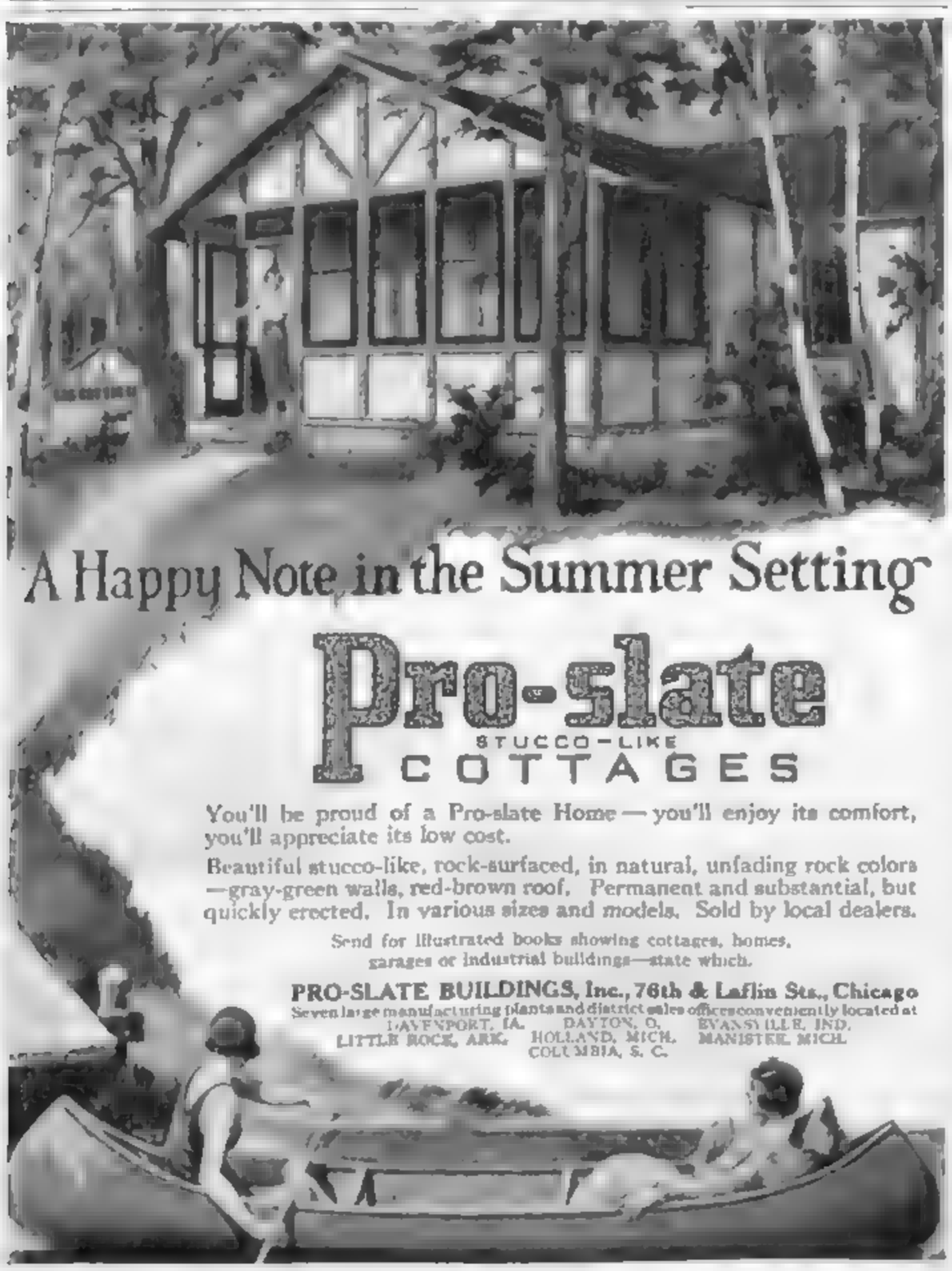

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No answer for a moment, then shouts for Doctor Jones; then a voice bawling, "I seen him start for Pine Gulch!"

"Never mind a doctor—I know what to do," said a confident feminine voice at the elbow of John W. Sabin. He turned, to behold Mrs. Bates, who had already thrown off her mantle, was tossing it and her long gloves to Nellie. She leaned over Old Calamity, John W. and Jim Dugald pushing, commanding, threatening the crowd back from her. By this time John W. was plainly second in command; Mrs. Bates somehow dominated the drama. With surprising deftness she turned the victim over on his back.

"That's right," she said as she worked; "keep 'em off us and give him air."

She felt for the pulse of the inert Old Calamity; she knelt down and applied an ear to his chest.

"Still going," she announced briefly to John W. Sabin, who, leaving Jim to hold back the space they had won, now stepped up and leaned over beside her. "Does this man drink?"

"Like a fish. Like ——" began John W.

"Thought so, the way he smells," said Mrs. Bates. "No telling if it's smoke that's troubling him or just plain drunk. But he's alive. Well, we'll take no chances with smoke. Two of you—that man there, and that man—come here. Roll him on his face—that's right. Now you lift his shoulders and I'll press."

In the meantime he who had been but a minute before the central figure of the occasion stood to one side, watching not the drama on the ground but Nellie, who stood behind her mother dutifully holding the mantle and gloves. And she was not looking at her mother, but on him. They approached each other as they looked, walking with slow, unconscious steps as sleepwalkers move on the stage. They were close, and face to face now; and just then the crowd, having recovered from its awe of the village magnate and the minion of law, gave a thrust forward, coming between them and the group on the ground. Unresisting, they were forced still farther and farther back. He had caught her under the arm, supporting her against this rough jostling. As the outskirts of the crowd, composed of the very young and excited, pushed past them, he found her shrinking close to him.

Without effort of his will—for will had nothing to do with it—his arm went round her. So they found themselves on that side of Sipple's store which stood out of danger, and about which the blaze threw a black shadow. Now, his arm still supporting her, she looked up at him in the shadow.

"Oh, are you hurt?" she asked in a tender whisper. "You coughed so!"

"Not a bit," he managed to say through the panting of his breath and the beating of his heart. "It wasn't anything—just carried him round the house."

"Nothing?" she said, very low and sweet. "Nothing—to break through the flames and rescue an old man? Heroes are always modest."

He was going to tell her the truth, such being his instinct at all times. If he did not it was because a thing most unaccountable happened to him, so that all the rest of his life he was to marvel at it. The little truth he was going to tell surged and merged into a greater truth—into truth universal, wherein soul holds back nothing from soul. For the swift beating in his blood had risen to an unbearable speed; his vision swam in red; and a very ecstasy of daring made a kind of brilliant warmth in all his being.

"God—I love you—how I love you—I love you!"

And with this explosion the hot flood in his veins seemed to recede, to end as suddenly as it had begun. Into its place began to creep a chilling sense that he had spoiled everything. Yet she, half supporting herself on his arm, did not withdraw herself, did not even sway backward from him.

And now she spoke on the intake of a long sigh: "Then kiss me, my hero—kiss me!"

They came presently out of the shadows, flushed and with downcast looks; she, indeed, controlling a quivering of her limbs, he with eyes that seemed to have looked on miracles. For no sooner had they kissed than she had drawn back, saying, "People must not find us this way." But they had kissed again and murmured wild nothings before they came out into the light.

The burning cabins had settled down now from a pink glow to a deep red. The firemen, having wet down the roof and the exposed side of Sipple's store, were simply killing occasional sparks. The crowd, its first excitement passed, was fast thinning out and returning to the various lurid diversions of night life. But one group remained, clustered about Sam Haney's express wagon. John W. Sabin, his chief's hat on the back of his head, was helping Jim Dugald to deposit Old Calamity in the wagon bed. Mrs. Bates, still plainly in command of the operation, was covering him with the gunny sacks which Sam Haney employed to keep boxes from bumping, was tucking him in with a touch almost motherly.

"There—roll him into a bunk and let him sleep it off," she was saying. "It was mostly plain, paralyzed drunk, I'm certain of that, but maybe he took aboard a little smoke. Where's Nellie? Oh, yes, one of you lay for the doctor and have him look this drunk over when he gets back. His heart's working all right, but you can't make too certain."

Nellie was so far away at this moment that she could not hear her mother's call; but she did see the raising of the figure, the turn of the head and the gesture that accompanied it.

"I must go now—dear—dearest—columbine boy!" she whispered.

He was controlling his voice to ask when he might see her again; but she anticipated that.

"Come to the Firemen's Ball to-morrow night," she said. "Remember, I will save you dances—good night, love!"

He watched her tripping at a run through the flickering shadows, seeming to move as lightly and as mystically as they. The express wagon was just rumbling away when she reached her mother's side.

"Well, wherever have you been, Nellie?" she asked a little sharply; and then her tone softened as John W. Sabin turned toward her. "Give me my mantle, dear! Br-r! These nights are chilly! I've got to go back to the hotel, Mr. Sabin, and clean up. My hands smell like a saloon."

John W. Sabin regarded the young girl with a smile that softened the outlines of his sea-lion mustache, the cinder-blackened creases of his face.

"I'll tell you one thing, Miss Nellie Bates," he said, "you've got a mother to be proud of! For a cinch you have. A natural-born doctor, that's what she is. Never saw anything handled better!"

"Well," said Mrs. Bates modestly as she settled into her mantle and patted to place a strayed friz of her black hair, "I ought to know how to handle drunks. Had enough experience." She stopped there, as though reflecting that others were listening, and that she was marring her picture of the perfect lady in a rough camp. "If you'll accompany us to the hotel, Mr. Sabin," she added, falling back gracefully into the pose, "we'll rejoin you after I've made myself tidy."

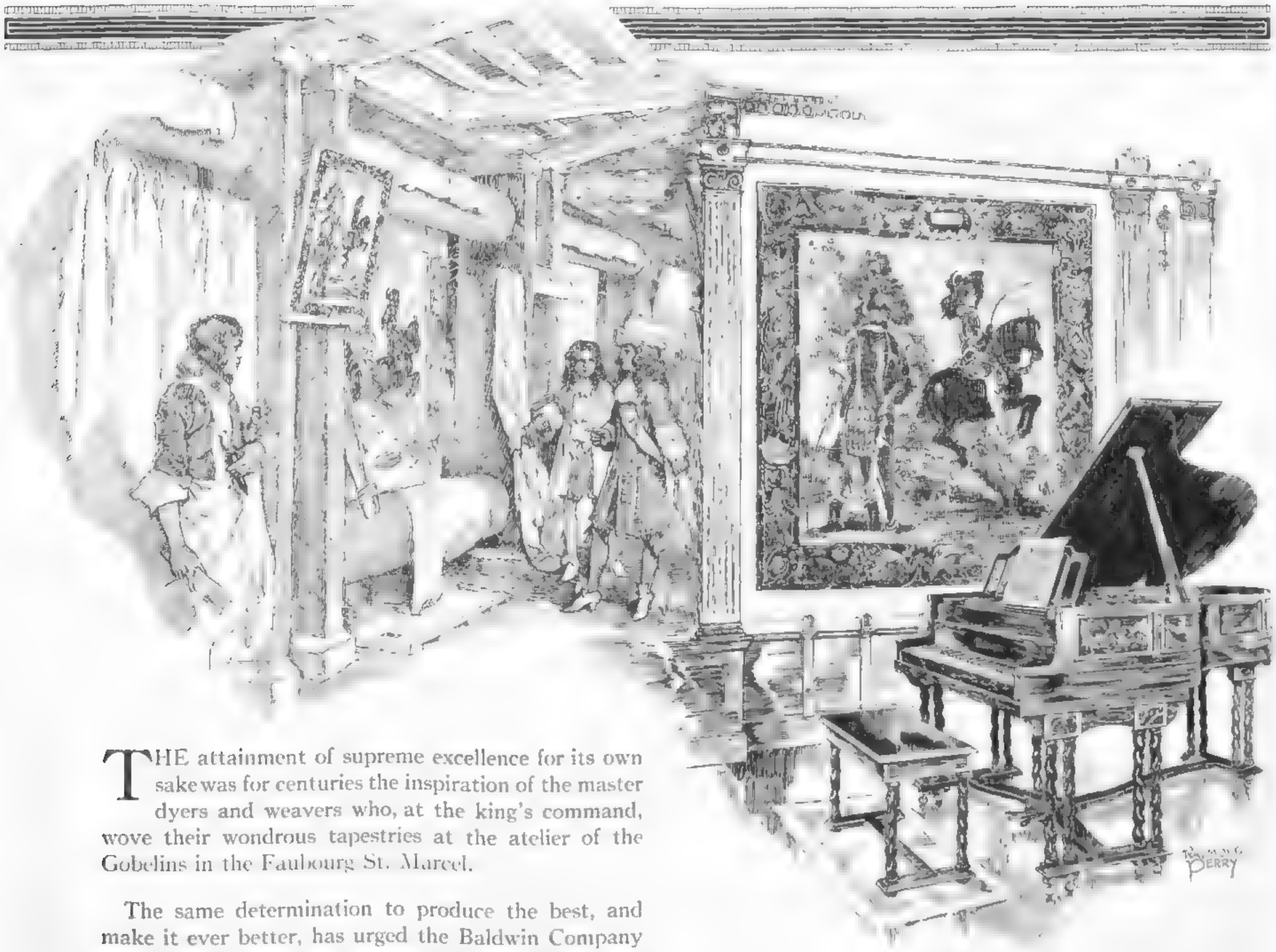
As they passed down the street Nellie fell a little behind her mother and searched with her eyes. He was still standing where she had left him. For an instant a flash of the dying flame lit up his face. He was watching her, seeming to look over the head of a little man who stood writing on a paper pad. The light died out and she dared no longer look back.

Tommy was, in fact, sustaining for the first time in his life the annoyance of being interviewed for the public press. Solly Watrous, city editor and entire reportorial corps for the Carbonado Clarion, had been yearning for a new local sensation. Murders had become too tragically common. Though he splashed their gory details all over his front page he did it by now perfunctorily. As for holdups, they were so many and so much alike in detail that he jumped them off in one-line items under the heading The Footpad Record. The lynching a month before had given some play to his art; since then nothing had happened so promising as this fire and the dazzling rescue, which he had seen with his own eyes. Waiting only to assure himself that Old Calamity was going to pull through, and to make notes on the work of Mrs. Bates, he had started a search for the unknown hero, whom presently he found standing in the shadow of Sipple's regarding the dying fire.

"I want your name and address, young fellow," he said, poising a pencil above a wad of folded paper. "You're the man who rescued Old Calamity."

"I didn't do anything special," said Tommy rather absently, for his eyes were

(Continued on Page 113)



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(Continued from Page 110)

wandering over the head of Solly Watrous to the group round the express wagon.

"Fine!" said Solly, making notes furiously. "It's your play to say that. How did you get to him? Beat in the flaming back door? And did you remember that the way to get through a fire is to crawl close to the ground?"

For the second time in ten minutes Tommy walked up close to the truth, and then walked away. The passage of the emotional storm within him, the arrival of a great unexpected happiness, had left a curious mental whirl, wherein he could think of nothing clearly and consecutively. It flashed into his mind that he had let her believe this, that he would be somehow disloyal to her if he told the truth first to anyone else.

"Yes—sort of," he faltered, feeling that he must say something.

"Where did you find him? On his bunk?" asked Solly. This was just the moment when Mr. Sabin and the Bates ladies passed, when Tommy and Nellie exchanged glances. So Tommy had not even heard the question. Solly repeated it.

"I s'pose so," replied Tommy abstractedly.

"Found him on his bunk, overcome with the smoke which presaged the hellish flames," wrote Solly, giving play to his art even while taking notes. "Hero seemed dazed," he jotted down as an afterthought. "And I suppose you paused even then to put your hand over his heart and ascertain if rescue was too late?"

"Well, I knew he was alive," faltered Tommy.

"All right," said Solly. "Fine! Now what's your name and your job?"

"Thomas J. Coulter," said Tommy. "I—I work for a mine."

Suddenly the realization of what this was all about struck him, chilled him to the bone.

"Say, what are you doing?" he asked, waking up at last from the love trance. "You aren't going to put this stuff in the papers, are you?"

"Cert I am!" replied Solly, rapidly jotting down: "Hero maintained modest attitude to the end."

"But I didn't do anything!" Tommy persisted.

"Course you didn't!" said Solly; and snapping his wad of paper into his pocket he sped away to the office that he might write the story before it grew cold.

Peeling off his coat and turning up the oil lamp he brushed a space among the loose exchanges on his desk, weighted down their fluttering leaves with his trusty forty-five caliber rebuttal of libel charges, and let his pencil fly. Solly had been trained as a cub on the old New York Herald of James Gordon Bennett, father of interviewing, and prided himself on keeping to the sound traditions of that school. From an introduction which ran the whole spectrum of highly colored adjectives he passed gracefully into the question-and-answer method; whereof here is a sample:

"Q. How did you make an entrance to the holocaust?

"A. I did nothing.

"Q. Your modesty is to your credit. The members of John W. Sabin Hose No. 1, who beheld the daring rescue, know better.

"A. Well, then, I thrust my foot against the back door, which I had found locked. It yielded to my emphatic pressure ——"

Having finished and put the conventional "30" at the bottom of the page, Solly wiped the perspiration of inspiration from his brow and set himself to compose headlines. In his literary style Solly was a disciple of the old New York Herald; but he modeled his heads on the famous one-line alliterative thrillers of the contemporary Cincinnati Enquirer. And he brought forth as follows:

BURST
THROUGH BURNING BUILDING

MAIN STREET MOB WITNESSES
DARING DEED

FIRST FIRE RESCUE IN
CARBONADO CAMP

MODEST MINER SAVES PROMINENT
CITIZEN FROM CERTAIN AND HORRIBLE DEATH
AND ATTEMPTS TO DENY VALIANT ACT

CONFLAGRATION CONSUMES
FOUR MAIN-STREET RESIDENCES

SELLE SPORE
SAVED BY BRAVE EFFORT
OF FIRE DEPARTMENT AND ITS
HEROIC CHIEF

Nervously exhausted by now, Solly filed this, his masterpiece, where the foreman would get it for his first take in the morning, and strolled over to renew his forces at the Arizona House.

VIII

THAT day of the Firemen's Ball, Tommy was to see his lady of the columbines and of miracles only at breakfast. She entered the dining room, lagging a little behind her mother, and threw him one glance full of softness and meaning, the while Mrs. Bates bowed distantly. During breakfast she twice looked in his direction when her mother's attention was distracted. The second time her lips pursed up lightly for an instant.

To anyone but Tommy, watching, it would have seemed merely an accidental expression. But he knew it for what it was—the ghost of that kiss, the first she had ever given in love to man, and which had been all a sleepless night dying on his own lips a rapturous, lingering death. She passed again; and some instinct told him he was not to see her at dinner. In fact that was the day chosen by John W. Sabin for the delayed visit of his guests to Sacramento Hill and the mines.

Having nothing else to do Tommy strolled over to the Arizona House; and there the situation which life had thrust upon him struck him squarely in the face. From the gambling hall next door, by night ringing with the clatter of chips, the whir of the roulette wheel, the monotone of the dealer and the babble of a hundred excited voices, came now only a clatter and swishing made by the porter in the act of scrubbing out. The barroom was deserted except for Mike the bartender and two prospectors, lately returned from a small strike and taking their vacation among the delights of Main Street.

"Well, young fellow!" said Mike, who had hitherto paid Tommy only perfunctory attention, "you look fine for a man who went through what you did last night. I hear Old Calamity is all right again this morning. I guess he was smoked an' biled both!"

One of the two prospectors took a comparatively straight course from the bar to Tommy.

"Lemme shake your hand," he said a little thickly. "I seen it. H'roic act. Jest went straight to it an' done it like that!" He swung his hardened palm at Tommy's hand, missed it, and swung again.

In fact Solly Watrous had spent most of the night in the Arizona House. His glow of artistic creation had not yet burned out; his story still absorbed all his thoughts. The more he drank the more loudly he proclaimed to all who would listen the remarkable nature of the event which the camp had just witnessed.

"A regular heroic fire rescue!" he said. "Thing you don't see one time in a million fires!"

Mike the bartender and one or two regular habitués of the Arizona House recognized the hero from description as a young man who had been mooning round the barroom for the past few days. Truth to tell, no one had thought of the event at the time as anything very unusual in a region where man daily staked his life against other men or against the cruel forces of Nature. It took the golden tongue of Solly Watrous, well oiled with red-eye whisky, to make them see that it was remarkable.

Before the prospector had finished wringing Tommy's hand Sandy McNutt, captain of John W. Sabin Hose No. 1, thrust his neat and elegant figure into the barroom for the purpose of getting his morning fortification after a night spent in too much public service and dalliance, against a lively day in the real estate and insurance business.

"That's him," said Mike the bartender, indicating Tommy with a jerk of his head as he poured the libation—"the young fellow that done it."

Sandy left his drink untasted, crossed to Tommy and slapped him on the back before offering his hand. "I'm the captain of Hose No. 1," said Sandy, "and I want to tell you that you made suckers of us all last night. Say, you're a born fireman, you are! Saved my reputation, you did. If anybody'd got burned up in that fire and no

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attempt at rescue, the buck would have been passed to me for a cinch!"

"I didn't do anything," faltered Tommy.

"It's your play to say that," replied Sandy. "Say, can you run? Don't matter whether you can or not, you've got to join us, honorary membership if nothing else. Why didn't you stick round last night? Everybody was looking for you. Anyhow, you're coming to the Firemen's Ball in Masonic Hall to-night. Sure you are. Have a drink!"

Tommy, accepting, chose beer; and as he drank, a little perplexity which had been clouding his mind all day suddenly blew away. He had been wondering vaguely how he was to fulfill the first command laid upon him by the mistress of his soul and get to the Firemen's Ball. It was, he knew, a very select and private occasion. The women in camp stood on two separate sides of a distinct line. All those on the brighter side would be invited to the Firemen's Ball. For the men, invitation was limited to the members of the hose and hook and ladder companies, what Solly Watrous called the prominent business men, and great persons like John W. Sabin. Here life had dropped the grail of his quest into his lap.

By now his shame at accepting a crown he had not earned was growing a little dimmer. It troubled him less and less as the day wore on and public adulation continued to shower him with its favors. By the time the Evening Clarion came out on the streets and—retired in a far corner of the Arizona House bar—he read Solly's masterpiece, suggestion had worked its miracle. He really believed it himself. After all, he had found Old Calamity. After all, he had shipped some smoke when he rounded the corner of the house. If he had been a coward he would have dropped Old Calamity right there and saved himself; but he didn't; he kept on. If that house hadn't been a furnace which no man could possibly enter he would certainly have gone into it. This reporter hadn't exaggerated much; only enough to make the thing readable. When a little later Tommy met Solly Watrous, ranging in search of notes from the mines, and Solly asked "What did you think of my story?" Tommy only answered weakly, almost perfunctorily, "Well, I guess you touched it up a bit."

Before night Old Calamity had put the capstone on Tommy's fame. The victim of alcohol and smoke, tucked into a bunk in Doc Jones' temporary hospital back of the city marshal's office, had recovered consciousness. Before Solly Watrous heard of this and raced to interview him Old Calamity had read the article in the Evening Clarion. Now all that Old Calamity remembered of the night's events, after a sudden fading of this exterior world in the bar of the Arizona House, was a dim recollection of rough handling. Solly Watrous' story, wherein he figured as a prominent mining man, did more to revive him than the ministrations of medical science, for Old Calamity had cherished always a yearning for fame. By the time Solly Watrous arrived it needed only a little suggestion to bring out of him a marvelous story wherein hope and struggle yielded to despair, to resignation, to blackness, to awakening, to joy, to gratitude.

Said Solly's story as he ripped it off for the second and last edition:

"Q. You really believe, then, that but for the heroic efforts of young Coulter you would have perished in the holocaust?

"A. Unquestionably. I owe my preservation to that brave young man. I shall seek the first occasion to wring his hand and express my sentiments of thanksgiving."

As false as history, the story of the great fire rescue had now become as permanent.

All day long Tommy swam in a pleasant notoriety which made brighter that glow of love triumphant burning within him. In that mood he saw only fulfillment. Hitherto Mrs. Bates, the dragon at the door of his lady, John W. Sabin, the ogre awaiting without, had troubled his imagination. Now these were things which had no existence. Obstacles? They were nothing. He could dare anything.

She was not at the Marlborough for supper; John W. Sabin was banqueting the Bates ladies at the mine. But he checked his moment of disappointment by reflecting that he knew he should see her at the Firemen's Ball. Besides, he was now an object of attention; perfect strangers insisted on sitting with him and drawing him out on the subject of the rescue. Standing after supper in the Marlborough lobby he caught just one glimpse of her as she flitted up the stairs; but she managed to turn just before the shadow blotted her out, and to throw a glance at him. Waiting no longer, he dressed with unusual care, spending a quarter of an hour in choosing between his three neckties.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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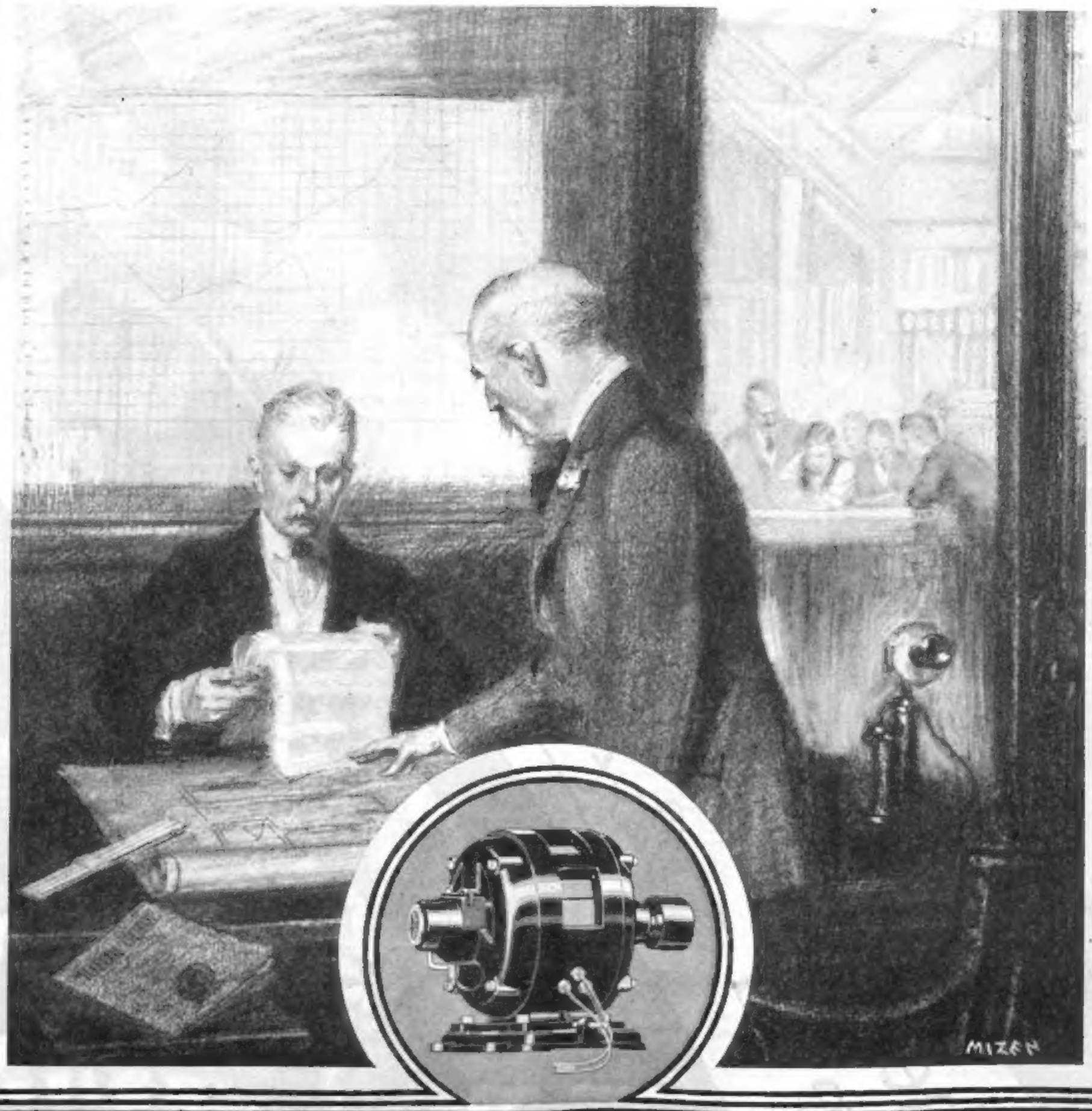

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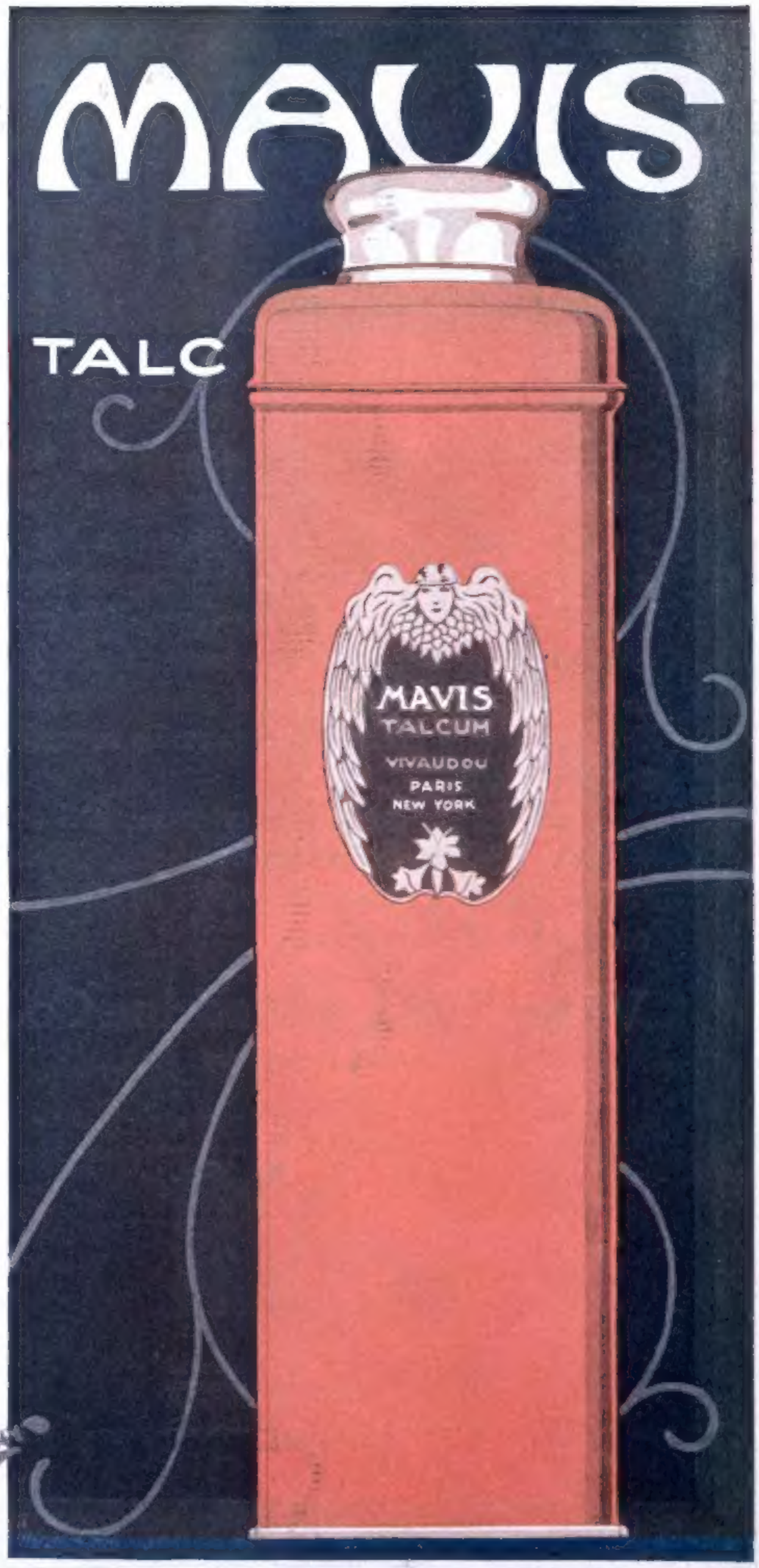

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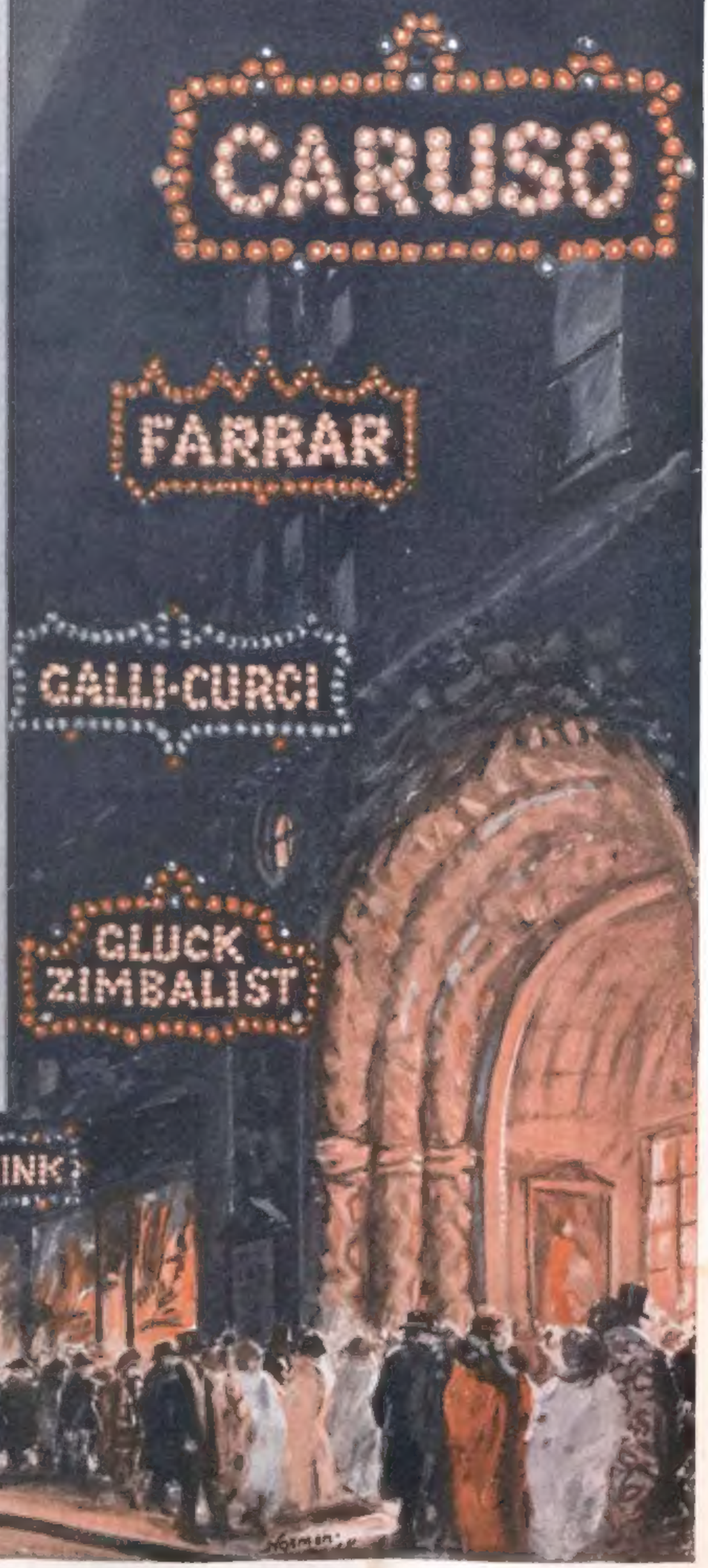
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